



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXIII., No. 5.

MAY, 1876.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE ARMED PEACE OF EUROPE.*

THE publications of which we have given a list contain very full information as to the numbers and organisation of the armies both of the continental nations and of this country, and suggest some reflections to which we would call the attention of our readers. The first in the list, the pamphlet of M. Simonneau, gives a curious and a melancholy picture of the

misdirected energy with which the European nations are now competing with each other in striving to turn as many as possible of their subjects into soldiers. From his statements, it appears that arrangements are in progress by which it is intended that in the event of a war, Russia should be able at short notice to command the services of upwards of two millions of soldiers, France, of nearly a million and a half, Germany, of above thirteen hundred thousand, and Austria, of above a million. The other continental nations are generally making similar preparations on a scale proportioned to their population. These enormous numbers of men, whom it is intended to prepare for war, are not as yet available for military service, perhaps they never may be so, since the schemes determined upon for raising them may break down before they can be realized; but in the mean time energetic efforts are being made by all these nations to carry their plans into effect, and with

* 1. *Les Effectives, les Cadres et les Budgets des Armées Européennes. Etude de Statistique Comparée.* Par A. Simonneau. Paris, 1875.

2. *The British Army in 1875, with Suggestions on its Administration and Organization.* By John Holms, M.P. London, 1875.

3. *Report upon Recruiting for the Regular Army for the Year 1874 to the Adjutant-General of H.M. Forces.* By the Inspector-General of Recruiting.

4. *General Annual Return of the British Army for the Year 1873, with Abstracts for the Years 1861 to 1873 inclusive, prepared by order of H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief for the information of the Secretary of State for War.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1875.

that view very large armies have already been created, and very large sums of money have been spent. Europe is thus converted into a vast camp, and in the midst of peace is subjected to no small part of the burden of war. Few words can be needed to show how much evil is thus inflicted on the world. The withdrawing of so many men from peaceful industry, while they are being trained as soldiers, and the unproductive expenditure incurred in these military preparations, must of necessity diminish the welfare and the comforts that can be enjoyed by the population of the nations which are pursuing this policy. Nor is the injury confined to them, the whole world must suffer from the check thus given to commerce, to the accumulation of wealth, and to the advance of civilisation. And no real advantage is gained at this heavy cost. As the system of arming almost the whole people is generally adopted, no nation is safer from its neighbors, or relatively stronger than it would be if all were content to abstain from these great warlike preparations. Still less does their existence tend to make the world safer from the calamities of war. On the contrary, as it is natural for a man who, with great labor and expense, has constructed some ingenious machine to desire to use it, so when nations have devoted much energy and much money to creating and perfecting immense armies, a disposition to employ them in war, the purpose for which they were designed, is almost sure to arise, and the permanence of peace is thus endangered.

This unfortunate state of things is the natural consequence of the wars of 1866 and 1870. The complete overthrow in so short a time, first of Austria and then of France, could not fail to create in other nations fears for their own safety, and a desire to copy in their armies the system by which such triumphs had been gained. Nor were they altogether wrong in seeking to do so. Too large a share in producing the triumphs of Prussia has indeed been attributed to her military system, and too little to the faults committed by the vanquished. In 1866 grievous mistakes are admitted to have been made by Austria; and in 1870 such was the contrast between the mismanagement and incompetence of the French Government and generals on the one side, and

the energy and skill displayed by the Germans on the other, that the result of the war would probably have been reversed, though each nation had retained its own military laws and organisation, if the French had had administrators and generals like Moltke and Prince Charles, while the interests of Germany had been entrusted to such men as Lebœuf and Bazaine. Still, after making every allowance of this kind, it is not to be disputed that these wars have afforded clear proof of great merits in the system on which the military power of Prussia was organised. This applies more especially to that part of the Prussian system which consists in retaining the recruits who annually join the army for a comparatively short time in the ranks, and then allowing them to pass into a reserve available at the shortest notice to meet any change which may threaten the State.

In adopting this part of the Prussian military system, the continental nations seem to have acted wisely. The problem how to provide effectually for the defence of a nation at a moderate cost, has as yet received no better solution than the plan of only keeping soldiers in actual service long enough to give them complete instruction in their duties, and then dismissing them to the ordinary occupations of civil life, subject to the obligation of coming back to their colors in time of need. But unfortunately the continental nations have not copied only this part of the Prussian system, they have also adopted the policy of imposing the onerous obligation of military service on the whole, and enforcing it on a majority of the male population as they rise to manhood. There are strong reasons for believing this to have been a mistake. Admitting freely that the conduct of Prussia (now become the new German Empire) during the last ten or twelve years makes it a matter of only ordinary prudence for its neighbors to prepare to defend themselves if necessary against an enormous military power, wielded with consummate skill, the question remains whether they are taking the best course for their own safety by aiming at the formation of such very numerous armies? The military power of nations is not measured by the number of men they can place under arms. Even in ancient times it was perceived that the command of money was an important

element of strength in war, and it is far more so now. The cost as well as the power of all kinds of arms, and especially of artillery, and the expense of building ships of war and fortifications, have been enormously increased. Fresh demands for money are also arising from the application of the highest mechanical and chemical science to the purposes of war. New and fearful implements of destruction are being invented, and improved modes of using railways, traction engines, and electric telegraphs in the operations of armies are daily suggested. Already it is clear—and it will become more so—that in future wars, the nations which can thus most largely avail themselves for their armies of the assistance of science and mechanical skill will possess an immense advantage over others. Wealth therefore, with the command of material resources which it confers, together with the general diffusion of mechanical skill and industry among the people (of which it is at once the effect and the cause), must prove in the time to come a still more important element of military power in a nation than it has been found heretofore.

Such being the case, a nation is likely in the end to diminish rather than to increase its real military power by calling on the greater part of its male population to serve for a longer or shorter time in its armies, since by doing so it must reduce its means both of production and of accumulation. The taxes required to keep up gigantic armies must leave to the people less income from which savings can be made, while withdrawing so many hands from useful industry diminishes still more seriously the productive power of a nation. This diminution is greater than what is due to the mere number of men actually serving at a time in the ranks of the army. Allowance must also be made for the impaired efficiency for many kinds of civil industry of those who have been taken away from it to serve as soldiers just at the age when the habits are formed, and skill in the various arts of life is most easily acquired. Even if this interruption is only for a single year (and it is not usually limited to nearly so short a period), it must tend to reduce the value and efficiency in after life of all those destined to employments that demand a high standard of skill. When the cheap-

ness of the Prussian army is extolled, it would be well to inquire whether a large deduction from its supposed advantage over our own in this respect must not be made, not only for that part of its cost, beyond what is paid from the treasury, which is unjustly thrown on the soldiers by compelling them to serve for less pay than their labor is worth, but also for the obstacle opposed to the improvement of industry by compulsory military service. During the last forty years Prussia, in spite of the remarkable industry and frugality of its people, and of the economy of its government, seems to have advanced more slowly in wealth and population than our own country, or than some of its neighbors. May not this be, in part at least, accounted for by the too great pressure of its army system on the 'springs of industry'? At all events, it is certain that the desire to escape from the obligation of military service has been the main cause of that strong tide of emigration which, though slackened for the moment by temporary circumstances, has for some time been setting strongly from Germany, draining it of a large number of the best of its young men, who might have found at home an ample field for useful employment, to the great advantage of their country.

By imposing generally on its male population the obligation of being trained to arms, a nation is, in fact, making a step backwards in civilisation. In explaining how the division of labor by increasing its efficiency has promoted the advance of wealth and civilisation, Adam Smith long ago remarked that the formation of standing armies was only an application of this principle, which has been so fruitful in the arts of peace, to the business of war. He has shown that among rude tribes every man must bear arms when required, and that when, instead of this, nations adopted the practice of trusting the duty of fighting for them to a comparatively small number of carefully trained soldiers, they both greatly increased their military power and diminished the cost of maintaining it.

A nation, by imposing the obligation of military service on the whole, or on the greater part, of its young men as they reach the military age, is only reverting in a modified form to the customs of barbarous times, which had been abandoned

as civilisation advanced. By doing so it forfeits the advantages which arise, as Adam Smith has pointed out, from applying the principle of the division of employments to war. When all the youth of a country are required to enter the army, the army must of necessity cease to be a profession, to which those who adopt it are exclusively devoted. They cannot even give to it so much of their time as to secure their attaining proficiency in the duties of a soldier. When the law creates a general obligation to serve in the army, it must either make the pressure of military service too severe to be borne, or else it must reduce the time that men are kept in the ranks so low that their training must be imperfect, since it is certain that first-rate soldiers cannot be formed without a training of some considerable duration. This was always true, and now modern improvements in arms, and in the art of war, have tended both to render more time necessary for the complete instruction of soldiers and also to give them, when they have obtained it, a more decided advantage than formerly over those less perfectly trained. We must expect, therefore, that it will be found in the time to come, even to a greater degree than in the past, that comparatively small numbers of really good soldiers are more than a match for far larger armies, composed of men perhaps as brave as themselves, but inferior in military training and discipline.

Nor should it be lost sight of that the number of troops which can be usefully employed in a given area is limited; when more are brought together they embarrass one another. And in proportion as the numbers of armies are increased, so are the difficulties of properly combining their movements, and providing for their commissariat and transport services. The operations of very large armies are apt to escape from the effective control of their commanders, thus adding to the part (always a large one) that fortune bears in deciding the events of war. Even the military genius and marvellous power of organisation of the first Napoleon failed to prevent disastrous mistakes in the management of such enormous hosts as he put in motion against Russia in 1812; while less extraordinary generals soon arrive at the limit of the amount of force they can wield with effect. Ex-

perience proves that armies may be embarrassed and really enfeebled by their excessive numbers, and that greater results may sometimes be obtained by a smaller force which, under the impulse of a single directing mind, can deliver its blows with rapidity and vigor where they are least expected. An army of moderate amount may in this way have an advantage over one so large as to be unwieldy, even though both should be equally well trained; if, in the larger army, the perfect training and equipment of the troop should have been in any degree sacrificed for the sake of increasing their numbers, there can be no doubt that the increase must have caused a loss instead of a gain of real military power.

There yet remains to be mentioned another strong objection to the policy of forming armies on the excessive scale now general on the Continent—namely, that by oppressing the people, and creating in them a sense of injustice, it is injurious to the authority and moral power of the Governments that adopt it. Gigantic armies, such as the European nations are now vying with each other in striving to raise, can only be kept up by the system of conscription, of which the extreme injustice seems to be very imperfectly understood. Nothing is more common than to hear it asserted that it is the duty of every man to take his share in defending his country, and that there is no injustice in a law which imposes this duty alike upon every man, and presses equally upon all. This argument is plausible, but fallacious, and is no defence of any of the systems of conscription adopted by European nations. Granting that a nation would be justified in making military service compulsory if this were really necessary for its safety, it is clear that this service ought to be paid for at its fair value. But such has not been the practice; soldiers obtained by conscription receive as a rule much less than the value of their labor. The pay of the Prussian soldiers is said to be so miserable that they could not live upon it with tolerable comfort, were it not for the assistance they usually receive from their families. Again, though it is claimed as a merit for the system of conscription that it presses equally on all, the fact is that the pressure is in the highest degree unequal. It is not true that anywhere all young men

who attain the military age and are physically fit are required without distinction to enter the army. Though the law may impose this obligation upon them, it never has been, and never can be, practically enforced. Every State in which the law of conscription exists has by some device mitigated the severity of the rule, and in general only a certain proportion of those liable have been actually called upon to serve, the selection being made by lot. Conscription so regulated is certainly not free from the vice of inequality, since it imposes a grievous hardship upon some men from which others are exempt. And the inequality is rendered only more galling by the fact that the exemptions are distributed by blind chance. A ballot determines who are, and who are not, to be soldiers, and according to what is regarded as the most perfect system of conscription, the selection thus made is final; those who are drawn for service not being allowed to seek for substitutes amongst those who have escaped. This regulation is held to be necessary to prevent rich men from eluding their fair share of service to their country; but its working is absurd, and alike injurious to the State and to the men themselves. Some men are fitted by nature for the life of soldiers—others detest it, and can never become good ones, though qualified to do excellent service to their country in peaceful pursuits. When chance alone determines the selection, some of the last class must often be chosen to serve in the army, and some of the first be left out. If those drawn for service were allowed to pay those who escaped to take their places as substitutes, this inconvenience would be in some degree avoided to the great advantage of all parties; but whether substitutes are permitted or not, it cannot be said that a law which imposes the obligation to serve on all the subjects of the State, but exempts from it a certain number selected by lot, is a system of equality.

And even if all young men were actually called upon to serve, this nominal equality would not prevent a real and cruel inequality in the hardship inflicted on different men by subjecting them to the same obligation. The peasant or unskilled laborer who is accustomed to a rough life, and whose fitness for his ordinary labors is not likely to be impaired by his being withdrawn from them for

two or three years to serve in the army would really suffer nothing (provided he were properly paid while serving). On the other hand, to many men of different habits, and of sensitive natures, the hardships of a soldier's life may be intolerable; and in the case of those intended for the learned professions, or for some branches of commerce and manufactures, to take them away for the same time of two or three years from what is to be the business of their lives, may be to spoil their whole career.

These considerations point to the conclusion that the continental nations have made a mistake in seeking to secure themselves against the enormous military power of Germany, by copying its policy of imposing generally on the rising male population the onerous obligation of serving for a longer or a shorter time in the army. They would have done much more wisely if, instead of this, they had endeavored to form armies much less numerous than those they now aim at being enabled to embody, but as perfect as possible in organization, training, and equipment. Such an army cannot be formed in any country by means of a law imposing the obligation of being trained as soldiers on all, or even a majority, of the young men of military age, since it is utterly impossible that so large a proportion of the population should be kept under training long enough to make them perfect soldiers. In order that the training given to soldiers may be complete, it is indispensable that the number to whom it is given should be limited, and also that by some means or other a selection should be made so as to bring into the ranks of the army those who are fittest for it, and to leave out those to whom military service would be distasteful, and who for that very reason would be unlikely ever to become good soldiers. A restriction of the numbers of an army is therefore a necessary condition of its thorough efficiency; but this would be quite consistent with adopting what is really excellent in the Prussian policy—the system of retaining soldiers during peace only long enough in actual service to give them complete instruction in their duty, and then dismissing them to the ordinary business of civil life, subject to the obligation of coming back to their colors in time of need. In three

or four years (hardly in less if their training is to be perfect) recruits under good instruction may acquire a complete knowledge of their duty as soldiers, and as soon as they should be certified to have done so, they might be encouraged to retire into the reserve to return when wanted to the active army. Under this arrangement a nation might, in no great number of years, form a reserve of trained soldiers, available on short notice, which would render a comparatively small army in peace sufficient for the security of the State.

In this manner the European nations might provide for being able to bring into the field when wanted, armies more truly efficient than those of excessive numbers they are now striving to create; while at the same time by relieving their finances and their people from the heavy burden of the latter, they would promote the increase of wealth and population, the two great elements of military power. And to all these nations the relief they might thus obtain would be of the greatest importance. The actual state of their finances ought to be a subject of serious anxiety alike to Russia, to France, to Austria, and to Italy. In all these countries there is much need for reducing the weight of taxation, and also for applying more money than, with such enormous armies, they can spare, to much needed improvements of various kinds; and in all of them also the Government would gain in popularity and in strength by being enabled to mitigate the severity of the conscription, which has been well named 'the tribute of blood,' and is justly odious to the people. It is not to be hoped that any of these nations would at present venture to dispense with the system of raising their armies by conscription; but if the armies were smaller, not only would fewer men require to be raised, but it would also become possible to make the essential injustice of the system less felt by raising the pay of the soldiers to the ordinary rate of wages of unskilled laborers. If this were done and substitutes allowed, the practical hardship inflicted by the law of conscription would be greatly mitigated. It would be still further mitigated if such advantages were offered to trained soldiers for continuing in the reserve, that they might generally be willing to do so as long as they were physically fit for military duty. To con-

scription under such conditions there would be little practical objection; and it certainly is not without important advantages in the circumstances of some of the continental nations. The statesmen of Italy, for instance, seem to be right in believing that military service, enforced by conscription, affords them the most powerful instrument that could be employed for fusing together what were lately separate States, into a single, well-united nation, and for civilising the rude inhabitants of the most backward provinces. The army might be made a valuable school both for general and industrial instruction, while the labor of the soldiers might be turned to account in making roads and in other public works. But however true it may be that the system of conscription is in some respects, and in some cases, highly useful, it is not less true that it has been generally carried by the nations of Europe to a most injurious extent, and that they would gain much by reducing their demands on the people for military service.

To Russia and France more especially the advantage of such a change of policy would be incalculable. The slightest consideration of the circumstances of Russia is sufficient to show how entirely she is mistaking the true mode of increasing her power when she seeks to do so by keeping up so vast an army. Were she to be engaged in war, she has neither the money nor the other means required for employing with effect the two millions of soldiers that her armies on the war establishment are intended to furnish. And in peace, with so large a proportion of her territory still unimproved, and so much useful work delayed by the want of hands, to withdraw six or seven hundred thousand men from productive industry, is to throw away what ought to be the means of ensuring her rapid advance in greatness. If a part of the money spent in keeping up an army so much larger than she could use were devoted to extending and improving her railways, and other means of communication, she would probably be able, whenever she may be engaged in war, to bring to the scene of action a more numerous, as well as a more effective, force than she will succeed in making available by adhering to her present policy.

As to France, we may hope she is wise

enough not to cherish those purposes of vengeance, which the use by the Germans of their power as victors might naturally lead her to form; but she must earnestly desire to recover such strength and such a position, as not to be at the mercy of a power which, after severely exercising the hard rights of conquest, still maintains towards her an overbearing, if not a threatening attitude. But in order to recover her strength and her position, France, for a time at least, needs to reduce as low as possible the demands of the Government upon the nation for men and for money. By doing so she would much more quickly regain the power of defending herself from aggression than she can hope to do, if after the terrible losses she has sustained she calls upon the people to furnish conscripts enough to fill the ranks of an enormous army, and to bear taxes sufficient to pay for it. In former days, when it was Prussia that was trodden down without pity by triumphant France, this policy of husbanding her resources was that adopted by Prussia, not indeed by her free will, but with instructive success. In the treaty which closed the disastrous war of Jena, Prussia was compelled to bind herself not to keep up an army of more than 42,000 men. By imposing upon her this condition, her conqueror unconsciously did her a great service, as it obliged the Government for a time to moderate its demands upon the resources of the people, thus enabling the nation more speedily to recover its strength after its misfortunes. The condition they had been forced to agree to, suggested to the Prussian statesmen the plan of dismissing recruits as soon as they were trained into a reserve, in order to prepare the nation for another great struggle for independence; and there can be little doubt that the success of this scheme, by which Prussia was enabled to take so large a share in the uprising of Europe to throw off the French yoke in 1813, was greatly promoted by the limitation of the number of her army which had been imposed upon her with very different views by the first Napoleon. Now that France has in her turn suffered the calamities of a disastrous war, her statesmen might have drawn from this example a useful lesson that does not seem to have occurred to them. And if what France is seeking were not merely security from Germany,

but vengeance also, this object would be far more likely to be attained by the policy which has been described than by the steps that are being taken to increase her army. It is notorious that the German people are becoming exceedingly impatient of the heavy burden of their military system, and what mainly contributes to make them submit to it, is that the measures in progress for creating so large an army in France lead them to believe in the continual assertions of their rulers, that France is determined to renew the war as soon as she feels herself strong enough. Were it not that this is believed, it is most improbable that the severe strain of the German military system would long be borne, even if the power of the Government over the Parliament should be sufficient to prevent its being abandoned at once. A military law, bearing so hardly on the population as that now in force, could hardly be maintained in the German Empire, and especially in that part of it lately torn from France, if it were known that in France itself the numbers of the army had been reduced, and the oppressiveness of the conscription greatly mitigated.

Other important consequences in Germany might also be looked for, if the change suggested were to take place in the policy of France. One fact that helps to make the vast military power of Germany so formidable to her neighbors is, that it is practically wielded almost without control by a single statesman, whose well-known audacity and ambitious desire to aggrandise the empire he has formed, render it impossible to conjecture for what purposes it may be used. But the unbounded authority exercised by the Chancellor of the German Empire rests in no small degree upon the same apprehension of a new and deadly struggle with France, which for the present induces the German people to submit to the oppressive demands made upon them for military service. It is this apprehension that keeps together in support of a system of government almost arbitrary in its character men of very various opinions, including some of strong democratic inclinations. Were this bond of union withdrawn, men so differing from each other in their views would be likely soon to break up into conflicting parties. And were the public attention set free from

the engrossing subject of providing for the national defence from dangers supposed to be imminent, difficult domestic questions could hardly fail to arise, those more especially which relate to religion and are already so embarrassing, would probably become far more so. France, by her warlike preparations, is thus effectually playing the game of Prince Bismarck.

Turning, however, from these speculations, we would remark that it is the common interest of all the European nations, including Germany, that they should be relieved from the system which is now, as we have said, subjecting them in the midst of peace to a great part of the burdens of war. But much as it would be for the advantage of all countries to cease from wasting, in enormous military establishments, resources which, if differently applied, would add much to the welfare of their people, formidable obstacles stand in the way of so desirable a change. Though it is true that any nation which had the wisdom and courage to set the example of largely reducing the demands of its Government on the people for the army, would in a few years gain a great advantage in its relative position as regards real power over those that acted on the opposite principle; still it would be difficult to deny that in the first instance there would be at least some apparent danger in the experiment. The nation which first reduced its army among neighbors that continued to maintain a constant preparation for war, until it had had time to reap the benefit of the change, would seem to be left in a position of insecurity; and this is a hazard there is naturally an unwillingness to incur. Yet a general reduction of the continental armies could hardly be brought about by negotiations and agreement among the several Powers of Europe, since there is a just reluctance in every high-spirited nation to bind itself by engagements with others to keep its force within prescribed limits. Such engagements are so easily evaded that it is difficult to be sure that they will be fairly executed, while there is an obvious risk in one nation's giving to another a right to find fault with the arrangements it may deem it expedient to make for its own security.

In former times, any need for nations

to keep themselves always ready for war was to a great extent obviated by the understanding, which prevailed among the European Powers, that they were all interested in maintaining the general peace, and that unjust aggression by any one of them would provoke combined resistance from the others. While this understanding prevailed, the nations of Europe felt that they were sufficiently safe with armies very small in comparison with those they are now forming; thus the evil of excessive armaments was averted, while the general peace was maintained with very slight interruptions for more than thirty years after the close of the great revolutionary war in 1815. A new state of things has now arisen. Nations no longer rely with as much confidence as they did either upon being exempt from unjust aggression, or upon finding, if they should be exposed to it, effective support from others. Hence the eagerness they show to make preparations for bringing the largest possible armies quickly into the field in case of need. This is an unfortunate change for the world, and it has been brought about in no slight degree through the fault of this country. For a good many years it has been the popular doctrine among us, that the right policy for England is one of what is called 'non-intervention' in the affairs of the Continent. When, some five-and-forty years ago, 'non-intervention' began to be talked of as the rule we ought to follow, the words were used in a very different sense from that which has since been put upon them. It was non-intervention in the *internal* affairs of other States, which was then proclaimed as the policy of the Whig party. Its leaders justly held, in opposition to the system of the Holy Alliance, that every nation ought to be left free to determine its own form of government, and to manage its own internal affairs as it might judge best, and that any interference with this freedom by other nations was both unjust and impolitic. But in those days hardly any one ventured to assert that it would be wise for this country to stand quite aloof from the affairs of the Continent, and to look on with indifference if acts of injustice should be perpetrated, especially against any of the weaker nations. Non-intervention so understood would have been alike condemned by both of the two great parties

of the State, and was the very opposite of the policy which each pursued when entrusted with the administration of affairs. Under the one, Portugal was effectually protected from Spanish interference, and under the other, even at the imminent risk of war, and not without some actual use of force, the right of Belgium to separate herself from Holland, and establish a government of her own, was maintained by England in conjunction with France against Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The firmness in very critical circumstances shown by England on the last of these occasions saved Belgium from oppression, without producing a European war, maintained this country in the high position it had won, and for several years secured to the world the blessings of peace with a general sense of safety.

A different view of what is the interest and the duty of England in its relations with other States from that which was then acted upon has since prevailed. In 1864, an attack was made upon Denmark by Austria and Prussia, which has been condemned, with scarcely a dissenting voice, by all who were not parties to it, as most unjust and iniquitous. By the British Government it was emphatically disapproved, but, unfortunately, it was at the same time made manifest that no interference on its part beyond this expression of opinion need be apprehended. The language held in Parliament, not only by the Ministers of the Crown, but by the great majority of other statesmen, was to the effect that, although the attack of the German Powers upon Denmark was unjust, yet, as this country had no direct interest in the question, we ought to take no active steps to prevent it. Looking back at all the circumstances of the time, there seems no reason to doubt that it was in the power of England to have effectually protected Denmark without incurring any appreciable danger of being involved in war. If in a conciliatory tone, but still in such a manner as to show that it was in earnest, the British Government had intimated that it would not without opposition allow the commission of what it had declared to be a wrong, or any hostilities to be commenced against Denmark till the question that had arisen between that country and Germany had first been referred to arbitrators in accor-

dance with the agreement come to by the European Powers in 1856, it is scarcely possible that such an interposition could have failed to arrest the contemplated aggression. Firmness like that displayed in behalf of Belgium thirty years earlier would have been almost certain, in 1864, again to prove successful in protecting a weak nation; while the danger to be faced in the last case would have been trifling indeed as compared with that which in the first had been encountered without dismay. But an alteration, as has been observed, had taken place in the views of our leading statesmen as to the principles that ought to guide the conduct of England in her relations with other nations, and it had been proclaimed that the right policy for us to pursue was one of the strictest and coldest selfishness; that we ought never to incur even the slightest hazard in order to prevent a flagrant wrong from being done, unless our own interests were threatened by it. This was the doctrine laid down by the leaders of the Opposition not less distinctly than by the Ministers in the discussions of 1864 on the affairs of Denmark. They blamed the Government for having mismanaged the negotiations, and for having excited delusive hopes of assistance in the Danes, but they fully adopted its opinion that British power ought not to be used to prevent an act of gross injustice and oppression when British interests were not directly affected.

Looking to the result, we may well doubt whether a policy of less ostentatious selfishness would not have proved better even for mere selfish objects. When it became clear that England would make no effort, nor incur the very slightest risk to prevent it, the aggression we had denounced as unjust was perpetrated; and Denmark, totally incapable of effective resistance to such superior power as that brought against her, was shamefully despoiled of territory to which Germany had not even a shadow of right, but of which it took possession without the slightest regard to the wishes and feelings of its inhabitants. This act created throughout Europe an uneasy feeling as to the future, and a belief that might, not right, was now to rule the world. Nor was it long before events proved the justice of the apprehensions excited by what had occurred, and that serious con-

sequences were to follow from the indifference with which England had allowed Denmark to be robbed of a part of her territory. The nations which had joined in this unrighteous proceeding soon quarrelled as to the disposal of the spoil. Austria and her allies among the smaller German states became, in their turn, the objects of an aggression scarcely less unprincipled than that to which they had just been parties, and speedily found themselves prostrate at the feet of Prussia, of which the dominion was in 1866 completely established in Germany. Directly flowing from these events next arose the war between Germany and France, with the utter overthrow of the last, and its dismemberment by the Treaty of Peace it was compelled to accept.

England has escaped being involved in these wars, nor has she suffered any direct and tangible loss from the startling changes they have caused in the States of Europe, but it would be a mistake to suppose that they have not seriously affected British interests. As a commercial nation, it can be no matter of indifference to us that so large a proportion of the labor and wealth of many of the nations that ought to be among our best customers should be withdrawn from the work of peaceful production to be wasted in keeping up great armies, and in making costly preparations for war. But what is a far worse evil is that the peace of the Continent is left resting upon a most precarious and unstable basis, with the prospect that if it should again be interrupted, we might be compelled either to acquiesce in arrangements detrimental to our national honor and security, or to interfere under all the disadvantages of being no longer able to exercise that moral power, or to reckon upon that support which the name of England used to command. To say nothing of those ominous clouds in the direction of Belgium which seem for the present to have passed away, the recent alarm as to another rupture between France and Germany shows but too clearly upon how precarious a footing the peace of the Continent now rests, and how seriously our own security might be compromised should it again be disturbed. Even the little that has been allowed to become known of the late discussions is sufficient to warrant our concluding that the question

was seriously raised in Germany whether another quarrel should not be sought with France for the purpose of completing the unfinished work of the last war by finally and effectually destroying her military power. There is the strongest reason for believing that this would have been attempted with almost the certainty of success, but for the disapproval of the design intimated by Russia with the concurrence of our own Government. Those who most strenuously contend that the right policy for England is to abstain from all interference in continental affairs, and in the quarrels of other States, would hardly have witnessed without apprehension another successful invasion of France by Germany, followed, as we know it would have been, by measures for excluding France from the list of the military Powers of Europe. The danger to ourselves of the state of things that would have ensued is too clear to require to be explained; yet if Russia had remained passive we could have done little to avert it. When this danger arose, it found England possessing neither the moral nor the material power which in former times it would in such a case have been able to exercise. Its army was upon a footing which would have enabled it to give no military aid of any consequence to France if attacked, and since 1864 there remained to it little of its old moral power. There can be no doubt that the events and discussions of that year had greatly impaired the hold of this country upon the respect and confidence of other nations. Our own explanation of the principles on which we were to act had been accepted as correct, and it was assumed to be true that self-interest was the only rule of our conduct, and that we were not to be expected either to incur risk or to make exertions in order to maintain justice, or to ward off wrong from others. An old song says:—

"I care for nobody; no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me!"

and so when we had proclaimed that we cared for nobody, it naturally followed that nobody cared for us.

From these results of our recent policy, which we think we have been justified in describing as one of ostentatious selfishness, it may surely be inferred that a more generous one, besides being recom-

mended by higher considerations (to which we are persuaded that Englishmen are not really indifferent), would have been better for ourselves; and if so, it follows that we ought in future to act upon a different principle. It would be wise to show by our conduct that any nation which does a flagrant wrong to another must not rely upon our looking on with indifference, even though no British interest may be directly attacked, and that the power of this country (which it is a foolish mistake to suppose to be gone) will, in case of need, be exerted to resist oppression and injustice among nations. We are far from meaning that this country ought, in a spirit of knight-errantry, to set itself up as a general redresser of wrongs all over the world; but, without being guilty of this folly, there are cases which common sense will enable us easily to distinguish, in which, without making any undue demands upon its subjects, the British Government will best do its duty both to them and to the world by using the power Providence has placed in its hands to aid the cause of justice and humanity.

After all that has been said in disparagement of the wisdom of British statesmen of former days, among whom it was an accepted maxim that to maintain the balance of power in Europe ought to be the great object of our foreign policy, it may be questioned whether they were not more nearly right than those who have found fault with them. If they erred in following too slavishly traditional opinions as to what was necessary to maintain the balance they regarded as so important, and in being too ready to be alarmed at whatever seemed to threaten its disturbance, it has been a still more dangerous mistake on the other side to assume that the interests and even the safety of England may not be seriously affected by allowing other nations to seek for aggrandisement by any means they may think fit to employ, without interference on our part. The Athenians could not be roused by their great orator to take

sufficient heed in time to the increase of Macedonian power, but they found in the end that there had been but too much reason for the warnings they refused to listen to. The lesson ought not to be lost upon ourselves.

This lesson, rightly read, would not lead us to revert to the old system of trying to maintain the balance of power in Europe by treaties of alliance with some of the continental nations. Alliances with some nations imply more or less of hostility to others, and if the notions on this subject, entertained in the last century, had ever been carried into full effect, they would have divided Europe into two opposing confederacies. The true position for this country in ordinary times is that of being on friendly terms with all nations, but bound by special treaties of alliance to none, and being ready, not from mere interested motives, but as a duty, to use its influence and power on fitting occasions to check injustice and the oppression of the weaker states by their more powerful neighbors. By adopting this policy, though the mischief already done by an opposite one cannot now be cured, and time must elapse before the respect and confidence of other nations, which have been thrown away, can be regained, England might hope eventually to restore the former understanding among the Powers of Europe that none could be guilty of high-handed oppression on a weaker neighbor without having to encounter the combined opposition of the rest, which it would be unsafe to provoke. With the re-establishment of such an understanding we might hope to see a general reduction by the nations of Europe of the excessive armies they now maintain, to the common injury of all. England, both from her geographical position and from the power she possesses, if she chooses to exert it, is better able than any other of the European nations to take the lead in bringing about such an improvement in their relations with each other.—*Quarterly Review*.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

THERE is perhaps no task more difficult for an English critic than that of apportioning its just place to the poetry of

France. It is a curious fact, that of all the hasty judgments we are so apt to form, and of all the mistakes we are so

apt to make in respect to foreign nations, the most hasty judgments and the most inexcusable mistakes are those which we fall into about our nearest neighbors. Though we know her language better than any other foreign language, recognising it still as the easiest medium of intercourse with the Continent generally—though we see more of France, and are nearer to her than to any other foreign nation—there are no such obstinate fallacies, no such vigorous prejudices among us as those which survive all contradiction in respect to our traditional enemy. It is true, indeed, that almost within our own recollection—and among the ignorant up to the present day—the same national prejudice, touched into sharper life by the spitefulness of near neighborhood, existed between England and Scotland, and with still stronger force between Ireland and the other members of the Britannic kingdom. Vicinity itself thus confers, instead of greater friendliness, a sharper sense of opposition. We make the defects, real or imaginary, of our neighbor a foil to our own excellences, and feel it a personal affront done to ourselves, when the delightful darkness of the background upon which our own virtues are so pleasantly relieved, is broken up by embarrassing facts and the charitable light of genuine information. In respect to France, there is in England a very widespread feeling, that in every quarrel in which she engages, in every difficulty that hampers her career, she must, as a foregone conclusion, be in the wrong. She is to us, among nations, the dog that has an ill name—the man that cannot look over the fence, though another may steal the horse. Germany, and even Italy (though she, being Latin, is suspicious also), may have a chance of being judged upon the facts of their story; but France we condemn at once, without the trouble of a trial. Every party effort with her is a conspiracy, every political combination an intrigue. Other nations we cannot pretend to much knowledge of; and perhaps only Mr. Grant Duff, or some other such omniscient personage, can venture to decide as to what is wise and what unwise in respect to a political move at Vienna, or even in Berlin. But of Paris we all know enough to know that everything is wrong. Even the small but eager class which, with all the fervor of partisanship, maintains even

in England the glory of France against all assaults, does so with a violence which betrays its sense of weakness. Its very heat involves a distrust of its cause, and even of its own convictions. Whether France returns this feeling with any special warmth we are doubtful. The English name and fame attracts so little love on the Continent generally, that it is difficult to identify the spot where we are least beloved; and we do not think that we have been able to trace any darker shade of dislike in France than in other places. But to us our nearest neighbor is certainly the most generally disapproved, the least amiably regarded. The prejudice is not amiable, but we suppose it is natural enough.

French literature has in many of its branches entirely triumphed over this prejudice. We cannot refuse to give its due place to one of the richest and most varied developments of national genius which modern times have produced. In the one particular of poetry, however, we have need to divest ourselves as carefully as possible of every shade of prejudice—for the question is sufficiently difficult without any prepossession to fight against. We repeat the sentiment with which we began, that of all literary tasks for an English critic, that of giving to the poetry of France its just place is about the most difficult. Our own indifference to literary law, and the formal correctness both of expression and construction which are so important in France, build barriers between us which it is almost impossible to cross; and those special garments in which the French Muse delights to dress herself have no charm for us—rather the reverse. The monotonous regularity of the Alexandrine verse, the heavy and rigid cadence of the perpetual couplet, have upon ourselves individually a stupefying effect which it is almost impossible to surmount. The ear is so filled with this trick of sound, bewildering, deadening as the hammering of machinery, that it is only with a powerful effort that we are able to rouse ourselves to the sentiment which it conveys. From the beginning we find ourselves involved in a struggle to separate the meaning and poetic soul of the verse from its outward form—a struggle which is as hard as all other struggles to keep body and soul apart, and to understand the heavenly without

or in spite of, the earthly. Something of the same sentiment, in a reverse sense, affects us with some Italian verse, in which we are so apt to be carried away by the melody at once liquid and sonorous of the mere words, that the soul has a tendency to escape us in sheer delight of the ear, as with a piece of music. Some of our own poets—notably, for example, Shelley—have a similar effect upon us, the combination of words being so exquisite as to steal away our interest in the subject. But the effect of French poetical composition is to deaden the mind, not by satisfying, but by irritating the ear. The waves on the seashore are no doubt as regular in their ebb and flow as are all the other processes of nature; but how different from their wild, interrupted, and broken harmonies would be the regular and crisp accentuation of a succession of short waves always the same, balanced to a nicety, and ruled to one correct line by some authority more potent than that of Canute! Poetry, to our thinking, can triumph more easily over an imperfect medium, winning an additional charm from the very simplicity of her tools, than she can overcome the disadvantage of a too perfect tongue, a mode of expression which permits no self-forgetfulness. Thus the very qualities which make French prose so exquisite, and which give to French conversation a brilliancy and grace which no other language approaches, conspire to weaken their poetry, and repress the genius which would naturally express itself in that way. The French writer who makes *des vers* is at once distinguished, by the very term he employs to identify his work, from the poet in other languages. His lines, according as they approach perfection, become more and more like a succession of crystals, shining each with its own individual and carefully-polished facets. They form, if you will, a chaplet, a rosary, a necklace of pearls and diamonds beautifully linked into decorative but artificial unity, yet possessing no common life, forming no “thing of beauty,” and capable of dropping into pieces at any moment. The sharp if often sweet, and sometimes resounding and sonorous ring with which one polished bead falls after another, as you drop them through your fingers, is opposed to all passionate expression, and admits of no absolute continuity. No

man can be ‘transported out of himself, can be carried away by that divine impulse which transforms language and rules it with absolute sway, so long as he has to pick his way daintily among the inexorable words which command his attention in the first place, and to which he is compelled to adapt his meaning, not them to it, but it to them. The French poet is thus more or less in the position of a librettist of the opera. Scarcely less tremendous than the bondage of the music to which that humblest of literary functionaries has to supply words of sentiment or passion, is the bondage of the *vers*. If in the fervor of his inspiration he breaks upon the serried lines, ventures a novel phrase, an unreceived metre, the Academy from Olympian heights frowns ruin upon the audacious rebel; and the most curious part of all is that he himself bows to this bondage, and that the laws of literature are perhaps the only laws, and the despotism of the Academy the only monarchy, against which France has never shown any symptoms of rebellious feeling.

There was a time when England also was bound in the terrible fetters of the *vers*—a time to which many still look as the golden age, the Augustan period of literature—and which was no doubt made illustrious by such names as those of Dryden and Pope, though it produced at the same time how many scranell pipes once held for divine reeds of the gods and immortal instruments of music, which have long ago ceased to give out the smallest vibration! But against this bondage English genius rebelled conclusively and successfully, in an outburst of insurrection which carried all before it. This is the only insurrection which France has never attempted. The restraints which were intolerable to us have agreed with her natural instincts. Except, perhaps, in the person of Alfred de Musset, whom we shall consider hereafter, and whose bolder genius has made for itself a distinct place in French literature, and given to modern French poetry almost its only real grasp upon the contemporary mind of Europe, no Frenchman has lifted any standard of opposition to the prevailing rule. It has suited the national mind, in which there is so curious a mixture of license and submissiveness; and still more it has suited the genius of the lan-

guage which all Frenchmen have conjoined in elaborating, and of which they have made the most highly cultivated, exact, correct, and brilliant of European tongues. France has pointed and polished her language with the most laborious and the most loving care. Under the vigilant guardianship of her supreme literary authorities, it has grown into almost absolute, if, in the nature of things, somewhat artificial perfection. It is not enough for a French writer to have expressed noble sentiments in a beautiful way—it is not enough for him to convince the intelligence or to touch the heart. The one thing absolutely incumbent upon him, enforced by laws universally accepted, and penalties inexorably exacted, is that he shall be correct. Without this correctness, *point de salut* in Art.

From these rules much excellence results, but, we think, little poetry. We have rhetoric, often fine in its way, declamation, eloquence; but Poetry has to be the sacrifice, the victim whose immolation secures all this success. She, poor Muse, to whom "a sweet neglect" is more essential than to any less ethereal beauty, and whose "robes loosely flowing, hair as free," should, one would think, be protected by all the chivalry of the Arts, walks humble and confined in the classic robes which are shapen for her by authority; or feebly makes-believe to glory in them as if they were her natural choice, according to a well-established natural instinct. It is hard indeed for the learned and classical not to despise more or less the natural and untrained. Even Milton exhibits a certain half-adoring contempt for Shakespeare when he speaks of the "wood-notes wild" of that perverse and undisciplined writer, whose strains the most self-important of critics would scarcely venture nowadays to commend in such moderate measure. A hundred years ago Shakespeare was a barbarous writer to the French critics, as he was to their *dilettante* contemporaries in England. The latter have happily dropped out of all hearing; and France has learned, superficially at least, to know better, and is even somewhat ashamed now, like all incautious critics, of having thus committed herself. But she has never lost, and probably never will lose, her confidence in the justice of her own system. It suits her and the tradi-

tions of her fine language. Sharp-cutting logic, keen and sparkling as diamonds, fine antithesis, brilliant epigram, the keenest powers of reasoning, the warmest flow of eloquence are hers; but the language of epigram and antithesis is not the language of poetry. No country boasts a richer literature, but Poetry has never been the field of her greatest triumphs.

It is not necessary to go back to the period of Corneille and Racine, both of whom precede our date; nor even to that of Voltaire and Rousseau, which, though reaching down within its limits, yet are separated from the modern world in which we live by that tremendous barrier of the French Revolution, which changed everything. Notwithstanding the numerous fine *vers* which occur in his dramas, it is impossible to attribute the title of poet to a spirit so little conformed to all that we identify with the poetic temperament, as Voltaire; and though Rousseau is, on the other hand, in some respects the very exaggeration and extravagance of that temperament, the form of his writings does not allow us to place him on our list. It becomes, therefore, a somewhat difficult matter to choose from modern Frenchmen a representative of poetry. Alfred de Musset will, we have already said, come later, but he represents rather her unique rebel than the regular school of poetry in France. We should have preferred Victor Hugo, as the greater poet and man of larger genius, to Lamartine; but his career is still unaccomplished, a fact which is more to be regretted than rejoiced over, so far as his literary genius is concerned. And in his sphere Beranger is a greater artist, a truer poet than either; but that sphere is too limited, and his productions often too slight in workmanship and too ephemeral in subject, to give him full rank as the representative of Art of the highest order. He is a *chansonnier* pure and simple, not to be elevated to the classic dignity of a lyrical poet; and though he is sometimes almost worthy of a place by the side of Burns, the lower level of emotion, the absence of passion, conspicuous in his charming verses, exclude him, not in degree, but in kind, from the highest sphere. We may pause, however, here to remark, that, however deficient in the higher qualities of poetry, France remains absolute mistress of the *chanson*. In Eng-

land the song (except in some very rare cases) has dwindled downward into such imbecility, that bolder musicians have begun to intimate the possibility of dispensing with "words" altogether, and expressing their sentiments, so far as articulation is necessary, by the inane syllables of the Sol-fa system,—a tremendous irony, which, if it were intentional, would do more to demolish our lesser songsters than all the bans of literary criticism. The idea is barbarous; but it is partially justified by the nonsense verses which we constantly hear chanted forth in drawing-rooms, to the confusion of all sense and meaning. But the song in France has never dropped to this miserable level. The crisp, gay, sparkling verses—the graceful sentiment, a little artificial, and reminding the hearer, perhaps, of Watteau's wreathed lyres and quaint garden groups—the captivating peculiarity of the *refrain*—combine to give a certain identity to these charming trifles. They may have no high title to poetic merit, but still they vindicate the claim of the literary voice to have some share in all expression of feeling. It is impossible to treat them as mere "words for music," or to throw them aside for the barbarous jargon of the Sol-fa. But yet, though so much more perfect than anything we possess, this branch of poetic art does not reach the empyrean heights of Poetry; and Beranger, though the finest and most perfect of artists in his way, cannot be accepted as a fit impersonation of the Poet. We do not venture, in placing the name of Lamartine at the head of our page, to attempt to confer even upon him an equal rank to that of the Great Singers we have already discussed. All that we can say is, that he is the best modern representative of the higher art in his country on whom we can lay our hand; dignified by high meaning, at least, and endowed with many of those qualities which bulk most largely in the estimation of his race—graceful versification, correct and fine phraseology, and that curious, vague enthusiasm for nature—different as it is possible to imagine from the enthusiasm, for example, of Wordsworth or of our modern school of poets—which the French imagination loves. His life, too, is one in which it is impossible not to feel interest; and though there is much in

it, especially towards the end, to rouse a painful pity, and that unwilling contempt which hurts the sensitive soul, there is also much to call forth our admiration and sympathy. At the greatest and most critical moment of his life the poet bore himself like a man, earning, or at least deserving, the gratitude of his country, and the respect and honor of all lookers-on.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born on the edge of the Revolution, in Mâcon, in the year 1790. Of a noble family, some members of which were touched by the revolutionary ferment of the time—moderately touched—uniting the grace of liberal opinions and patriotic zeal to the many other graces of their patrician state,—a union which, however, did not survive the hot days of the Terror. His grandfather was an old French seigneur, possessing many *terres* and chateaux in the regions round, and a family hotel at Mâcon, the metropolis of the district, whither he and many other noble personages of the country repaired in winter, in an age when Paris was not everything in France. M. de Lamartine had six children, equally divided—three sons and three daughters—five of whom, according to the extraordinary custom of the time, were born only to extinguish themselves for the sake of the family. The race, according to all its traditions, was destined to flourish and prolong itself only in the person of the eldest son; and the code of family honor enjoined upon the others a contented acquiescence in their sequestration from all independent life, unless that which could be found in the priesthood or the cloister. The daughters had all adopted a religious life, one of them, however, occupying the more brilliant position of a *chanoinesse*; but they were all driven back to the paternal roof by the Revolution. The second son became a priest, and eventually bishop, obeying the universal law of self-renunciation so curiously, and without outward murmur accepted by these young aristocrats. The third son, M. le Chevalier, was equally destined to annihilate himself for his race; but here a curious *contretemps* intervened to check the family plans. The eldest son, for whose sake and to keep whose fortune intact all these brothers and sisters had to sacrifice themselves, was himself required to complete

the sacrifice by giving up the bride he desired, her *dot* not being considered sufficient for the heir of the Lamartines. But some spark of originality existed in this half-revolutionised fine gentleman. To the consternation of everybody concerned, he declined marrying any one except the woman he loved; and lo! in the rigid house of the Lamartines, where every one up to this moment had obeyed his destiny without a murmur, the object of all these renunciations became the first rebel. "Il dit à son père, Il faut marier le chevalier." But the passage in which this extraordinary revolution within a revolution, this family *coup d'état*, is suggested, affords so perfect a sketch of the singular state of society then existing, that we need not apologise to the reader for quoting it entire:—

"My father was the youngest of this numerous family. At the age of sixteen he had entered the regiment in which his father had served before him. He was not intended to marry; it was the rule of the time. His lot was to grow old in the modest position of captain, which he attained at an early age; to pass his few months of leave now and then in his father's house; to gain, in the process of time, the Cross of Saint-Louis, which was the end of all ambitions to the provincial gentleman; then, when he grew old, endowed with a small pension from the State, or a still smaller revenue of his own, to vegetate in one of his brother's old châteaux, with rooms in the upper story; to superintend the garden, to shoot with the Curé, to look after the horses, to play with the children, to make up a party at whist or *tric-trac*, the born servant of everybody—a domestic slave, happy in being so, beloved and neglected by all; and thus to complete his life, unknown, without lands, without wife, without descendants, until the time when age and infirmities confined him to the bare room, on the walls of which his helmet and his old sword were hung, and that day on which everybody in the chateau should be told—M. le Chevalier is dead.

"My father was the Chevalier de Lamartine; and this was the life to which he was destined. No doubt his modest and respectful nature would have accepted it with sorrow, but without complaint. An unexpected circumstance, however, changed all at once these arrangements of fate. The eldest brother became hypochondriac. He said to his father, 'You must marry the Chevalier.' All the feelings of family, and the prejudices of habit, rose up in the heart of the old noble against this suggestion. Chevaliers are not intended for marriage. My father was consigned to his regiment. A step so strange, and which was especially repugnant to my grandmother, was put off from year to year. Marry the Chevalier! It was monstrous. On the other hand, to allow the family to die out, and the

name to become extinct, was a crime against the race."

The Chevalier, however, over whose passive head so many discussions were going on, was not long of feeling the exciting influence of the new idea, and allowed thoughts to enter into his mind which, in other circumstances, he would have thrust away from him. One of his sisters was a member of a chapter of noble *chanoinesses*—a kind of *béguinage*, without labor or austerity, in which a select number of noble ladies, each in her "pretty house, surrounded by a little garden," were collected round the chapel in which they said their daily prayers. In winter these elegant nuns—if nuns they could be called—were allowed to pay visits as they pleased among their relatives and friends, and even when assembled in their chapter had evidently a very pretty society among themselves, many being young, and all *tant soit peu mondaine*, elegant, and fond of society. True, they were debarred all male visitors, but with one remarkable exception. The young *chanoinesses* were allowed to receive visits from their brothers, who were permitted to stay with them for a fixed number of days at each visit, and to be presented to their friends in the chapter. This "conciliated everything," as M. de Lamartine says; and thus in the most natural way a few genuine love-matches, rare enough now, still more rare then, were made up from time to time in the pretty half-monastic retirement where girls of fifteen still unprofessed lived under the genial charge of young women of twenty-five, dignified into "madame," by the vows of the order. M. le Chevalier de Lamartine went very often to visit his sister; perhaps it was the only way in which the pure romance of honest love could have had any existence in the case of a youth and maiden of rank in the France of that day; and here, accordingly, he found his bride. The little romance is charming; but scarcely less interesting is the arrested love-story of the heir. Long after, when M. le Chevalier was the only one married of his family, and the brothers and sisters had all grown old, the bride whom he found in the Chapter of Salles, makes a note in her diary descriptive of the head of the house, the elder brother, whose

determination not to marry had made her own marriage possible :

"M. de Lamartine, who was intended before the Revolution to be the sole possessor of all the great wealth of the family, loved Mademoiselle de Saint-Huruge, who was not considered sufficiently rich for him. He preferred to remain a bachelor rather than to have the vexation of marrying another. Mademoiselle is too old now to think of marriage. She is good, gentle, pious, interesting. Her features show traces of past beauty, attractive but obscured by sadness. My brother-in-law and she meet every evening at Mâcon in the *salon* of the family, and appear to retain a pure and constant friendship for each other."

How quaint, how touching is this little picture ! The great old room half lighted with blazing logs in the great chimney, faded tapestry, faded gilding, beautiful old politeness and manners that do not fade—and the old lovers, for each other's sake unmarried through half a century, meeting every evening with who can tell what exquisite old sentiment, gossamer link of tenderness unexpressed, between them ! The society which made such a state of affairs possible, and the curious subjection of soul to the rules of that society, which made even a wealthy heir helpless under the decision of his family, is appalling to contemplate ; but we do not know if the picture of an old man and wife snug and comfortable, would ever charm us as does this strange little vignette, so full of delicate suggestiveness. Anyhow, it is clear the second sons and daughters of French noble families, the chevaliers and *chanoinesses* of a former day, have little right to grumble at the Revolution.

There is nothing more attractive in all that Lamartine has left behind him than this record of the ancient world as it appeared across his own cradle. In no way could the curious difference between the old time and the new appear more distinctly. The poet makes himself a link between the generations by this perhaps too often repeated but always delightful story. His many autobiographical self-revelations—revelations which became not only tiresome but pitiful when they treated of the man in the midst of his career and afforded a medium for the pouring forth of much egotism and vanity—do not affect us at all in the same way when they concern the parents, the uncles and aunts, who

formed a kind of family council over all the acts of the one male descendant who was to be their heir. The after-life of the poet contains nothing half so touching or so charming as those pictures of his early days which he delighted to make, and in which he is always so happy. We know no poetical biography more perfect than the chapters which describe his childhood at Milly, the little dreary French country-house, where the family established themselves after the terrors of the Revolution were over. This little *terre*, scarcely sufficient to maintain his family upon, was all that the proud and chivalrous chevalier would accept—the portion given to him on his marriage, according to old rule, instead of the equal share to which he had a right according to the new law. This somewhat Quixotic sense of honor, which was not shared by the other members of the family, was, one feels, somewhat hard upon his wife and children, who were thus exposed to the continual interference of his unmarried brothers and sisters, who were much richer than they, and fully disposed to exercise all their powers of animadversion, in self-repayment of the help they sometimes gave. Lamartine is never tired of describing Milly, the home of his youth and of his heart ; and never was home painted with a more charming mixture of grace, and sentiment, and perfect homeliness. Happy above the lot of man has been that English Philistine, who first charmed the world by the profound remark that the French were so destitute of all home feeling as not even to possess in their language a word which expressed what we (superior beings as we are) meant by home. How often and with what wearisome repetition has this curious fallacy gone from mouth to mouth, in the face of a nation which never travels, never moves from its *foyer*, its *clocher*, its *chez soi*, when it can help it—whose peasants cling like limpets to their native soil—whose romancists are never tired of the cottage interior, the *vieux manoir délabré*—and whose writers generally never lose an opportunity to commend with more than patriotic ardor the one beloved local corner which bears to themselves the aspect of Paradise on earth !

Lamartine was very vain and very apt to magnify everything connected with

himself, but we doubt much whether any English writer would have had the courage to describe with equal frankness the circumstances and scenes of his childhood. The great bare *salon* of Milly, with an alcove at the end containing the bed of the mother and the cradles of the babies; the walls roughly plastered, with here and there a break through which the naked stone was visible; the tiles of the floor cracked in a thousand pieces by the feet of the dancers who, under the Revolution, used the room as a public ball-room; the raftered roof all blackened with smoke; the little garden where squares of vegetables were relieved only by lines of strawberries and pinks,—all these are set before us in the homeliest detail. Nor does the poet hesitate to sketch himself, sallying forth to the mountains in charge of the goats along with the other village boys, just such a little figure as Edouard Frère delights to paint—barefoot, bareheaded, in little coat of coarse blue cloth, with a wallet across his shoulder containing his homely dinner, “un gros morceau de pain noir mêlé de seigle, un fromage de chèvre, gros et dur comme un caillou.” Nothing could be more charming than his description of the little goat-herd’s day among the mountains, which is full of all those lights and shadows of sentiment, those aerial graces of mist and distance, with which his diffuse poetical narrative is always laden, yet never loses its connection with the central figure, the bare-footed boy among his village comrades—patrician-born if almost peasant-bred, with the far-off fragrance of a splendid court hanging about the room, to which he returns of nights, though the plaster is here and there broken on the walls, and the cracked tiles are innocent of any carpet. This mixture of poetic grace and romance with many sordid surroundings, the junction of high breeding and ancient race, and that delicate sense of *noblesse* which often gives so much charm to the character, with absolute poverty and privation, endured with smiling content, and even enjoyed, is always delightful to the sympathetic looker on.

The reader who has followed Lamartine through the ‘*Confidences*’ and ‘*Nouvelles Confidences*,’ out of which, unfortunately, he was always attempting

to make more books and more money, may perhaps tire of the often-repeated description, the details so often begun *du capo*, the minute but always most loving touches by which he renews the portraiture of his home. For ourselves we avow we can swallow a great deal of this without murmur or objection; and we could scarcely suggest a more perfect if tranquil pleasure to those unacquainted with or forgetful of Lamartine’s history, than may be found in the handsome and not too long volume—a mere piece of bookmaking, the harsh critic may say, the old recollections served up again—which, under the title of ‘*Mémoires Inédites*,’ has been published since his death;—or the companion book which he called ‘*Le Manuscrit de ma Mère*, and himself published not long before the end of his life. The critic and the social philosopher may judge hardly such revelations to the public of the secrets of family life, but we doubt whether the profanation is in any way sufficient to counterbalance the advantages of so true and close and intimate a history. Whatever degree of genius may be allowed to him in his own field of poetry, no admirer will ever claim for Lamartine the glory of dramatic power. He is religious, descriptive, sentimental, tender, with a fine if vague sense of natural beauty; but he is never in the smallest degree dramatic. What nature, however, has not given him, memory and love have almost supplied; and the picture of Milly, and of the beautiful and tender woman who forms its centre, is such as few poets have been able to invent for us. We speak sometimes with a suppressed sneer of the Frenchmen’s ideal, the *ma mère* of a sentiment which it is so easy to stigmatise as sentimentality. But such a figure as that of Madame de Lamartine, as exhibited to us in her own journal, as well as through her son’s half-adoring sketches, is one which no lover of humanity would be content to let go. Simple but thoughtful—not intellectual, as we use the word; full of prejudices, no doubt—the prejudices of rank, though her actual position was scarcely above that of a farmer’s homely wife; beautiful in thought and feeling as well as in person—always refined, yet always natural—it is more easy

to fall into panegyric of such a woman than to judge her coldly. In every scene of her life she is set before us with a tender fulness of detail. We see her thanking God with overflowing heart for the unhopèd-for happiness which she enjoys in her rude and poor home, with no society but that of the peasants of the village—she, a great lady, born in St. Cloud, and brought up the playfellow of princes; getting dejected when the hail dashes down, sweeping the year's revenue of young grapes off the vines, yet blaming herself for her want of trust in Providence; driving back all alone and sad, crying under her veil, when she has taken her boy to school, but glad he had not seen her go to revive his childish trouble; then at a later period lamenting with a real distress which looks whimsical enough to our eyes, and asking herself how, if they retire altogether to Milly as her husband thinks expedient, abandoning the lodging in Mâcon, she is to marry her girls? yet weeping with heart-breaking sympathy over the poor young fellow who loves Suzanne, and whom the uncles and aunts reject as not rich enough. The mother cries over him, though Suzanne does not mind very much. She grows old quietly before us, and plunges into the more serious cares which rise round a mother, after the sweet anxieties of her children's early days are over—and lies awake at nights, wondering with aching heart how her boy is to be extricated from his difficulties, his debts paid, his marriage brought about, and the young Englishwoman secured for him on whom he has set his heart; nay, even with a tender superfluity of love when she has read his verses, this dear lady hurries off to a bit of naked wall somewhere, to plant ivy with her own hands—"pour que mon fils ne mentît pas même dans ses vers, quand il decrivit Milly dans ses Harmonies." The last glimpse we have of her is perhaps the most touching of all—when she goes back at sixty to the *allée*, in the homely garden, where it was her daily habit to retire for thought every twilight in the happy days when she was so poor and her children young; and where all alone she can scarcely keep herself from gazing "*là-bas sous les tilleuls pour voir si je n'y apercevrai pas les robes blanches de mes petites.*" This delightful picture,

so womanly, so mother-like, so exquisite in all its soft details, is finer than all the many "Harmonies" which Lamartine gave to the world—it is the best poem he has left behind him.

It was thus, among so many homely surroundings, that the little barefooted goat-herd of Milly, proud young Burgundian *gentilhomme*, heir of many substantial *terres*, and much family pride and prestige, grew and matured on his native soil. The contrast and the mixture of lowliness and loftiness is such as we can scarcely conceive of in England, and it is very captivating to the imagination. During the brief preliminary reign of Louis XVIII., which ended in ignominious flight, when Napoleon escaped from Elba, the young Lamartine was taken by his father to court, like a true young hero of romance, and there presented to the old friends from whom the chevalier would ask nothing for himself, but to whom he commended his son, enrolling him in the king's body-guard. The brilliant and beautiful young Garde-du Corps made, according to his own account, a sensation at court, where he shows himself to us, led by his handsome old patrician father, in all the bloom of his youth, and in all the enthusiasm of long-dormant loyalty, exactly as one of our favorite heroes appears in a novel. This did not, however, last long; but, short as was the period of his service, it was too long for the young poet, who mourns piteously over his hard fate in his youthful letters. "*Che crea aveva fatto io al cielo per devenir una macchina militare,*" he cries, with comical despair, to one of his correspondents. But he did not continue a military machine. The return of the Bourbons did not tempt him to resume his musket, and he soon began to fix his hopes upon diplomacy. For a few years afterwards his course was erratic enough. He wandered hither and thither, from Milly to Mâcon, or to one of the houses of his uncles in the neighborhood; to his friends at Nice, the De Maistre family, or, above all, to Chambéry, where he found his English bride. There were many difficulties in the way of obtaining employment for him, and in arranging his marriage, to which his family, on the one hand, and the lady's mother on the other, had decided objections. Though

he speaks throughout his 'Confidences' of this marriage in very lover-like terms, it is amusing to find the matter-of-fact prudence with which he discusses the subject at the moment when it was for him the most important of businesses. In one of the letters of this period, published since his death, we find him asking the good offices of his correspondent to discover for him, through means of friends she had in London, the particulars of the young Englishwoman's fortune, and verification of her pretensions. It was a good match, and "en fait de bons partis la célérité est d'une haute importance," he says, with comical good faith and seriousness. During the time of his uncertainty, when he waited in expectation of a letter from Paris, announcing an appointment worthy his acceptance on one hand, and for the consent of the parents on both sides to his marriage on the other, the young poet had his cares and troubles, and suffered much from the doubt, the suspense, and the vague unhappiness which they bring. He kept himself alive and moderately cheerful, however, by "Meditations," which passed from one hand to another; and while read by the young men of the day in studios and barracks, and by ladies in many a dainty boudoir, prepared for him a certain melancholy but elevated reputation, for the moment among private friends only, but ready to burst forth in all the explosive enthusiasm of youth, so soon as these delicate and visionary strophes should be given to the world. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of this mode of preparing the public mind for a new fame. We have in our own time seen instances in which it has triumphed over many disadvantages, and secured a most superior and intellectual audience, proud of their own discovery of a man of genius before he manifested himself to the world.

At last fortune favored the poet, raining all her gifts upon him at once. In the year 1820, when he was nearly thirty, after years of suspense, his friends at Paris procured for him an appointment as secretary to the French embassy at Naples, and at the same moment the obstacles in the way of his marriage were happily overcome, and he left France in haste for his new du-

ties, carrying with him his bride. At precisely the same time, the day before his departure, his first volume of 'Meditations' saw the light. All the things he had desired were thus showered upon him at once. So far as our purpose is concerned, the publication of his first volume was the most momentous of these three incidents. His diplomatic career lasted only until 1830, and was not of profound importance in his history; and his marriage, though apparently happy and prosperous, calls for no particular notice here; but his poems made the young man, about whom many people were already interested and curious, at once into a notability, and gained him a place in the heart of his nation, then in all the fervor of a new tide of intellectual life. The Empire, with all its victories, following close upon the Revolution with all its terrors, had not only diverted the mind, and for the moment arrested the literature of France, but had given that much-tried country so much to do, so many excitements of a more violent kind, that poetry had found little possibility of a quiet hearing. Such few voices as had pressed through the tumult were not of a kind to make a very profound impression, and they were chiefly listened to at all as expressing the sentiment of the moment. The prison songs of André Chénier, the emigrant's song of Chateaubriand, bring before us rather a painful sense of the circumstances that inspired them than any thrill of poetical enthusiasm; and the one wild utterance of the Revolution age, the fiery strain composed on one fierce note, of *Rouget de l'Isle*, is still more emphatically the creation, as it became the inspiration, of passionate popular feeling—a war-cry rather than a poem. The Bourbons, however unwelcome their reign or unsatisfactory their principles in a political point of view, did France the good service of bringing back the ordinary after the fiery and long-continued reign of the extraordinary. The natural conditions of life returned, bringing with them the intellectual energy and literary art for which France has always been distinguished. The reader is aware how great an outburst of new life in this channel distinguished the first half of this century. The revival affected not only the producers of literature but

its audience. Not only was the voice emancipated and the pen, but the ear of the listener, so long deafened with echoes of battle, grew eager for the softer sounds, the more attractive harmonies, the varied and human voices of peace.

And perhaps the very extravagance and violence of the past age gave a deeper charm to the sentimental sweetness, the tranquil tone of feeling, the woods and hills and valleys, the mists and aerial perspectives of poetry such as Lamartine's. In the reaction from a violently practical influence such as forces the mind to deal with things rather than thoughts, sentiment has perhaps its best opportunity, just as the retired warrior becomes the gentlest of neighbors, the most placid and patient of cultivators, replacing campaigns by cabbages, after the model of Cincinnatus, with an ease and content which is much less easy to attain to after the excitement, the wear and tear of other professions. France, accordingly, always accessible on that side of her mind, so to speak, and weary of excitement, took hold with genuine affection and interest of the young Burgundian. That was one of the moments, so often recurring, when all the world was young, and when the entire generation awoke to a sense of its intellectual privileges and superiority as one man, feeling within itself the power to do something more than had ever yet been done, and welcoming new poets, new romancists, even new historians and philosophers, as demigods come for the salvation of the world. Perhaps our worst quality now is, not so much that genius is wanting as that we have lost this universal spring of youthfulness, and are, though we suppose there is the same proportion of young minds as usual, a middle-aged period. In England we have had no fit of intellectual youthfulness and eagerness since the days when Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Scott, and Byron were in full song amongst us. Neither has France been young since the period when Victor Hugo and Lamartine began their career. They had this unspeakable advantage in their favor. The enthusiasm of their generation warmed and inspired them; they felt their foreheads strike against the skies, and believed in the aureole of stars which every worshipper attributed to them. It seems very likely, according

to all evidence, that poetry requires this sublime self-confidence either supernaturally sustained from within, as in the case of Wordsworth—or fed by enthusiasm from without, as with the Frenchman. Lamartine probably drew this support of the poetic soul from both sources; but that he had the most flattering receptions from the public *d'élite* which he specially addressed, there seems to be no manner of doubt.

He left Paris, he tells, on the day after his book was published, partly moved no doubt by necessity, but partly one feels sure by a trick of that amusing and open-hearted vanity which a Frenchman makes no such attempt as an Englishman would do to conceal. "The only tidings," he says, "of my fate which I received, was a word from M. Gosselin [his publisher] on the morning of my departure, announcing that his office was thronged by a crowd of the best classes in search of copies; and a note from the oracle the Prince de Talleyrand to his friend the sister of the famous Prince Poniatowsky, which she forwarded to me at eight o'clock in the morning, and in which the great diplomat informed her that he had spent the whole night in reading to me, and that at last the soul had its poet." "L'âme avait enfin son poète!" what praise more delightful could be breathed into the ear of the young sentimentalist! "Je n'aspirais pas au génie, l'âme me suffisait:" he adds, with much *attendrissement* and rapture as may be imagined, "tous mes pauvres vers n'étaient que des soupirs!"

The character of these 'Meditations,' 'Harmonies,' 'Recueils,' the appropriate names which he gives to his various collections of poems, may be gleaned at once by their titles. It is somewhat difficult to follow through many editions which have changed the arrangement and succession of the different poems, the actual verses which first saw the day; but they are all so similar in character that we can not do the poet wrong by instancing at hazard the first that catch the eye. "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude," "Hymne du Soir dans les Temples," "Pensée des Morts," "L'Infini dans les Cieux," "Hymne de la Douleur," "Jehovah; ou l'idée de Dieu,"—so run the strains. Vague piety of an elevated, but very general kind, vague

sentiment, melancholy, and sadness; vague descriptions of landscape, of rivers, of the sun, the sky, and the mountains,—are to be found in all, always gracefully, often melodiously expressed—sometimes resounding with the accumulation of epithets which suit declamation better than poetry; sometimes dropping into a murmurous sweet monotony, which, barring that the effort is produced by words instead of notes, resembles more (we are conscious of the apparent bull) a song without words than a succession of articulate verses. It is impossible to discover in them much thought; but they are profoundly and tenderly reflective, and express what is recognised as thought by the majority of ordinary readers. Reflective, retrospective, full of the gentle sadness which is produced by recollections which are melancholy without being bitter—by the memory of the distant dead, whose loss has ceased to be a weighty and present grief—and by that consciousness of the transitory character of life, and peace, and happiness, and everything that man esteems, which is not pressed close by immediate neglect or dismay. They are of the class of poetry which delights youth at that stage when it loves to be made sad, and which affords to women and lonely persons a means of expressing the vague and causeless despondencies of a silent existence.

This is not the highest aim of poetry, but we are not sure that it is not one of its most beneficial uses. The active mind and passionate soul have need of stronger fare; but so long as human nature is framed as it is, the majority must always be subject to the languors and undefined dissatisfactions which result from nothing tangible in our lives, but are the very breath of a higher being—the proofs of an obscured divinity of origin which interferes with the content and comfort of the race more, perhaps, than they heighten its enjoyments. The “thoughts which lie too deep for tears” of Wordsworth, are too profound, too broad for the musing melancholy which invades so many gentle souls in times of loneliness—in those moments when there is nothing positive to complain of, but life runs low, and everything is obscured with veils and mists of melancholy. To such a mood the poetic strain which

breathes softly but sadly the universal despondencies of earth—generalising its less weighty miseries into one vague plaint, sweet and always soft like the waves on the beach when the sea is calm, and only a reminiscence of past storm is in the measured break and ripple—is beyond description welcome. The surcharged heart, heavy with it knows not what, finds relief. It finds brotherhood, sympathy, comprehension—it even feels in its own languors, its own gentle discontent, a trace of something sublime—a superiority to the common mass which is, in itself, infinitely consoling. We have but little poetry in England which takes the same place with the same dignity. Pleasures of Memory, and Pleasures of Hope, and Pleasures of Imagination, have all dropped out of recollection, though possibly in their day they filled this place, and supplied this perennial want of the mind. But Lamartine does it with more variety, with more dignity, and absolute certainty that this is the true use of poetry. And so far he is right. It is, if not its single and absolute end, at least one of its most serviceable uses. And the audience to which such a poet appeals is more numerous and perhaps more important than any other. He misses the highest and the lowest, whose tastes curiously enough often agree—the lower level requiring for excitement those lofty and primitive passions which the highest finds its enjoyment in, because they are the highest impulses of which humanity is capable. But all the vast mass of the middle, the centre of humanity, the hearts that feel without having any necessity to penetrate to the depths of feeling; the minds which think without being impelled much beyond the surface; the gentle and *sensible* (to use that word in its French, not its English, meaning) intelligences, which are open to all poetic influences not too high for them—taking the highest indeed on trust, because they are told to do so, but finding a real and refined enjoyment in the poetry of reflection and sentiment which is within their personal grasp,—is his natural kingdom. This is the world which Lamartine addressed, and where he was received with cordial yet tearful acclamations; he was “le poète de l’âme.” Could there be for his audience any description more touching, or more

adapted to penetrate directly to the heart? That Talleyrand should be the author of this title is one of the quaintest of circumstances. The reader might perhaps be tempted to ask whether he had a soul at all, that cleverest of all possible diplomatists. But Lamartine does not seem to have been troubled by any such doubt; indeed it is wonderful to see with what ease the mind accepts the oracular sentence of a man who acknowledges its own excellences, and predicts its success. "Call me wise, and I will allow you to be a judge" (of wisdom), says a clever Scotch proverb. The poet, in this instance, seems to have been moved by a very natural feeling to the point of describing his first great applauder as an "oracle."

In all these volumes, however, full as they are of the personality of the writer, and of his private recollections and moods of mind, there is no attempt to embody in any living type of character his theories of existence, or such counsel as he had to bestow upon his poetical audience. So far as he had a hero at all, Lamartine was his own hero. The dramatic faculty is almost altogether wanting to him. Before the period of his first volume he had attempted a Biblical drama, bearing the title of 'Saul,' a fragment of which was afterwards published; and so far had he gone in his undertaking that he read the drama to the great actor Talma, hoping no less for it than admission to the classic stage of the Français. "Talma was full of enthusiasm for the poetry, the style, and the fine effects which result from the conception of the piece," he writes. "As I went on he twisted himself about in his easy-chair, and said, 'There is tragedy in this. It is astonishing. I should never have believed it!' He told me—and, better still, he allowed me to see—that the part of Saul tempted him greatly. He repeated to me a score of times that no lines so fine had ever been read to him; that I was a poet, and perhaps the only one existing; that the *Moïse* of M. de Chateaubriand was fine, but that mine transcended it." This was very fine talk; but it did not open the difficult doors of the Français; and the young artist seems to have succumbed at once, and to have thought nothing more about it, with that extraordinary facility of youth

which is set upon one thing to-day, and to-morrow has forgotten its very existence. If we may judge of 'Saul' from the 'Fragment Biblique,' which we find in Lamartine's later volumes, it will be difficult to believe in Talma's admiration. This, as far as we can judge, was the only time that he attempted the drama. Even earlier, however, than 'Saul,' the incident which forms the groundwork of the tales of 'Graziella' and 'Raphael' had occurred in the young poet's own life; and nothing could have served the occasion better, or called forth his genius so well as the romance which no natural modesty prompted him to keep secret, in all its delightful mixture of reality and fiction—the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' of which a greater poet and mightier genius did not disdain the charm.

It is only just to Lamartine, however, to say that his graceful but languishing and sentimental tales are more prepossessing to the reader, and call forth in a much lesser degree the natural opposition which is roused in everybody's mind by highly-pitched egotism and vanity, than those of Goethe. 'Graziella,' in particular, is a beautiful little idyl, perfectly pure, picturesque, and touching. The Italian girl herself has something of the charm which we have already remarked in Lamartine's early sketches of his own childhood. She is represented in all the homely circumstances of her lot, without any attempt to make an impossible young lady out of the humble Procitana. This error, which is one into which English romancers continually fall, does not seem to affect the Frenchman, though whether this may be a consequence of the democratical atmosphere of his nation, or arises merely from his higher artistic susceptibility, it is difficult to tell. Whatever the cause may be, however, Graziella is as complete a fisher-girl as the little Lamartine was a goat-herd among his native hills. Neither her costume nor her habits of life are sacrificed to the elevation and refinement necessary to a heroine. To be sure, the costume of a fisher-lass from Procida is less objectionable in romance than the homely gown of an English country girl; but the poet ventures almost to the edge of ridicule when he represents his Graziella trying on the costume of civilization, and pinching her

larger beauty into the French corsets and silk gown, which in her ignorance she thought likely to please him. Altogether this poetic little tale is, we think, the finest thing Lamartine has done. It is a portion of his 'Confidences;' he is the hero, the god of the little southern world, into which he threw himself with all the enthusiasm of youth. Of all his landscapes, except the home scenery of Milly, there is none of which he has so taken in the peculiar and pervading charm. The sunny yet dangerous sea, the lovely isles, the hill terraces, with their wonderful Elysian points of vision, the subtle sweetness of the air, the mingling of sky and water, with all their ineffable tones of light and color, have been nowhere more perfectly represented; and if the passion and despair of the young Neapolitan may be excessive, they are made possible by her country, by the softening effects of that seductive air, and by the extreme youth of the heroine. Very different is the sickly and unnatural effect of the companion story 'Raphael,' the scene of which is laid in the town, and on the lake, of Aix in Savoy, and in which the sentimental passion of the two lovers becomes nauseous to the reader in its very commencement, and is infinitely more objectionable in its ostentatious purity than any ordinary tale of passion. The hero of 'Graziella' is young and guileless, half unaware of, and more than half partaking, the innocent frenzy which he awakens; but Raphael is a miserable poor creature, good for nothing but to lie at his mistress' feet, to listen to her movements through the door that divides them, to rave about her perfections and his love. The sickly caresses—the long silent raptures in which the two gaze into each other's eyes—the still more sickly ravings of their love, which has no pleasant beginning, no dramatic working up towards a climax, but jumps into languishing completeness at once—all breathe an unhealthy, artificial, enervating atmosphere, pernicious to the last degree for any young mind which could be charmed by it, and not far from disgusting to the maturer reader. In both these productions, the poet, as we have said, is his own hero. The incidents are professedly true; and the author gives himself credit throughout his auto-

biographical works for having passed through all the tumults and agitations of these exhibitions of would-be passion. We say would-be, for there is not in reality any passion in them. Nothing of the fiery directness of overwhelming emotion is in either narrative. Raphael, in particular, is slowly piled up with a leisurely gloating over the mental fondnesses and fine sentiments of the languishing pair, which stops all feeling of indulgence; and when the sentimental lover, wrapped up in thoughts of his Julia, accepts from his mother the price of her trees and hurries away, under pretence of sickness, to Aix, to indulge his maudlin passion by another meeting, the reader loses all patience with so miserable a hero. But to the poet it seems quite reasonable and natural, not to say angelic, of the mother, to make any sacrifice to satisfy the necessities of her son's heart, and quite consistent with the son's honor and poetic nobility of soul to leave all the duties of life behind him, and moon his life away dancing attendance upon his sickly love, "*collant ses lèvres à ses beaux pieds*," and raving and being raved at with weak and wordy adoration.

In the other narratives of the 'Confidences,' such, for instance, as the tale called 'Fior d'Aliza,' the poet is not the hero but the sympathising friend of the chief sufferers, with some gain in point of modesty, but not much in point of art. All for love, in a sense which goes altogether beyond our robust meaning, is his perpetual motto. The world appears to him only as a place in which two young persons may bill and coo, turning all its beautiful and noble scenery into a succession of nests for the inevitable turtle-doves. In all this, let us do him justice, there is nothing licentious or immoral. When there may happen to occur a love which cannot end in marriage, it is almost ostentatiously demonstrated to be a union of the heart only; and it is on the whole a pure idyl which Lamartine loves. The most that can be said of him is, that he indulges freely in the amiable indecency, chiefly concerned with babies and their mothers, which Continental manners permit and authorize. He is fond of nursery exhibitions, of sucklings and their play; but only the prudish English taste perhaps will object

to this, such improprieties being considered in other regions virtuous, nay, religious. This defect, and an undue exhibition of the delights of wedded and lawful love, are almost all the moral sins of which we can accuse him; and there are even among ourselves, no doubt, a host of virtuous critics to whom the fact of wedlock makes everything correct and legitimate. This is not the kind of weakness, however, which we naturally expect from a Frenchman.

The kindred works written in verse instead of in poetical prose, which are of congenial character to the tales of the 'Confidences,' can not be said to add much to Lamartine's reputation. The story of 'Jocelyn,' the best known of these larger works, is one prolonged "meditation" interspersed with a few incidents, rather than a dramatic poem, though the tale it tells has chances strange enough to bring out character, had the vague young hero possessed any. The story is supposed to be taken from a manuscript found in the house of a village *curé* after his death, and was in reality, we are informed, an account of the actual adventures of a parish priest well known to the poet. The habit of founding works of art upon incidents of real life is an almost infallible sign of a second-rate genius, though it is an expedient which all the world loves to attribute to every imaginative writer. Following this very commonplace suggestion, Lamartine constantly takes credit to himself for being merely the narrator of actual events, with what truth we are unable to decide. The very name of the *curé* thus plucked out of his privacy and made into a poem is, we think, indicated in the 'Confidences.' Such an effort, however, to make fact stand in the place of Art, is seldom successful; and that man would be wise indeed who could discern any individual features in the colorless apparition of Jocelyn. He is a type of generosity, love, self-sacrifice, and impressionable feeling, but not in the smallest degree a recognisable man. The poet, in a *Postscriptum* which now prefaces the work, denies the imputation of having intended to write "a plea against the celibacy of the clergy, an attack upon religion." The idea of making, as he says, "of a poem a controversy in verse, for or against any question of discipline,"

had, he declares, never entered his head; though it cannot be denied that the accusation seems justified, at least by the character of the tale. The young Jocelyn, overhearing the lamentations of his mother—such lamentations as no doubt Lamartine heard not unfrequently at home—over the defective *dot* which kept her daughter from marrying, makes an instant sacrifice of his own dawning youth and aspirations, and dedicates himself to the priesthood in order thus to endow his sister with the entire possessions of the family. No idea that this was anything but a perfectly noble and manly act crosses the mind of either poet or hero. We then follow him to the seminary, where, with much painful repression of his feelings, he goes through his preliminary studies. These, however, are interrupted by the Revolution; his home is broken up, and he himself, hunted to the hills, finds refuge in a cavern from the pursuit of his enemies. Here he ministers to another less happy refugee, who dies in his arms, leaving to his charge a stripling called the son, but in reality the daughter of the dead man, Laurence, who succeeds for a long time in deceiving her sole protector in respect to her sex. From the moment of her appearance thus, his cave becomes dear and beautiful to the young student, who, without knowing why, is immediately transported into the mysterious happiness of a first love. After he discovers her secret, the young man realizes the meaning of this new world in which he feels himself to be living, and for two years the lovers live an idyllic life of purity yet mutual fondness, adoring each other with all the frankness of youth, yet living like a pair of angels in their cave. This happiness is interrupted by a sudden appeal from the peasant who has all along protected Jocelyn, calling him to visit in prison a banished bishop on the very eve of the guillotine. Tearing himself from the side of his love at the bidding of duty, the young man goes reluctantly down the mountain-side to the prison at Grenoble to visit his bishop. Here, however, he meets with a trial so immense that flesh and blood is incapable of supporting it. The bishop, dying, insists on making the unhappy neophyte a priest, in order that he himself may be enabled to confess and leave the world with all

the sacraments of the Church. Jocelyn, remembering his love, resists. He does all that he can to escape from this terrible dilemma, but in vain; and at last finds himself with despair receiving the undesired consecration, which makes Laurence henceforth impossible to him. The tremendous interview they have at the top of their hill and on the threshold of their cave before they part forever is the climax of the story. Jocelyn returns in moody anguish to his seminary. No consciousness of having done well, no hope of reconciling himself to the dreary future, supports him. In losing Laurence he loses everything. The next and only remaining change in his life is his transfer from the seminary to the mountain parish of Valneige, where he spends the rest of his days in the depths of poverty, goodness, and self-absorption. Here, as in the first awakening of his unsuspected love for Laurence, which he supposes to be affectionate friendship for a boy confided to his care, there are charming touches of natural feeling, and of that rural life which is the truest thing in Lamartine's experience. But neither the occupations of his profession and the interests of the little rural community round him, nor the calming influences of time, do anything for Jocelyn; and his melancholy existence culminates when he is hastily sent for to see a dying traveller in a neighboring village, and there finds his lost love, whose confession he receives, and to whom he administers the last sacraments. When he has buried Laurence, he has no more to do in life, and dies in his humble *presbytère*, leaving behind him the sentimental record long drawn out of balked love, and wasted life, and melancholy beyond all hope.

Such is the story, weak, sweet, maudlin, and superhuman. It caught the public attention forcibly, we are told, at the moment of its production, and has attained a more or less secure place among French classics. "Jocelyn is the one of my works," Lamartine himself tells us, "which has procured for me the most intimate and numerous communications with unknown persons of all ages and countries." Notwithstanding, however, this popular testimony, it is almost impossible to imagine anything more hectic and unnatural, more opposed to the conditions

of practicable existence, than this long monologue, this song upon one note. There have been poetical heroes before now to whom love has been the one thing worth living for; and, indeed, a visionary passion balked of all fulfilment has taken a larger place in poetry than perhaps any other manifestation of human feeling. It is the very soul, for instance, of the noble poetry of Italy; but we need not say how different is the poor and false ideal afforded us in 'Jocelyn' from anything that could be suggested even by the shadow of that high and inspiring passion. Lamartine's hero is as incapable of thinking of anything else, or of rising above his immediate personal recollections and hankerings for the thing forbidden, as he is of resisting the pressure of circumstances which steal his happiness from him. He has neither manhood enough to face the raving and cursing ecclesiastic in his prison and preserve his liberty, nor, when that liberty is gone, to accept the consequences. Neither the strength to hold fast, nor the strength to give up, is in him. Such a frail and weak character is a favorite of fiction, where all its vacillations do excellent service in bringing out the varying shades of human weakness; but this does not seem to have been in the slightest degree Lamartine's intention. On the contrary, it is an ideal figure which he means to set before us, a being superior to the common rules of humanity, a saint and martyr, the very emblem and impersonation of poetical self-sacrifice. We can not find a line to show that the poet himself felt anything to be wanting in the type he chooses of perfect love and suffering; and though the reader is more impatient than sympathetic, the writer has always the air of being perfectly satisfied with his own creation, and convinced that he has set forth in it a high and most attractive ideal. Laurence is still more shadowy than her priest-lover; and but for the intense happiness which we are told she is capable of conferring by her presence, her looks, and her caresses, is the mere symbol of a woman without any character at all. In short, the reader feels that this ideal pair are very badly used by their Maker, who makes them suffer an infinity of vague torture without any compensation for it, any sense

of duty to support them, any nobility of resignation to reconcile their lives to ordinary existence. What is called self-renunciation thus becomes a mere forced and involuntary endurance, against which they struggle all their lives; while the happiness to which they aspire is degraded into a monotonous rapture of touch and clasp and caress; not passion, but maudlin fondness; not despair, but maudlin lamentations over what they would but cannot possess.

The second poem which the author, with some vague plan in his head, of which he does not reveal the *fin mot*, meant to form part of a series of which 'Jocelyn' was the first—also finds its centre of interest in the same blazing, hot Love which is the only power worth noticing in the universe, according to Lamartine. We do not pretend to say what the connection between the two may be. At first glance we might suppose that one of them represents that "love which never had an earthly close," which is always so captivating to the imagination—and the other, Love satisfied and triumphant forcing its way through all obstacles. This transparent contrast and connection, however, is destroyed by the fact that the 'Chute d'un Ange' closes in still more dismal despair and misery than anything that happens to Jocelyn; and that the muddle of torture, like the muddle of bliss, comes about apparently without any moral cause whatever, from circumstances over which neither the poet nor his hero has any control. What moral meaning there is in it, or rather is intended to be in it, is beyond our power to discover. It is a puzzle upon which the ingenuity of some critic at leisure might occupy itself, were the question worth the trouble. The story is, however, solemnly introduced to us as coming from the lips of a prophet-hermit of Lebanon, who dies as soon as he has accomplished the recital. The angel whose fall is the subject of the tale belongs to those primitive times when the sons of God made alliances with the daughters of men, at the curious cost, according to Lamartine, of living nine lives (an unlucky number) upon earth before they could once more attain their native heaven. The treatment of the fallen angel is original at least, if nothing more. When he drops suddenly into manhood, moved by the hot and gener-

ous purpose of saving his human love (who knows nothing of him) from the hands of giants, he brings with him no reminiscences of his better state, no traditions of heaven or heavenly knowledge, but becomes a savage man, without even the power of speech, knowing nothing about himself, and unable to communicate with the primitive people about him. This transformation is so complete, that even when taught by Daïdha, the object of his affections, to speak, and raised by his love for her to a certain humanity, no sort of recollection ever seems to come back to him; and the only purpose for which he is brought upon this earth seems again to be mere billing and cooing, accomplished under the most tragic risks, and with hideous interruptions of suffering, over which the couple, increased by the addition of twin babies of portentous appetite, have many extraordinary triumphs, emerging again constantly on the other side of the cloud into a sickly paradise of embraces, sucklings, and such like conjugal and nursery blisses. What is meant by the very earthly Olympus of primeval giant gods into which they are carried, or by the final mysterious conclusion in the desert, when Daïdha dies cursing, for the death of her children, the husband who has resigned heaven for her, we are unable to tell; neither can we feel that this climax demonstrates the emptiness of human good as shown in the desolate ending as much of the happy and fortunate as of the disappointed lover, though probably this is what the poet meant. The angel-father breaks into blasphemy when he sees his edifice of happiness fall to pieces round him, and makes a last pyrotechnic attempt to consume himself along with his dead wife and children; but even when he comes to this conclusion, nothing beyond despair at the loss of his happiness seems to enter his mind—he has no consciousness of his voluntary descent into mortality—no apparent knowledge of himself as being more than a man. The whole effect is *manqué* by this curious failure on the part of the poet even to identify his own conception: he would seem either to have forgotten it altogether, or to have felt himself unable to grasp the idea of a loftier nature than that of humanity, or to think of an angel as anything beyond the handsome youth with flowing hair which

painters have taken as the type of heavenly existence. Thus, once more, everything that is desirable in life comes to be represented by kisses and languishing looks, by the mutual self-absorption of two beings, who find a somewhat monotonous heaven in each other's arms, and around whom the world may tremble or be convulsed, and all the race of man disappear, without even awakening them from their private raptures. All this, however, let the reader remember, is combined with the most perfect virtue. It is connubiality rendered improper, and domesticity made indecent; but there is no idea of evil in the whole matter; it is virtue, only too sweet, too fond, too loving—maudlin and nasty if you please, but virtue all the same.

We are glad to be able to retire out of this sickly sweetness to the better atmosphere of the fugitive poems, those 'Meditations' and 'Harmonies,' which, if never reaching the highest level of poetry, are still expressive of many of the gentler feelings of the heart, its languors and sadness, its tender recollections, and that vague melancholy which, there can be little doubt, gives so much of its charm to nature. In this point of view, as a reflective and descriptive poet, giving a harmonious medium of expression to many a gentle, voiceless soul, Lamartine will probably long retain his place in the estimation of his countrymen. His longer poems are, we trust, as dead by this time as they deserve to be, and we feel a personal necessity to remove the sickly odor which they leave behind them by one more return to the native soil which gave him strength, and filled him with an inspiration more wholesome and sweet than sentiment. Here is Milly once more, the beloved home, with all its gentle habits and daily life—but this time in melodious verse, which we venture to put into a very literal English version:—

Then come in turn the many cares of day—
To reap the fields, the gathered grain to lay
On the heaped carts, before the rain-cloud rent
By sudden lightning from its gloom has sent
Quick-falling floods to swell the ripened ear,
Or stain with white decay its golden cheer;
Gather the fruit that falls from trees bereft;
Call back the bees to homes this morning left;
The laden branch weighed down with wealth
Sustain;
Clear the choked runlet from its sandy stain.
Then tend the poor, who, stretching empty
hands,

Asking for pence or bread in God's name
stand;

Or widows, who, from souls untouched by fears,
Alms of the heart, asks tears to swell her tears;
Or hopeful counsel on the unthrifty shed,
Give orphan work, and to the sick a bed:
Then 'neath the trees at noon a pause is made—
Masters and servants, talking in the shade
Of wind that rises, of bright skies that pale,
Of the thick clouds that fall in whitening hail,
The boughs by caterpillars eaten black,
The ragged brier that tears the scythe's edge
back.

Then come the children: 'midst them, in her
place,
The mother teaches of God's name and grace;
Or half-spelt words are murmured, homelier
lore,
Or numbers, finger-counted o'er and o'er;
Or trains them, thread from lint or wool to win,
Or weave their garments from the thread they
spin.

Thus toil on toil from hour to hour goes on,
Till gently, lo! the working time is done:
The full day softly falls; eve comes, and we
Beside the door sit on the fallen tree,
And watch the great wain heaped with odor-
ous grass,

The gleaners following where its slow wheels
pass;

The herdsman leading back from field and
wood

The heavy-uddered goats; in grateful mood,
Charged with the gifts the kindly vale be-
stowed,

The beggar passing bowed beneath his load.
Behind the hill, in mists of gold, the sun
With love we watch go down, his journey
done;

And as his great round, dropping, drowned
in shade,

Broideries of gold or sombre furrows made,
We fix the fortunes of the coming morn,
If to dim skies or radiant brightness born.

Thus to the Christian eye life's darkening eve
Promise of bright days after death can give.
The Angelus sounds soft when fails the light,
Convoing spirits blest to bless the night.

All darkens with the sky: the soul is still,
The memories of the dead come back at will;
We think of friends whose eyes have long
foregone

In the eternal day both moon and sun.
With sadness in our hearts' still depths we
trace

Whence they have gone, the ever-empty place;
And to fill up the void o'er which we grieve,
A sigh, a tear, within its depths we leave.

At length when stars are trembling overhead,
Returning to our hearth we talk, we read,—
One of those legacies sublime and dear
By the great dead left to their followers here—
Men who like lights across the ages shine,—
Homer or Fenelon; or, more divine,
That book where secrets all of earth and
heaven

In two great words—Hope! Charity!—are
given.

And sometimes, too, to make the night more
sweet,

The darkness bright with song, our lips repeat
Verses of some great singer that could win
Their charmed notes from lutes of seraphim,
Decking dear truth with numbers sweet, and
words

And image such as nature's self affords.

But slumber, gentle issue of toil's sighs,
Before the hour weighs down our weary eyes;
And, as 'twas wont in Rachel's primal days,
The household gathers for the evening praise.
To make more pure, more sweet the worship
given,

A child's voice rises with our prayers to
heaven—

Virginal voice touched to a tenderer tone
By presence of that God with whom alone
It pleads, invoking blessing on the night;
Then in a song of Zion rising light
To which is choral answer; gentle note
Of mother—from the father's manly throat
A deeper sound; old voices shrill and spare,
And shepherds' rough from strife of wind and
air,

With heavy burden hum the chant divine,
And with the leading voice, clear, infantine,
Contrast like trouble and serenity—
An hour of peace within a stormy day—
Till you would say, as voice on voices broke,
Mortals who questioned while an angel spoke.

This is finely touched, and with real tenderness of feeling. It is part of the poem entitled "*Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude*," and was suggested, the poet tells us, by a pretty group formed of his mother, his young wife, *her* mother and her child, seated in a summer landscape close to the old house which had sheltered his infancy. In this kind of gentle strain, whether it be prose or poetry, he is beyond rivalry. When all other inspiration fails, the inspiration of home never fails him. Whatever he may be elsewhere, at Milly he is ever a true poet. This is the highest praise we can give to Lamartine. His longer poems are monotonous and cloying; his poetical romances of a mawkish and unwholesome sweetness. But on his native soil, in the homely house of his mother, all objectionable qualities disappear. He loves the skies which overarch that dear bit of country; he loves the hills and the fields because they surround that centre of all associations; and in his companionship with nature he is always tender and natural, seldom exaggerated, and scarcely ever morbid. His shorter strains are full of the fresh atmosphere of the country he loved; and the sentiment of pensive evenings and still nights, soft-breathing, full of stars and darkness, is to be found everywhere in the gentle melodious verse;

not lofty or all absorbing like the Nature-worship of Wordsworth, but more within the range of the ordinary mind, and quite as genuine and true. Had he been content with this, and not aspired to represent passion of which he knew nothing, his fame would have been more real and more lasting. He was such a poet as the quieter intellectualist, the pensive thinker loves. He could not touch the greater springs of human feeling; but he could so play upon the milder stops of that great instinct as to fill his audience with a soft enthusiasm. Some of his prose works reach to a profounder influence; and those readers who remember, when it came out, the '*History of the Girondists*,' will not refuse to the poet a certain power of moving and exciting the mind: but this work and the many others which preceded and followed it, have little to do with our argument. They are poetical and exaggerated prose, and have no claim to the higher title of poetry.

In the midst of his manifold productions, however, there happened to Lamartine such a chance as befalls few poets. He had it in his power once in his life to do something greater than the greatest lyric, more noble than any *vers*. At the crisis of the Revolution of 1848, chance (to use the word without irreverence) thrust him and no other into the place of master, and held him for one supreme moment alone between France and anarchy—between, we might almost say, the world and a second terrible Revolution. And there the sentimentalist proved himself a man; he confronted raving Paris, and subdued it. The old noble French blood in his veins rose to the greatness of the crisis. With a pardonable thrill of pride in the position, so strange to a writer and man of thought, into which without any action of his own he found himself forced, he describes how he faced the tremendous mob of Paris for seventy hours, almost without repose, without sleep or food, when there was no other man in France bold enough or wise enough to take that supreme part; and ended by guiding that most aimless of revolutions to a peaceful conclusion, for the moment at least. It was not Lamartine's fault that the Empire came after him. Long before the day of the Empire had come he had fallen from his momentary elevation, and lost all influence over his country. But his

downfall cannot efface the fact that he did actually reign, and reign beneficently, subduing and controlling the excited nation, saving men's lives and the balance of society. We know no other poet who has had such a chance afforded him, and few men who have acquitted themselves so well in one of the most difficult and dangerous positions which it is possible for a man to hold.

The end of his life, which was spent obscurely, faded away amid many clouds; and it is better that we should not attempt to enter into that record of perpetual debt and shifting impecuniosity. The nation itself came, we think more than once, to the rescue of the poet; and he went on until his very end publishing and republishing, following reminiscence with reminiscence, in a feverish strain for money, which it is painful to contemplate. The causes of this we need not enter into; but, well endowed as his family had left him, sole heir of all the uncles and aunts who had sat heavily upon his early life, he died poor and deprived of almost everything. When a man has to come pitifully before the world and explain

how, to retain Milly, he sells another bit of himself, another volume of 'Confidences,' to the eager bookseller—making, one feels, capital of the very sympathy excited—the situation is too painful and humbling to be dwelt upon. Lamartine's sun went down amid those clouds. But the man is dead, and his generation are disappearing off the scene, and France has perhaps more debts to him than she has ever been able to pay. He never led her intentionally astray, from one end of his career to the other. If his adoration of love is sometimes sickly, and his sentimentality maudlin, and the ideal world he framed a narrow and poor world, filled with but one monotonous strain of weak passion—it is at the same time a pure love which he idolizes, a virtuous ideal, which, according to his lights, he endeavors to set forth. And in his fugitive pieces there dwells often the very sweetness of the woods and fields—a homely gentle atmosphere of moral quiet and beauty. It is for these, and not for the exaggerated poetical maundering of his larger poems, that his name will be remembered in the world.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

ALGOA BAY, Oct. 23^d, 1875.

Two days ago we steamed out of Table Bay, on just such a grey, drizzling afternoon as that on which we entered it. But the weather cleared directly we got out to sea, and since then it has carried us along as though we had been on a pleasant summer cruise. All yesterday we were coasting along the low downs which edge the dangerous seaboard for miles upon miles. From the deck of the "Edinburgh Castle" the effect is monotonous enough, although just now everything is brightly green, and with their long riband fringe of white breaker-foam glinting in the spring sunshine, the stretch of undulating hillocks looked its best. This part of the coast is well lighted, and it was always a matter of felicitation at night, when every eighty miles or so the guiding ray of a lighthouse shone out in the soft gloom of a starlight night. One of these lonely towers stands more than 800

feet above the sea level, and warns ships off the terrible Agulhas Bank.

We have dropped our anchor this fresh, bright morning, a mile or so from the shore on which Port Elizabeth stands. Algoa Bay is not much of a shelter, and it is always a chance whether a sudden "south-easter" may not come tearing down upon the shipping, necessitating a sudden tripping of anchors and running out to sea, to avoid the fate which we see staring us warningly in the face in the shape of the gaunt bare ribs or rusty cylinders of sundry castaway vessels. To-day the weather is on its good behavior. The "south-easter" rests on its "airy nest,"

"As still as a brooding dove,"

and sun and sea are doing their best to show off the queer little straggling town, creeping up the low sandy hills that lie before us. I am assured that Port Eliza-

beth is a flourishing mercantile place. From the deck of our ship I can't at all perceive that it is flourishing, or doing any thing except basking in the pleasant sunshine. But when I go on shore an hour or two later, I am shown a store which takes away my breath, and before whose miscellaneous contents the stoutest-hearted female shopper must needs *baisser son pavillon*. Everything looked in this vast emporium as neat and orderly as possible; and though the building was twice as big as the largest co-operative store in London, there was no hurry or confusion. Thimbles and ploughs, eau-de-cologne and mangles, American stoves, cotton dresses of astounding patterns to suit the taste of Dutch ladies, harmoniums and flat-irons—all stood peaceably side by side together; but these were all unconsidered trifles beside the more serious business of the establishment, which was wool,—wool in every shape, and stage, and bale. In this department, however, although for the sake of the dear old New Zealand days my heart warms at the sight of the huge packages, I was not supposed to take any interest. So we pass quickly out into the street again, get into a large open carriage driven by a black coachman, and make the best of our way up to a villa on the slope of the sandy hill. Once I am away from the majestic influence of that store, the original feeling of Port Elizabeth being rather a dreary place comes back upon me. But we drive all about—to the Park, which may be said to be in its swaddling clothes as a park; and to the Botanic Gardens, where the culture of foreign and colonial flowers and shrubs is carried on, under the chronic difficulties of too much sun and wind, and too little water. Everywhere there is building going on: very modest building, it is true, with rough-and-ready masonry or timber, and roofs of zinc painted in strips of light color; but everywhere there are signs of progress and growth. People look bored, but healthy; and it does not surprise me in the least to hear, that though there are a good many inhabitants there is not much society. A pretty little luncheon and a pleasant hour's chat in a cool, shady drawing-room, with plenty of new books, and music, and flowers, gave me another agreeable memory to carry back on board the ship; which, by the way, seemed

strangely silent and deserted when we returned, for most of our fellow-passengers had disembarked here, on their way to different parts of the interior.

As I saunter up and down the clean, smart-looking deck of what has been our pleasant floating home during these four past weeks, I suddenly perceive a short, squat pyramid on the shore, standing out oddly enough among the low-roofed houses. If it had only been red, instead of grey, it might have passed for the model of the label on Bass' beer bottles; but even as it is, I feel convinced that there is a story connected with it. And so it proves; for this ugly, most unsentimental-looking bit of masonry was built long ago by a former Governor, as a record of the virtues and perfections of his dead wife, whom, among other lavish epithets of praise, he declares to have been "the most perfect of women." Anyhow, there it stands, on what was once a lonely strip of sand and sea, a memorial—if one can only believe the stone story, now nearly a hundred years old—of a great love and a great sorrow; and one can envy the one, and pity the other, just as much when looking at this queer, unsightly monument, as when one stands on the pure marble threshold of the exquisite Taj Mahal, at Agra, and reads that it, too, in all its grace and beauty, was reared "in memory of an undying love."

Although the day has been warm and balmy, the evening air strikes chill and raw; and our last evening on board the dear old ship has to be spent under shelter, for it is too cold to sit on deck. With the first hours of daylight next morning we have to be up and packing, for by ten o'clock we must be on board the "Florence," a small yacht-like coasting steamer, which can go much closer in to the sand-banked harbors, scooped by the action of the rivers all along the coast. It is with a very heavy heart that I, for one, say goodbye to the "Edinburgh Castle," where I have passed so many happy hours and made some such pleasant acquaintances. A ship is a very forcing-house of friendship; and no one who has not taken a voyage can realize how rapidly an acquaintance grows and ripens into a friend, under the lovely influences of sea and sky. We have all been so happy together; everything has been so comfortable, everybody so kind, that one

would indeed be cold-hearted if, when the last moment of our halcyon voyage arrived, it could bring with it anything short of a regret. With the same chivalrous goodness and courtesy which has taken thought for the comfort of our every movement since we left Dartmouth, our captain insists on seeing us safely on board the "Florence" (what a toy-boat she looks after our stately ship!), and satisfies himself that we can be settled comfortably once more in our doll's-house of a new cabin. Then there comes a reluctant good-bye to him and all our kind care-takers of the "Edinburgh Castle;" and the last glimpse we catch of her—for the "Florence" darts out of the bay like a swallow in a hurry—is dipping her ensign in courteous farewell to us.

In less than twenty-four hours we had reached another little port some 150 miles or so up the coast, called East London. Here the harbor is again only an open roadstead, and hardly any vessel drawing more than four or five feet of water can get in at all near the shore, for between us and it is a bar of shifting sand, washed down day by day by the strong current of the river Buffalo. All the cargo has to be transferred to lighters, and a little tug-steamer hastens backwards and forwards with messages of entreaty to these said lighters to come out and take away their loads. We had dropped our anchor by daylight, yet at ten o'clock scarcely a boat had made its appearance alongside, and every one was fuming and fretting at the delay and consequent waste of fine weather and daylight. That is to say, it was a fine, bright day overhead, with sunshine and sparkle all round, but the heavy roll of the sea never ceased for a moment. From one side to the other, until her ports touched the water, backwards and forwards, with slow monotonous heaving, our little vessel swayed with the swaying rollers, until everybody on board felt sick and sorry. "This is comparatively a calm day," I was told: "you can't possibly imagine from this what rolling really is." But I *can* imagine quite easily, and do not at all desire a closer acquaintance with this restless Indian Ocean. Breakfast is a moment of penance: little G—is absolutely fainting from agonies of seasickness, though he had borne all our South Atlantic tossings with perfect

equanimity, and it is with real joy that I hear the lifeboat is alongside, and the kind-hearted captain of the "Florence" (*how* kind sailors are!) offers to take nurse, babies, and me on shore, so as to escape some eight or ten hours of this agonizing rolling.

In happy unconsciousness of what landing at East London even in a lifeboat meant when a bar had to be crossed, we were all tumbled and bundled more or less unceremoniously into the great roomy boat, and were immediately taken in tow by the busy little tug. For half a mile or more we made good progress in her wake, being in a position to set at nought the threatening water mountains which came tumbling in furious haste from seawards. It was not until we seemed close to the shore and all our troubles over that the tug was obliged to cast us off owing to the rapidly shoaling water, and we prepared to make the best of our own way in. Bad was that best indeed, though the peril came and went so quickly that it is but a confused impression which I retain of what seemed to me a really terrible moment. One instant I heard felicitations exchanged between our captain, who sits protectingly close to me, with poor little fainting G—who lies like death in my arms, and the captain of the life-boat. The next moment, in spite of the sudden panic and presence of danger, I could laugh to hear the latter sing out in sharp tones of terror and dismay, "Ah, you would, would you?" coupled with rapid orders to the stout rowers, and shouts to us of "Look out!" And I *do* look out, to see on one side sand which the retreating wave has sucked dry, and in which the boat seems trying to bury herself as though she were a snail; on the other hand there towers above us a huge green wave, white crested and curled, which is rushing at us like a devouring monster. If that billow breaks into the boat we shall surely be all washed out of her; and I glanced, as I thought for the last time, at the pale nurse on whose lap lay the baby placidly sucking his bottle. I see a couple of sailors lay hold of her and child with one hand each, whilst with the other they cling desperately to the thwarts. A stout seafaring man flings the whole weight of his ponderous pilot-coated body upon G—and me. I hear shouts and a roar of water, and lo! we are washed

right up alongside of the rude landing-place,—still *in* the boat indeed, but wet and frightened to the last degree. Looking back on it all, I can distinctly remember that it was not the sight of the overhanging wave which cost me my deadliest pang of sickening fright, but the glimpse I caught of the shining, cruel-looking sand sucking us in so silently and gradually. We were all trembling so much that it seemed as impossible to stand upright on the earth as on the tossing waters, and it was with reeling, drunken-looking steps, that we rolled and staggered through the heavy sand-street until we reached the shelter of an exceedingly dirty hotel. Everything in it required courage to touch, and it was with many qualms that I deposited limp little G— on a filthy sofa. However, the mistress of the house looked clean, and so did the cups and saucers she quickly produced, and by the time we had finished a capital breakfast we were all quite in good spirits again, and so sharpened up as to be able to “mock ourselves” of our past perils and present discomforts. Outside there were strange, beautiful shrubs in flower, tame pigeons came cooing and bowing in at the door, and above all there was an enchanting freshness and balminess in the sunny air.

In about an hour “Capt Florence,” as G— styles our new commander, calls for us, and takes us out sight-seeing. First and foremost, across the river to the rapidly growing railway lines, where a brand new locomotive was hissing away with full steam up. Here we were met and welcomed by the energetic superintendent of this iron road, and to my intense delight, after exhibiting to me what a long distance into the interior the line had to go, and how fast it was getting on, considering the difficulties in the way of doing anything in South Africa, from washing a pocket handkerchief up to laying down a railway, he proposed that we should get *on* the engine and go as far as the line was open for anything like safe travelling. Never was such a delightful five minutes as those spent in whizzing along through the park-like country, and cutting fast through the heavenly air! In vain did I smell that my serge skirts were getting dreadfully singed, in vain did I see most uncertain bits of rail before me,—it was all too perfectly enchanting to care for danger or

disgrace, and I could have found it in my heart to echo G—’s plaintive cry for “more” when we came to the end and had to get off. But it consoled us a little to watch the stone-breaking machine crunching up small rocks as though they had been lumps of sugar, and after looking at that we set off for the unfinished station, and could take in, even in its present skeleton state, how commodious and handsome it will all be some day. You are all so accustomed to be whisked about the civilized world when and where you choose, that it is difficult to make you understand the enormous boon the first line of railway is to a new country; not only for the convenience of travellers, but for the transport of goods, the setting free of hundreds of cattle and horses and drivers,—all sorely needed for other purposes,—and the fast following effects of opening up the resources of the back districts. In these regions labor is the great difficulty, and one needs to hold both patience and temper fast with both one’s hands when watching either Kafir or Coolie at work. The white man can not or will not do much with his hands out here, so the navvies are slim, lazy-looking blacks, who jabber and grunt and sigh a good deal more than they work.

It is a fortunate circumstance that the delicious air keeps us all in a chronic state of hunger, for it appears in South Africa that one is expected to eat every half hour or so. And, shamed I am to confess, we *do* eat, and eat with a good appetite too, a delicious luncheon at the superintendent’s, albeit it followed closely on the heels of our enormous breakfast at the dirty hotel. Such a pretty little bachelor’s box as it was! so cool and quiet and neat, built somewhat after the fashion of the Pompeian houses, with a small square garden full of orange trees in the centre, and the house running round this opening in four corridors. After luncheon a couple of nice light Cape carts came to the door, and we set off to see a beautiful garden, whose owner had all a Dutchman’s passion for flowers. There was fruit as well as flowers. Pineapples and jasmine, straw berries and honeysuckle grew side by side, with bordering orange trees, feathery bamboos, and sheltering gum trees. In the midst of the garden stood a sort of

double platform, up whose steep ladder we all climbed. From this one got a good idea of the slightly undulating land all about, waving down with solidified billows to where the deep blue waters sparkled and rolled restlessly beyond the white line of waves ever breaking on the bar.

I miss animal life sadly in these parts. The dogs I see about the streets are few in number, and miserably currish specimens of their kind. "Good dogs don't answer out here," I am told: that is to say, they get a peculiar sort of distemper, or ticks bite them and they get weak from loss of blood, or become degenerate in some way. The horses and cattle are small and poor-looking, and hard-worked, very dear to buy and very difficult to keep and to feed. I don't even see many cats, and a pet bird is a rarity. However, as we stood on the breezy platform I saw a most beautiful wild bird fly over the rose hedge just below us. It was about as big as a crow, but with a strange iridescent plumage. When it flitted into the sunshine its back and wings shone like a rainbow, and the next moment it looked perfectly black and velvety in the shade; now a turquoise blue tint comes out on its spreading wings, and a slant in the sunshine turns the blue into a chrysoprase green. Nobody could tell me its name; our Dutch host spoke exactly like Hans Breitmann, and declared it was a "bid of a crow," and so we had to leave it and the platform, and come down to more roses and tea. There was yet so much to be seen and to be done that we could not stay long, and, laden with magnificent fragrant bouquets of *gloire de Dijon* roses and honey-suckle, and divers strange and lovely flowers, we drove off again in our Cape carts. I observed that instead of saying "woa" or checking the horses in any way by the reins, the driver always whistles to them, a long, low whistle, and they stand quite still directly. We bumped up and down over extraordinarily rough places, and finally slid down a steep cutting to the brink of the river Buffalo, which we ferried across, all standing, on a big wooden punt or rather pontoon.

A hundred yards or so of rapid driving then took us to a sort of wharf projecting into the river, where the important-looking little tug awaited us; and

no sooner were we all safely on board—rather a large party by this time, for we had gone on picking up stragglers ever since we started, only three in number, from the hotel—than she sputtered and fizzed herself off up stream. By this time it was the afternoon, and I almost despair of making you see the woodland beauty of that broad mere; fringed down to the water's edge on one side with shrubs and tangle of roses and woodbine, with ferns and every lovely green creeping thing. That was on the bank which was sheltered from the high winds; the other hillside showed the contrast, for there, though green indeed, only a few feathery tufts of pliant shrubs had survived the force of some of these south-eastern gales. We paddled steadily along in mid stream, and from the bridge (where little G—and I had begged "Capt. Florence" to let us stand) one could see the double of each leaf and tendril and passing cloud mirrored, sharp and clear, in the crystalline water. The lengthening shadows from rock and fallen crag were, in some places, flung quite across our little boat; and so through the soft lovely air flooded with brightest sunshine we made our way past Pic-nic Creek, where another stream joined the Buffalo, and makes miniature green islands and harbors at its mouth, up as far as the river was navigable for even so small a steamer as ours. Every one was sorry when it became time to turn, but there was no choice; the sunburnt, good-looking young captain of the tug held up a warning hand, and round we went with a side sweep, under the shadows, into the sunlight, down the middle of the stream, all too soon to please us.

Before we left East London, however, there was one more great work to be glanced at; and accordingly we paid a hasty visit to the office of the superintendent of the new harbor works, and saw plans and drawings of what will indeed be a magnificent achievement when carried out. Yard by yard, with patient under-sea sweeping, all that waste of sand brought down by the Buffalo is being cleared away. Yard by yard two massive arms of solidest masonry are stretching themselves out beyond those cruel breakers. The river is being forced into so narrow a channel that the wash

of the water must needs carry the sand far out to sea in future, and scatter it in soundings where it cannot accumulate into such a barrier as that which now exists. Lighthouses will guard this safe entrance into a tranquil anchorage, and so at some not too far distant day, there is good hope that East London may be one of the most valuable harbors on this vast coast; and when her railway has even reached the point to which it is at present projected, nearly 200 miles away, it will indeed be a thriving place. Even now there is a greater air of movement and life and progress about the little sea-port, what with the railway and the harbor works, than any other place I have yet seen; and each great undertaking is in the hands of men of first-rate ability and experience, who are as persevering as they are energetic. After looking well over these most interesting plans, there was nothing left for us to do except to make a sudden raid on the hotel, pick up our shawls and bags, pay a most moderate bill of 7s. 6d. for breakfast for three people, luncheon for two, and the use of a room all day, piteously entreat the mistress of the inn to sell us half a bottle of milk for G—'s breakfast to-morrow, as he can't drink the preserved milk, and so back again on board the tug. The difficulty about milk and butter is the first trouble which besets a family travelling in these parts. Everywhere milk is scarce and poor, and the butter such as no charwoman would touch in England. In vain does one behold from the sea thousands of acres of what looks like undulating green pasturage, and inland the same waving green hillocks stretch as far as the eye can reach; there is never sheep or cow to be seen, and one hears that all that grass is sour, or that there is no water, or that there is a great deal of sickness about among the animals in that locality. Whatever the cause, the result is the same,—namely, that one has to go down on one's knees for a teacupful of milk, which is but poor, thin stuff, at its best, and that Irish salt butter out of a tub is a costly delicacy.

Having secured this precious quarter of a bottle of milk, for which I was really as grateful as though it had been the Koh-i-noor, we hastened back to the wharf and got on board the little tug

again. "Now for the bridge," cry G—and I; for has not "Capt Florence" promised us a splendid but safe tossing across the bar? And faithfully he and the bar and the boat keep their word, for we are in no danger it seems, and yet we appear to leap like a racehorse across the strip of sand, receiving a staggering buffet, first on one paddle-wheel and then on the other, from the angry guardian breakers which seem sworn foes of boats and passengers. Again and again are we knocked aside by huge billows, as though the poor little tug were a walnut shell; again and again do we recover ourselves and blunder bravely on, sometimes with but one paddle in the water, sometimes burying our bowsprit in a big green wave too high to climb, and dashing right through it, just as if we shut our eyes and went at everything. The spray flies high over our heads; G—and I are drenched over and over again, but we shake the sparkling water off our coats, for all the world like Newfoundland dogs, and are all right again in a moment. "Is that the very last?" asks G— sorrowfully, as we take our last breaker like a five-barred gate, flying, and find ourselves safe and sound, but quivering a good deal, in what seems comparatively smooth water. Is it smooth though? Look at the "Florence" and all the other vessels; still at it, see-saw, backwards and forwards, roll, roll, roll. How thankful we all are to have escaped a long day of that sickening monotonous motion! But there is the getting on board to be accomplished, for the brave little tug dare not come too near to her big sister steamboat, or she would roll over on her. So we signal for a boat, and quickly the largest which the "Florence" possesses is launched and manned; no easy task in such a sea, but accomplished in smart and seaman-like fashion. The sides of the tug are low, so it is not very difficult to scramble and tumble into the boat, which is laden to the water's edge by new passengers from East London, and their luggage. When, however, we have reached the rolling "Florence" it is no easy matter to get out of the said boat and on board. There is a ladder let down indeed from the "Florence's" side, but how are we to use it when one moment half a dozen rings are buried deep in the sea, and the next instant ship and

ladder and all have rolled right away from us? It has to be done, however; and what a tower of strength and encouragement does "Capturing Florence" prove himself at this juncture! We are all to sit perfectly still, no one is to move until their name is called, and then they are to come unhesitatingly and do exactly what they are told.

"Pass up the baby," is the first order which I hear given; and that astonishing baby is "passed up" accordingly. I use the word "astonishing" advisedly, for never was an infant so bundled about, uncomplainingly: he is just as often upside down as not; he is generally handed from one quarter-master to another by the gathers of his little blue frock; seas break over his cradle on deck: but nothing disturbs him. He grins and sleeps, and pulls at his bottle through everything, and gets fatter and browner and more impudent every day. On this occasion, when—after rivalling Leotard's most daring feats on the trapeze, in my scramble up the side of a vessel which was lurching *away* from me—I at last reached the deck, I found the ship's carpenter nursing the baby, who had seized the poor man's beard firmly with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other he was attempting to pick out one of his merry blue eyes. "Avast there!" cries the long-suffering sailor, and gladly relinquishes the mischievous bundle to me.

Up with the anchor, and off we go once more, into the gathering darkness of what turns out to be a wet and windy night. Next day the weather had recovered its temper, and I was called up on deck directly after breakfast, to see the "Gates of St. John;" a really fine pass on the coast, where the river Umzimoubu rushes through great granite cliffs to the sea. If the exact truth is to be told, I must confess I am a little disappointed with this coast scenery. I have heard so much of its beauty, and as yet, though I have seen it under exceptionally favorable conditions of calm weather, which has allowed us to stand in very close to shore, I have not seen anything really fine until these "gates" came in view. It has all been monotonous undulating downs, here and there dotted with trees, and in some places the ravines are filled with what we used to

call in New Zealand "bush"—*i.e.*, miscellaneous greenery. Here and there a bold cliff or tumbled pile of red sandstone makes a land-mark for the passing ships, but otherwise the uniformity is great indeed. The ordinary weather along this coast is something frightful, and the great reputation of our little "Florence" is built on the method in which she rides, dry and safe, among the stormy waters like a duck. Now that we are close to "Fair Natal" the country opens out and improves in beauty. There are still the same sloping, falling green downs, but higher downs rise behind them, and again beyond are blue and purple hills. Here and there, too, are cluster of fat, dumpy haystacks to be seen, which in reality are no haystacks at all, but Kafir kraals. Just before we pass the cliff and river which marks where No Man's Land ends and Natal begins, these little "locations" are more frequently to be observed; though what the inhabitants subsist on is a marvel to me, for we are only a mile or so from shore, and all the seeing power of all the field-glasses on board fails to discover a solitary animal. We can see lots of babies crowding about the hole which serves as door to a Kafir hut, and they are all as fat as little pigs, but what do they live on? Butter-milk I am told,—that is to say sour milk, for the true Kafir palate does not appreciate fresh, sweet milk,—and a sort of porridge made of "mealies." In my ignorance I used to think "mealies" was a coined word for potatoes, but it really signifies maize or Indian corn which is rudely crushed, and seems the staple food of man and beast.

In the mean time we are speeding on gaily over the bright waters, never very calm along this shore. Presently we come to a spot clearly marked by some odd-colored tumbled-down rocks and the remains of a great iron butt, where more than a hundred years ago the "Grosvenor," a splendid clipper ship, was wrecked. The men nearly all perished, or were made away with; but a few women were got on shore, and carried off as prizes to the kraals of the Kafir *Inkosi*, or chieftains. What sort of husbands these stalwart warriors made to their reluctant brides, tradition does not say; but it is a fact that nearly all their children were born mad, and

their descendants are many of them lunatics or idiots up to the present time. As the afternoon draws on, a chill mist creeps over the hills, and provokingly blots out the coast, which gets more beautiful every league we go. I wanted to remain up and see the light on the bluff just outside Port D'Urban, but a heavy shower drove me down to my wee cabin before ten o'clock. Soon after midnight, the rattling of the anchor chains, and the sudden change of motion from pitching and jumping to the old monotonous roll, told us that we were once more outside a bar, with a heavy sea on, and that there we must remain until the tug came to fetch us. But, alas! the tug had to make short work of it next morning, on account of the unaccommodating state of the tide; and all our hopes of breakfasting on shore were dashed by the hasty announcement at five A.M., that the tug was alongside, the mails were rapidly being put on board of her, and that she could not wait for passengers or anything else, because ten minutes later there would not be water enough to float her over the bar.

"When shall *we* be able to get over the bar?" I asked dolefully. "Not until the afternoon," was the prompt and uncompromising reply, delivered through my keyhole by the authority in charge of us: and he proved to be quite right. But I am bound to say the time passed more quickly than we dared to hope or expect, for an hour later a bold little fishing boat made her way through the breakers and across the bar, in the teeth of wind and rain, bringing F— on board. He has been out here these eight months, and looks a walking advertisement of the climate and temperature of our new home, so absolutely healthy is his appearance. He is very cheery about liking the place, and particularly insists on the blooming faces and sturdy limbs I shall see belonging to the young Natalians. Altogether he appears thoroughly happy and contented, liking his work, his position, everything and everybody, which is all extremely satisfactory to hear. There is so much to tell, and so much to be told, that, as G— declares, "it is afternoon directly," and the signal flags being up, we trip our anchor once more, and rush at the bar, two quarter-masters and an officer at the wheel, the

pilot and captain on the bridge, all hands on deck and on the alert, for always, under the most favorable circumstances, the next five minutes hold a peril in every second. "Stand by for spray!" sings out somebody; and we do stand by, luckily for ourselves, for "spray" means the top of two or three waves. The dear little "Florence" is as plucky as she is pretty, and appears to shut her eyes and lower her head, and go *at* the bar. Scrape, scrape, scrape! "We've stuck!" "No, we haven't!" "Helm hard down!" "Over!" And so we are: among the breakers it is true, knocked first to one side and then to the other, buffeted here and there; but we keep right on, and a few more turns of the screw takes us into calm water, under the green hills of the bluff. The breakers are behind us, we have twenty fathom of water under our keel. The voyage is ended and over. The captain takes off his straw hat, to mop his curly head. Everybody's face loses the expression of anxiety and rigidity it had worn these past ten minutes, and boats swarm round the ship like locusts. The baby is passed over the ship's side for the last time, having been well kissed and petted and praised by every one as he was handed from one to the other, and we row swiftly away to the low sandy shore of the "Point."

Only a few warehouses, or rather sheds of warehouses, are to be seen; and a rude sort of railway station, which appears to afford indiscriminate shelter to boats as well as to engines. There are leisurely trains which saunter into the town of D'Urban, a mile and a half away, every half-hour or so, but one of these "crawlers" had just started. The sun was very hot, and we voyagers were all sadly weary and headachy. But the best of the Colonies is the prompt, self-sacrificing kindness of old-comers to new-comers. Some gentleman had driven down in his own nice comfortable pony-carriage, and without a moment's hesitation he insists on our all getting into it, and making the best of our way to our hotel. It is too good an offer to be refused, for the sun is hot, and the babies are tired to death; so we start, slowly enough, to plough our way through heavy sand up to the axles. If the tide had been out, we could have driven quickly

along the hard dry sand; but we comfort ourselves by remembering that there had been water enough on the bar, and make the best of our way through clouds of impalpable dust, to a better road, of which a couple of hundred yards lands us at our hotel. It looks bare and unfurnished enough in all conscience, but it is a new place, and must be furnished by degrees. At all events it is tolerably clean and quiet, and we can wash our sunburnt faces and hands; and, as nurse says, "turn ourselves round."

Coolies swarm in every direction; picturesque fruit and fish-sellers throng the verandah of the kitchen, a little way off; and everything looks bright and green and fresh, having been well washed by the recent rains. There is still however several feet of dust in the streets, for they are *made* of dust; and my own private impression is that all the water in the harbor would not suffice to lay the dust of D'Urban for more than half an hour. With the restlessness of people who have been cooped up on board ship for a month, we insist, the moment it is cool enough, on being taken out for a walk. Fortunately the public gardens are close at hand, and we amuse ourselves very well in them for an hour or two; but we are all thoroughly tired and worn out, and glad to get to bed, even in gaunt narrow rooms, on hard pallets.

The two following days were spent in looking after and collecting our cumbrous array of boxes and baskets. Tin baths, wicker chairs and baskets,—all had to be counted and recounted until one got weary of the word "luggage;" but that is the penalty of dragging babies about the world. In the intervals of the serious business of tracing number five, and running number ten to earth in the corner of a warehouse, I made pleasant acquaintances, and received kindest words and notes of welcome from unknown friends. All this warm-hearted, unconventional kindness goes far to make the stranger forget his "own people and his father's house," and feel at once at home amid strange and unfamiliar scenes. After all, "home" is portable, luckily; and a welcoming smile and hand-clasp acts as a spell to create it in any place. We also managed after business hours, when it was of no use making expedi-

tions to wharf or custom-house after recusant carpet bags, to drive to the Botanic Gardens. They are large and well kept, but seem principally devoted to shrubs. I was assured that this is the worst time of year for flowers, as the plants have not yet recovered the winter drought. A dry winter and wet summer is the correct atmospheric fashion here. In winter, everything is brown, and dusty, and dried up; in summer, green, and fragrant, and well watered. The gardens are in good order, and I rather regretted not being able to examine them more thoroughly. Another afternoon we drove to the "Berea," a sort of suburban Richmond; where the rich, semi-tropical vegetation is cleared away in patches, and villas with pretty pleasure-grounds are springing up in every direction. The road winds up the luxuriantly-clothed slopes, with every here and there lovely sea-views of the harbor, with the purple lights of the Indian Ocean stretching away beyond. Every villa must have an enchanting prospect from its front door; and one can quite understand how alluring to the merchants and men of business in D'Urban must be the idea of getting away after office hours, and sleeping on such high ground in so fresh and healthy an atmosphere. And here I must say that we Maritzburgians (I am only one in perspective) wage a constant and deadly warfare with the D'Urbanites on the score of the health and convenience of our respective cities. *We* are about 2,000 feet above the sea, and fifty-two miles inland; so we talk in a pitying tone of the poor D'Urbanites as dwellers in a very hot and unhealthy place. "Relaxing" is the word we apply to their climate, when we want to be particularly nasty; and they retaliate by reminding us that they are ever so much older than we are (which is an advantage in a colony), and that they are on the coast, and can grow all manner of nice things which we can not compass; to say nothing of their climate being more equable than ours, and their thunderstorms, although longer in duration, mere flashes in the pan compared to what we in our amphitheatre of hills have to undergo at the hands of the electric current. We never can find an answer to that taunt; and if the D'Urbanites only follow up their victory by allusions

to their abounding bananas and other fruits, their vicinity to the shipping, and consequent facility of getting almost anything quite easily, we are completely silenced, and it is a wonder if we retain presence of mind enough to murmur "flies." On the score of dust we are about equal; but I must in fairness confess that D'Urban is a more lively and better-looking town than Maritzburg, when you are in it, though the effect from a distance is not so good. It is very odd, how unevenly the necessities of existence are distributed in this country. Here, at D'Urban, anything hard in the way of stone is a treasure—everything is soft and pliable; sand and finest shingle, so fine as to be a mere dust, is all the available material for road-making. I am told that later on I shall find that a cart-load of sand in Maritzburg is indeed a rare and costly thing; *there* we are all rock—a sort of flaky, slaty rock underlying every place.

Our last day, or rather half-day in D'Urban, was very full of sight-seeing and work. F— was extremely anxious for me to see the sun rise from the signal station on the Bluff; and accordingly he, G—, and I started with the earliest dawn. We drove through the sand again, in a hired and springless Cape cart, down to the point, got into the port captain's boat, and rowed across to a little strip of sand at the foot of a winding path, cut out of the dense vegetation which makes the bluff such a refreshingly green headland to eyes of wave-worn voyagers. A stalwart Kafir carried our picnic basket with tea, and milk, bread, butter, and eggs, up the hill; and it was delightful to follow the windings of the path through beautiful bushes bearing strange and lovely flowers, and knit together in a green tangle by the tendrils of a convolvulus clematis, or sort of wild passion-flower, whose blossoms were opening to the fresh morning air. It was a cool but misty morning, and though we got to our destination in ample time, there was never any sunrise at all to be seen. In fact, the sun declined to get up the whole day, so far as I know; for the sea looked gray and solemn and sleepy, and the land kept its drowsy mantle of haze over its flat shore, which haze thickened and deepened into a Scotch mist as the morning

wore on. We returned by the leisurely railway—a railway so calm and stately in its method of progression that it is not at all unusual to see a passenger step calmly out of it when it is at its fullest speed of crawl, and wave his hand to his companions as he disappears down the by-path leading to his little home. The passengers are conveyed at a uniform rate of sixpence a head, which sixpence is collected promiscuously by a small boy at odd moments during the journey. There are no nice distinctions of class either, for we all travel amicably together in compartments which are a judicious mixture of a third-class carriage and a cattle truck. Of course wood is the only fuel used, and that but sparingly, for it is exceedingly costly. There was still much to be done by the afternoon, many visitors to receive, notes to write, and packages to arrange, for our traveling of these 52 miles spreads itself over a good many hours, as you will see. Think of the five o'clock Brighton express, and then think of our journey—the extremes of speed and slowness. Well, about three o'clock the Government mule wagon came to the door. It may truly and literally be described as "stopping the way," for not only is the wagon itself a huge and cumbrous machine, but it is drawn by eight mules, in pairs, and driven by a couple of black drivers. I say driven by a couple of drivers, because the driving was evidently an affair of co-partnership: one held the reins—such elaborate reins as they were, a confused tangle of leather—and the other had the care of two or three whips of differing lengths. The drivers were both jet black: not Kafirs, but Cape blacks, descendants of the old slaves taken by the Dutch. They appeared to be great friends these two, and took earnest counsel together at every rut and drain and steep pinch of the road, which stretched away over hill and dale before us, a broad red track with high green hedges on either hand. Although the rain had not yet fallen long or heavily, the ditches were all running freely with red, muddy water, and the dust had already begun to cake itself into a sticky paste of red clay. The wagon was shut in by curtains at the back and sides, and could hold eight passengers easily. Luckily for

the poor mules, however, we were only five grown-up people, including the drivers. The road was extremely pretty, and the town looked very picturesque as we gradually rose above it and looked down on it and the harbor together. On a fine, clear afternoon it would have been still nicer, although I was much congratulated on account of the absence of its alternative—dust. Still it was possible to have too much of a good thing, and by the time we reached Pine Town, only 14 miles away, the roads had begun to tell on the poor mules, and the chilly damp of the closing evening made us all only too thankful to get under the shelter of a roadside inn (or hotel as they are called here), which was snug and bright and comfortable enough to be a credit to any colony.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to be told that this inn was not only a favorite place for people to come out to from D'Urban in fine weather, to spend their Sunday or Sunday holiday (there is a pretty little church in the village hard by), but also that it was quite *de rigueur* for all honeymoons to be spent amid its pretty scenery.

A steady downpour of rain all through the night made our early start next day an affair of doubt and discouragement and dismal prophecy; but we persevered, and accomplished another long stage through a cold, persistent drizzle, before reaching an inn, where we enjoyed simply the best breakfast I ever tasted, —or at all events the best I have had in Natal.

The mules also were unharnessed, and after taking each a good roll on the damp grass, turned out in the drizzling rain for rest and nibble until their more substantial repast was ready. The rain cleared up from time to time, but an occasional heavy shower warned us that the weather was still sulky. It was in much better heart and spirits, however, that we made a second start, about eleven o'clock, and struggled on through heavy roads up and down weary hills, slipping here, sliding there, and threatening to stick everywhere. Our next stage was to a place where the only available shelter was a filthy inn, at which we lingered as short a time as practicable—only long enough, in fact, to feed the mules—and then, with every prospect of a finer

afternoon, set out once more on the longest and last stage of our journey. All the way the road has been very beautiful, in spite of the shrouding mist; especially at the Inchanga Pass, where, round the shoulder of the hill, as fair a prospect of curved green hills, dotted with clusters of timber exactly like an English park, of distant ranges rising in softly-rounded outlines, with deep violet shadows in the clefts and pale green lights on the slopes, stretches before you as the heart of painter could desire. Nestling out of sight, amid this rich pasture-land, are the kraals of a large Kafir location, and no one can say that these, the children of the soil, have not secured one of the most favored spots. To me it looked like a fair mirage. I am already sick of seeing all this lovely country lying around, and yet of being told that food and fuel are almost at famine prices. People say, "Oh, but you should see it in winter! *Now* it is green, and there is plenty of feed on it; but three months ago no grass-eating creature could have picked up a living on all the country side. It is all as brown and bare as parchment for half the year. *This* is the spring." Can you not imagine how provoking it is to hear such statements made by settlers who know the place only too well, and so find out that all this radiant beauty which greets the traveler's eye is illusive; for in many places there are miles and miles without a drop of water for flocks or herds, consequently there is no means of transport for all this fuel until the days of railways? Besides which, through Natal lies the great highway to the Diamond Fields, the Transvaal, and the Free States, and all the opening-up country beyond; which makes it more profitable to drive a wagon than to till a farm. So every beast with four legs is wanted to drag building materials or provisions. The supply of beef becomes daily more precarious and costly, for the oxen are all trek-ing, and one hears of nothing but diseases among animals. "Horse-sickness," pleuropneumonia, fowl-sickness (I feel it an impertinence for the poultry to presume to be ill), and even dogs set up a peculiar and fatal sort of distemper among themselves.

But to return to the last hours of our journey. The mules struggle bravely

along, though their ears are beginning to flap about anyway, instead of being held straight and sharply pricked forward, and the encouraging cries of "Pull up, Capting!" "Now then, Blue-Bok, hi!" become more and more frequent. The driver in charge of the whips is less nice in his choice of a scourge with which to urge on the patient animals, and whacks them soundly with whatever comes first. The children have long ago wearied of the confinement and darkness of the back seats of the hooded vehicle. We are all black and blue from falling in and out of deep holes hidden by mud, which occur at every yard; but still our flagging spirits keep pretty good, for our

little Table Mountain has been left behind; whilst before us, leaning up in one corner of an amphitheatre of hills, are the trees which mark where Maritzburg nestles. The mules see it too, and, sniffing their stables afar off, jog along faster. Only one more rise to pull up: we turn a little off the high road, and there amid a young plantation of trees, with roses and honeysuckle and passion flowers climbing up the posts of the wide veranda, and a fair and enchanting prospect lying at our feet, stands our new home, with its broad red-tiled roof stretching out a friendly welcome to the tired, belated travelers.—*Evening Hours.*

THE CATHOLIC PERIL IN AMERICA.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOTT.

How the renewed aggressiveness of the Papal Imperialism is to affect the future of the United States, is a question of vital concern to their citizens; and it is of this country that I am to speak. Hitherto the clergy of the Catholic Church have forborne to raise the question of jurisdiction in any open manner here; they are wisely biding their time, being content for the present with the fact of rapid and enormous growth in numbers, wealth, and power. This masterly inactivity has deceived, and still deceives, great multitudes of educated Americans, who feel the natural aversion which culture always tends to create against "agitation" of all sorts, and who flatter themselves, like the cheerful antediluvians said to have been warned by Noah of the coming Deluge, that "there is not going to be much of a shower." They rely too much on the general influences of civilization and political freedom as antidotes for Catholic fanaticism; they credulously or indolently accept the smooth professions of American Catholic orators, who are very glib in the use of popular catchwords, but who are easily understood by any one competent to rate at its actual value the "freedom," "education," and so forth, offered by the Roman Church.

It is my duty to give such statistical information respecting the Catholic Church in the United States as I have

been able to collect. It is no easy matter to obtain full and trustworthy religious statistics of any kind; there are too many motives for exaggeration or understatement in sectarian reports, and the United States census reports are exceedingly meagre. Nevertheless, the following facts, taken from the census reports of 1850, 1860, and 1870, are as trustworthy as they are important.

First may be considered the growth in wealth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, as compared with that of the whole country, and of the leading Protestant denominations.

In 1850 the total property valuation of the United States, according to the census report of that year, was \$7,135,780,228; in 1860 it was \$16,159,616,068; in 1870 it was \$30,068,518,507. That is to say, the aggregate wealth of the country increased about 125 per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and about 86 per cent. from 1860 to 1870.

The total property valuation of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States in 1850 was \$9,256,758; in 1860 it was \$26,774,119; in 1870 it was \$60,985,565. That is to say, the aggregate wealth of the Catholic Church increased about 189 per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and about 128 per cent. from 1860 to 1870.

While, therefore, in the first of these two decades, the wealth of the whole

country gained 125 per cent., the wealth of the Catholic Church gained 189 per cent.; and while, in the second decade, the wealth of the whole country gained 86 per cent., the wealth of the Catholic Church gained 128 per cent. Whatever causes may have contributed to this significant result, it is certain that among the chief of them must be reckoned exemption from just taxation, extraordinary shrewdness of financial management, and fraudulent collusion with dishonest politicians.

Further, the relative growth of Protestantism and Catholicism in point of wealth, must by no means be overlooked. In 1850, when the Catholics had \$9,256,758 of church property, the Baptists had \$11,020,855; the Episcopalians, \$11,375,010; the Methodists, \$14,822,870; the Presbyterians, \$14,543,789. In 1870, when the Catholics had \$60,985,566, the Baptists had \$39,229,221; the Episcopalians, \$36,514,449; the Methodists, \$69,854,121; the Presbyterians, \$47,828,732. Thus the Catholics had in 1870 already distanced all their Protestant competitors with the single exception of the Methodists, and they will soon distance the latter, too (if they have not already done so), provided the past is a satisfactory index of the future. For, while in the twenty years from 1850 to 1870 the Methodists, whose astonishing growth is the standing boast of the Evangelical Protestants of this country, made a gain of 371 per cent. in the value of their church property, the Catholics made in the same twenty years a corresponding gain of 558 per cent. At this rate the Roman Catholic Church will have outstripped, at no remote day, the Methodists and all the other Protestant sects combined, in the race for wealth.

No satisfactory information, however, is furnished by the census reports respecting the growth either of the Catholic Church or of the Protestant sects in point of numbers, for they give in each case only the "church accommodations" or "sittings" which by no means indicate the number of worshippers. The total number of sittings, Catholic and Protestant together, was only 21,665,062 in 1870, when the total population of the United States was 38,558,371; that is, considering the actual size of church

congregations, fully one-half of the whole population, and in all probability much more, seldom or never go to church at all. In most Protestant churches in this country a great many seats are usually unoccupied, and the number of sittings is largely in excess of the numbers of the congregations. In most Catholic churches, however, the reverse is true, the seats being usually all taken and the aisles often filled, while the same seat is usually occupied by several different persons in the three or four different congregations which fill the church on Sunday at successive services. So far, however, as the number of sittings alone is concerned, significant results may be easily deduced from the following table constructed upon the data of the census:—

No. of Sittings.	1850.	1860.	1870.
Protestant....	13,567,002	17,724,314	19,674,548
Catholic.....	667,823	1,404,437	1,990,514
Total....	14,234,825	19,128,751	21,665,062

A little calculation, based on these figures, will show that, during the decade 1850-1860, there was an increase of 30 per cent. for the Protestants and 110 per cent. for the Catholics; and that, in the decade 1860-1870, there was an increase of 11 per cent. for the Protestants and nearly 42 per cent. for the Catholics. Notwithstanding the absolute diminution of these rates of increase in the second decade, the relative superiority of the Catholics remained about the same.

The number of church buildings owned by the Catholics in 1850 was 1,222; in 1860, 2,550; in 1870, 3,806. The total number of their ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational organizations in 1870 was 4,127. This is all the information of importance which I have been able to derive from the census reports.

In the silence of the census as to the absolute number of Roman Catholics in this country, all estimates are to be received with caution. Gibson's *Ecclesiastical Almanac* for 1869 states the increase of Protestants (in the loose sense of that word) to have been from 21,000,000 to 27,000,000 between the years 1859 and 1868, and that of Catholics from 2,500,000 to 5,000,000; in the former case an increase of 29 per cent. in nine years, and in the latter case an increase of 100 per cent. in the same period. At this rate of

increase the number of Catholics in the United States at present can not be far from 9,000,000, and by the end of the century will exceed that of the total non-Catholic population. Certain it is that the Catholics have been boasting for many years that they will elect their own President in the year 1900. The third revised edition of Professor Schem's "Statistics of the World for 1875" estimates the number of our Catholic population as 6,000,000. The *American Annual Cyclopædia* for 1875 estimates it as more than 6,000,000, and states that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States has 1 cardinal, 8 archbishops, 54 bishops, 4,873 priests, 4,731 churches, 1,902 chapels, 68 colleges, and 511 academies.

How the Catholics themselves arrive at an estimate of their own numbers in the United States, and how plausible a ground it gives to their confident anticipation of eventual supremacy, appears from the statements of the New-York *Catholic World*, the leading periodical of the Church published in America. The Catholic rule is to allow an average of 2,000 people (men, women, and children) to each parish priest—a rule which is claimed to be proved correct by experience. Allowing 4,500 to be the number of such priests, the Catholic population would be 9,000,000, and I am inclined to consider this a pretty good guess, in the absence of exact census returns. This is the remarkable account of the progress of the Church. In 1776 the Catholics numbered about 25,000; in 1789 they were 30,000, in a population of about 3,000,000, or one one-hundredth of the whole; in 1808 they were 100,000, in a population of 6,500,000, or one sixty-fifth of the whole; in 1830 they were 450,000, in a total of 13,000,000, or one twenty-ninth of the whole; in 1840 they were 960,000, in a total of 17,070,000, or one eighteenth of the whole; in 1850 they were 2,150,000, in a total of 23,191,000, or one eleventh of the whole; in 1860 they were 4,400,000, in a total of 31,000,000, or one seventh of the whole; in 1870 they were 8,500,000, in a total of some 40,000,000, or over a fifth of the whole. For a period of forty years—from 1830 to 1870—Catholics thus more than doubled their number every decade, while the general population increased at the rate of about 35 per cent. The explanation of this wonderful

fact is to be found in the vast immigration from Ireland and other Catholic countries—Ireland alone sending to these shores over 2,000,000 of emigrants from 1830 to 1870. These statements give the Catholic view of the subject—my authority being the *Catholic World*, as epitomized by Father Stack in *Harpers' Weekly* for July 3, 1875.

Notwithstanding this wonderful growth of the Roman Church in numbers, as compared with that of the general population and the various Protestant sects, the Catholics themselves, while pointing exultingly to the rapid progress of their Church, at the same time deplore a great and constant defection of Catholic-born children from the faith of their parents. In a letter written in 1836 to the Central Council for the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons, Bishop England, of Charleston, South-Carolina, communicated the following statements relative to the condition of the Church in the United States:—

"I have long been under the impression that not only in Europe, but even in the United States, very delusive fancies have been entertained of the progress of the Catholic Church in our Union, and even many mistakes as to the means most conducive to its propagation. I have no doubt upon my mind that within fifty years millions have been lost to the Catholic Church in the United States. . . . Nothing can be more plain than that, instead of an increase of the members naturally belonging to the Catholic Church in the United States, there has been actually a serious loss. . . . I do not mean to say that the number of Catholics is in this day less than it was fifty years ago, nor as small as it was five years since: but I do assert that the loss of members to the Catholic Church has been exceedingly great, when we take into account the Catholic population at the time of the American Revolution, the acquisition of territory previously occupied by Catholics, the arrivals of Catholic emigrants, and the conversions to the Catholic religion."

Estimating the number of Catholics in the United States at that time (1836) as 1,200,000, the Bishop goes through some calculations, and adds:—

"If I say, upon the foregoing data, that we ought, if there were no loss, to have five millions of Catholics, and that we have less than a million and a quarter, there must be a loss of three millions and three quarters; and the persons so lost are found amongst the various sects to the amount of thrice the number of the Catholic population of the whole country."

In the same strain the New-York *Irish*

World of July 25, 1874, published a very long and elaborate article to prove that 18,000,000 of Catholics have thus been lost to the Church. It says:—

"What ought to be the Catholic population of the United States to-day? To this we answer that the *natural product* of Catholic immigration to this country, from its first settlement to this day, without counting in one solitary convert, ought to be 28,000,000. The Catholic population is, in fact, but 10,000,000. Ecclesiastical statisticians put the figures all the way from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. Hardly any of them go above the latter figure. We are convinced, however, there are 10,000,000 who were baptized Catholics. But even at this there are 18,000,000 lost to the Church; that is, there are 18,000,000 more of the population of the United States who, either by immediate birth or by right of descent from first settlers, ought to be professed Catholics, but who are now to be found in the ranks of Protestantism or Nothingarianism."

It is not necessary to accept the figures of the *Irish World* as even approximately accurate; in fact, they are deserving of little consideration, when we find that, out of the total white population of 3,172,461 in the original thirteen colonies at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1,903,200 are claimed as "Celtic (Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French, etc.);" Nevertheless, amazing as has been the growth of the Catholic Church in this country, there cannot be the least doubt that its present membership would be very much larger than it is, had its rate of increase not been constantly diminished by a steady stream of deserters from the rising generations. Bishop England and the *Irish World* make no mistake in emphasizing this fact as of supreme importance to the future destiny of the Church. It is a fact which the *Irish World* labors to account for by "Ireland's subjection to England;" but the prelates, priests, and intelligent laity of the Church perfectly comprehend the true cause of it. They know that the great defection of Catholic children from the Catholic faith is caused by their constant contact with decatholicizing influences in a predominantly non-Catholic community—an "evil" which they are powerless to prevent; they know that these influences necessarily act upon the children with greater or less effect in the free public schools; they know that, unless they can succeed in isolating the children of Catholics from the children of non-Catholics, and subjecting them to

exclusively Catholic influences in their tender and impressible years, the hold of the Church upon their obedience must and does grow very feeble, and is soon lost in a great many cases; they know that the general effect of our public school system, though no effort at proselytism is permitted, is to quicken the intellect of the children so far as to render them indocile under a *régime* of authoritative faith. They have therefore adopted the fixed policy of aiming at the total destruction of our public school system, at least as now conducted. Those who wish to read an elaborate, able, and fanatical condensation of the Catholic view of this question will find it in "Public School Education," a duodecimo volume of over four hundred pages, written by the Rev. Michael Müller, and published by D. and J. Sadlier, of New-York. The policy of the American bishops in this matter is simply the practical application and vigorous enforcement of the principles of the Encyclical and Syllabus; and there is no possibility of its being changed till these manifestoes are recalled.

The attack began with complaints of the use of the Protestant Bible, read "without note or comment," in the schools. 'There is inherent justice in this complaint, and I must concede that, in protesting against taxation for the support of evangelical or semi-evangelical schools, the Catholics command the sympathy of all who believe in secular instruction alone in State schools. But they do not stop there; they really want, not that the Bible should be excluded, but that it should be supplemented by Catholic interpreters and Catholic surroundings; they will be satisfied with nothing short of putting the whole school system under the practical control of the Catholic clergy, or of partitioning out the school funds among the various denominations, or of excusing the Catholic laity from all taxation for school purposes. What they have set their faces against is State education in any shape; Protestant schools are bad enough, but secular or "godless" schools are, in their eyes, still worse. But the whole fabric of our educational, nay, of our national, system rests on the clear right of the State to educate its voters, in sheer self-defence against internal dissolution through illiteracy and its universally concomitant crime and pauperism. Wherever

universal suffrage prevails universal education must also prevail, as the indispensable means of securing that universal intelligence without which no free commonwealth is possible; in fact, the principle of "compulsory" (or, better, *guaranteed*) education, is more and more evidently needed to attain the desired object.

In Cincinnati, during the winter of 1869-1870, the action of the Board of Education in explicitly prohibiting Bible-reading in the schools of that city led to long litigation, and ultimately, in December, 1872, to the sanction of their action by the Supreme Court of Ohio. In this case (a full and interesting report of which can be obtained from Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati), the Catholics were more or less implicated. I quote from the argument of George R. Sage, Esq., before the Superior Court:—

"From the year 1829 to the year 1842, the Bible, without note or comment, was read in the schools, no one objecting. There were then no Catholic parochial schools. The Bishop of the Catholic Church—he who is now Archbishop—was for some time a member of the Board of Examiners, and active in support of the schools. In 1842 the first intimation of an objection was made. It was not to the reading of the Bible, but that Catholic children were required to read the 'Protestant Bible and Testament.' The Board promptly and unanimously conceded everything suggested by the objection. From that time until the year 1852, no further objection was made. The Bible was read, and the schools prospered. In 1852 the next move was made. Almost simultaneously a similar movement in the interest of the Catholic Church was made throughout the country. It is said that this was in accordance with the action of a secret conclave of the authorities of that Church held in the city of Baltimore. Whether such was the fact is not material. A Catholic member of the Board, in the interest of the Catholic Church, presented a series of resolutions, admitting the necessity of reading the Bible in the schools, and authorising the introduction of the translation approved by the Catholics, and that approved by the Jews, and their use by those preferring them. The Board, upon assurance that its action would be satisfactory, enacted a rule granting all that the resolutions called for. The next year the Catholic parochial schools were established, and the whole power of the Catholic Church was arrayed against the public schools. The Board, in its annual report for that year, announced that they were 'constrained to infer that no union of action or system is intended or desired by the assailants of the public schools upon any terms but such as are incompatible with the principles and usages which thus far have sustained the free schools of this country.'"

It is not easy, in reading this record of the tortuous policy pursued by the Church, to be satisfied with the degree of good faith which it manifested. Its demands to-day are inconsistent with public schools of any kind which are practically uncontrolled by itself, as is evident from Archbishop Purcell's communication to the Cincinnati Board, on September 18, 1869:—

"The entire government of public schools in which Catholic youth are educated cannot be given over to the civil power. We, as Catholics, cannot approve of that system of education for youth which is apart from instruction in the Catholic faith and the teaching of the Church. If the School Board can offer anything in conformity with these principles, as has been done in England, France, Canada, Prussia, and other countries, where the rights of conscience in the matter of education have been fully recognized, I am prepared to give it respectful consideration.—JOHN B. PURCELL, *Archbishop of Cincinnati*."

Not to multiply quotations unnecessarily, I will only add the following remarkably bold and explicit passage from the Lenten Pastoral of Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1873:—

"At present [note the implication of this *at present*] we have nothing to hope from the State. Yet we must not therefore cease to insist upon our rights, and, if needs be, at the polls demand them. Were Catholics alive and united on the school question,—were they to demand from every man who asks their vote a pledge that he would vote for our just share of the school fund,—legislators would learn to respect the Catholic vote, and give us our just rights. . . . But in the meantime what are we to do? Fold our arms and sit idle? Let our children grow up in ignorance, and so be beaten in the race of life? Send them to the public schools, where not only their faith will be endangered, but their virtues exposed? No, a hundred times no! We must build Catholic schools everywhere, and at whatever cost support and lift them up till they are equal to the best. It is our solemn injunction and most positive command that every church in the diocese have its schools. Where a congregation cannot at once build both church and school, let them build the school-house and wait for the church. There is little danger of the old losing their faith, but there is every danger that the young will. On the school question there can be and there must be no division. Either we are Catholics or we are not. If we are Catholics, we must leave after us a Catholic youth. And experience has clearly proved this cannot be done, unless the children are early taught and daily taught that they are Catholics. We must not sleep while our enemies are working. Nor must we forget that the public schools are organized and managed for and in the interests

of Protestantism. We solemnly charge and most positively require every Catholic in the diocese to support and send his children to a Catholic school. When good Catholic schools exist, and where it may be honestly said a child will get a fair common-school education, if parents either through contempt for the priest, or disregard for the laws of the Church, or for trifling and insufficient reasons, refuse to send their children to a Catholic school, then in such cases, but in such cases only, we authorise confessors to refuse the sacraments to such parents as thus despise the laws of the Church, and disobey the command of both priest and bishop."

This Lenten Pastoral of Bishop Gilmore, which excited a great commotion in Ohio, and contributed not a little to the remarkable agitation of the school question in the subsequent political campaign of 1875 in that State, was vigorously replied to at the time by the Rev. T. B. Forbush, a Unitarian clergyman of Cleveland, whose lectures and addresses rendered important service in securing the defeat of the Catholic-Democratic coalition of the last season.

No doubt can be left in the mind of any one who even superficially studies this subject, that the entire forces of the Catholic Church (excepting only here and there an isolated and half-liberalized Catholic, like Senator Kernan, of New-York, or Mayor Kelby, of Richmond) are gradually becoming massed in determined opposition to the public school system, or that their opposition, which is already arousing an aggressive Evangelical reaction, threatens to destroy even the present imperfect secularism of the schools, and thereby ultimately the public school system itself; for it may be safely said that American voters will certainly refuse to be taxed for the support of other men's religions, and that, if they cannot agree to support public schools independent of all religions, they will sooner or later refuse to be taxed for public schools of any sort. And the worst peril of the Catholic agitation at present is the possibility of its so inflaming the jealousy and bigotry of Protestants as to lead to a general adoption of church-schools, or (worse even than that) the effective and permanent fortification of the present sectarian features of the public schools by the adoption of measures which, as I shall show below, must involve a tremendous revolution in the whole theory of American politics.

The degree of success already achieved by the Catholic clergy in alienating the affections of their flocks from the public school system may be seen by the public boast of Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, New York, who said, four years ago: "There are at the present time not far from one hundred thousand Catholic children in the Christian free schools of the State of New-York"—i.e., in the parochial schools supported voluntarily by Catholics. Turning over the leaves of *Sadler's Catholic Directory*, in every diocese there is seen to be a long list of such schools, with a large number of pupils in each; but the labor of adding them all up, which would be herculean, is left to the reader. It is evident that the parochial school system is in a highly flourishing condition, and must be supported by the vast majority of the Catholic laity. Whoever imagines (and multitudes of otherwise intelligent persons in this country indulge the imagination) that the Catholic laity cannot be depended upon to follow the lead of their clergy in opposition to the public school system, should devote a few hours to a careful inspection of this *Directory*. To select the very first list of parochial schools, that of the archdiocese of Baltimore, as an illustration, he would find 61 schools, with a total attendance of 13,916 scholars, and an average attendance of about 240. A similar showing is made in all the other archdioceses, dioceses, and vicariates apostolic. Of course there are not a few individual Catholics who are too lax in the faith to give up the substantial advantages of a public school education for their children, even for the threats or promises of the Church; and for the present the ecclesiastical authorities tolerate a certain amount even of open opposition. But it is the extreme of credulity to be deceived by such facts as these into doubting the fixity of the ecclesiastical purpose or the certainty of general lay compliance. The parochial system is so flourishing, and so well sustained by lay contributions, as already to have seriously reduced the attendance at the public schools in many places, and in a few (as in some parts of Brooklyn, I believe) to have almost broken them up. Bishop McQuaid declared, in 1871, that the city of Rochester, New-York, in which he resides, had 4,000 children in the Catholic schools,

and 5,500 in the public schools; and he added, in the same spirit as that of Bishop Gilmour's above-quoted Lenten Pastoral: "In the years to come we shall be more occupied with school-building, and with the education of our children, than the erecting of churches, although this work will not be permitted to stand still."

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, like every bishop who has spoken publicly on the subject, has declared the same policy, and avowed himself "a stern, avowed, and uncompromising enemy" of all schools in which positive instruction in the Catholic faith is not given. The result of this unanimous policy has been to tax heavily the pockets of the people, who have nevertheless cheerfully submitted in the main.

But the Catholic warfare against secular State education, is not alone manifested by the establishment of a great independent system of Church schools: it adapts itself to circumstances. Wherever the Church can get control of the public schools, it does not scruple to do so; and, if the Catholics ever become the majority, as they confidently expect, their objections to State education will vanish. The Louisville, Kentucky, *Catholic Advocate*, of August 12, 1875, published the following letter:—

"East St. Louis, Ill., August 4th, 1875.

"Editor *Catholic Advocate*:—Yours of the 28th ult. was received, but, being absent from home, I could not answer you ere this. The scrap of news hailing from East St. Louis is true. The Board of Education permits us to select our own teachers, and they are approved of by the Board according to law. Catechism is taught outside of school hours in the school-rooms. Our text-books are all right. You seem anxious to know how comes it that our schools are supported by the public funds. Well, it is this wise: the majority of our population are Catholics, and they elect Catholic directors. This is the key that solves the grant. You may make any comment you please. I simply give the facts as required.

"Yours very respectfully,

"P. J. O'FALLORAN, V. F."

Some of the comments on this letter, made by the editor of the *Catholic Advocate*, are so instructive, and throw so much light on the subject under discussion, that I must not omit them, considering that the original words are more satisfactory than any paraphrase of my own:—

"Catholics may from this plainly see for themselves that the settlement of this fretted

question depends altogether on votes. In cities where justice to Catholics is most easy, there are always a sufficient number of Catholic voters to turn the tide of election in any way they please, if they will but unite and intelligently use their franchise, the only argument that can reach the non-Catholic public. It is by no means necessary that Catholics should be in a majority in a community to obtain a division of the school-fund—a small return for what they yearly pay for this purpose into the public treasury. It is only necessary that they should allow politicians to divide among themselves, as their own ambition and pecuniary interest will always divide them, and then cast the weight of the Catholic vote in favor of every good man who is willing to support the Catholic claim for justice. In this way a comparatively small band of voters may elect to office men of their own principles."

The whole world knows how New-York city lay for years at the mercy of a gang of thieves and robbers called the Tammany Ring, who stole millions upon millions of the public money, and kept themselves in power by the Catholic vote, which was always ready to support such "good" men as Tweed, Sweeney, Connolly, Hall, Barnard, McCunn. In 1869, 1870, and part of 1871, under the *régime* of this precious set, sectarian appropriations out of the money raised by tax on the property of New-York citizens were made to 103 Catholic institutions, including churches, hospitals, parochial schools, and so forth, to the amount of \$1,396,389. During the same time, appropriations were made to Protestant institutions to the amount of \$112,293, and to Hebrew institutions to the amount of \$25,852: both together, \$138,145. All this money was virtually stolen money. The Protestants accepted 7 per cent., and the Catholics 91 per cent. Over and above this, in 1869, the Catholics got \$178,672, the Protestants \$6,500, and the Hebrews and others \$29,788 of excise money. And the same story must be told of the succeeding years, even after the downfall of the Ring, the amounts only being less, down to the 1st of January, 1875, when the exasperated people put a summary stop to all further sectarian stealings by an amendment to the State Constitution. But the debt of New-York city, according to Comptroller Green's statement, amounted, on October 1, 1875, to \$131,113,906.74; and for a very large, if not the major, part of this enormous debt the Catholic vote must be held responsible, since without it the rogues could not have

committed their robberies, nor their insatiate party remained in power. In this manner, the Catholic Church, accepting largesses of money which it well knew to be stolen property, built up its costly parochial schools for the better training of its children in the elements of morals. If it should be held to be directly implicated in the thefts by which it so largely profited, and to be consequently unfitted for giving instruction in any morals but those of the pickpocket, it might protest against the severity of such judgment, but would find it extraordinarily difficult to dispute its justice. So far as they shared in this public iniquity, the Protestants and Hebrews also must share in the public disgrace; but the chief offenders have the chief title to the unenviable distinction it confers. There is little cause for surprise, if the astonishing growth of the Catholic Church, and its relentless hostility to thoroughly honest education as given in the public schools, have excited grave disquietude in the minds of all American citizens who do not favor a general corruption of public morals.

Perceiving, then, how easy it is in this country for an unprincipled minority to acquire controlling power, and how ready the Catholic Church is to aid and abet their plots for its own sinister purposes, and how mischievously it is already using its great political influence to compass the destruction of our only real safeguard, the public school system, every intelligent and sincere friend of free institutions must deplore the garrulous fatuity which so loudly and frequently urges that because the Catholics are only a minority they are not to-day dangerous. Is it so new a thing for a minority to govern? Did not a minority of 300,000 slaveholders conquer the whole United States, compelling us, for many decades, to obey their own imperious will? Did not a ridiculously small minority, the Tammany Ring, conquer the city and State of New-York, ruling and robbing without check, because they were cunning and organized, while the great public were stupid, indifferent, and disinclined? What gigantic and persistent efforts were necessary to break the sceptre of this half-dozen of treasury-pilferers, and how small has been the success of those who tried to punish the robbers and recover the

plunder! Minority, indeed! But has not the world been ruled by minorities from time immemorial? The Catholic party is certainly a minority, nevertheless it is to-day winning victory after victory over the great helpless majority, and will continue to do so, fastening itself on the neck of the nation, like the Old Man of the Sea on the neck of Sindbad the Sailor, unless the majority have sense enough to open their eyes and enact the measures necessary for the preservation of their liberties. The elements of its power are chiefly these:—

The Roman Catholic Church is a *universal, political power, foreign nowhere, but everywhere at home*—a Theocratic Imperialism of the most absolute character, both spiritual and temporal—a system of government claiming and exercising the most despotic authority over the action of every one of its subjects, in political just as much as in private concerns. It commands the conscience and the suffrage of every Catholic citizen in support of every measure which it judges advantageous to its own interests, and thus lays an iron hand on the very roots of all political power. It wields this power solely with an eye to its own aggrandizement, and aims at a universal dominion, which is hostile to every fundamental principle of the United States Constitution and of modern civilization.

In America, where everything is done by voluntary association, and where Protestant organizations are forced to enter into competition with the Catholic Church, the superior efficiency of the latter as an organization is indicated unmistakably in the statistics of their relative growth given above. There is no "canon law," technically considered, which is recognized by the civil courts of the United States; and the priests enjoy none of the protection against the arbitrary authority of their bishops which the "canon law" itself confers. This is a so-called "missionary country," in which the dioceses, however, are governed by canonical bishops, not by vicars apostolic; and the sixty-four bishops constitute a close corporation, with absolute power over the priests, who are thus mere slaves of episcopal domination. Further, the title to the entire Church property of each diocese is vested in the bishop in fee simple; and the laity are

thus as powerless as the priests against him. Lastly, the Catholic press is as completely under episcopal control as the priesthood and the laity. This absolute concentration of all substantial power, alike over pulpit, property, and press, makes the bishops the most thoroughly despotic body in the land, and gives them a degree of power greater than they possess in any other country. The appointment of Cardinal McCloskey has completed the structure of Catholic ecclesiastical absolutism, against which there is no powerful barrier except the general protective influences of free political and educational institutions. Whether this protection will prove adequate or not, or whether it must be supplemented by positive restrictive legislation, is a question for the future to decide. Unfortunately, the case is complicated by the existence of a rival, but much feeblér spirit of propagandism among Protestant sects, which dangerously retards the establishment of that absolute separation of Church and State which is the vital principle of American republicanism.

Again, the wealth of the Catholic Church, which is the great weapon of its ambition, is accumulating, as I have already shown, far more rapidly than the general wealth of the country. By their individual tenure of all Church property, the bishops are enabled to manage it as they please; and they are shrewd enough to invest it as much as possible in real estate, holding it untaxed in consequence of the policy of exemption by which the States are preparing a bitter future for themselves, and leaving it to rise in value by the labors of the outside world. In addition to the constant contributions they collect in small sums from servant girls and other poor Catholics, they thus contrive to levy taxes on the general community, and put their hands into the pocket of every business man in the nation. History and experience go for nothing with the preoccupied and apathetic public, who submit to all this in the half-defined but insane notion that somehow or other the laws of nature are not the same here as in the Old World. Meanwhile the process continues, and the Roman Catholic Church is fast becoming the richest corporation in the land, with all its despotic money

power in the hands of an episcopal "Roman Ring," who use it in making it greater and more effective still for the overthrow of free institutions.

But greater than all these sources of strength put together, is the weakness of the public conscience and the unsuspectingness of the public intelligence. The people have too long submitted, half angrily, half lazily, to the control of caucus managers, petty rings, and utterly selfish politicians, who are all ready to make any sacrifice for immediate partisan success, and therefore to make any bargain, however corrupt, with those who hold the balance of power. Here is the unguarded point in the defences of the public freedom. It is this moral and mental weakness of the people themselves, their blindness to the duty of the hour or their criminal negligence in performing it, which makes the Catholic minority so dangerous to the country.

Such are the chief elements of power, though many more might be enumerated, possessed by the Roman Catholic Church in its assault on the public schools, and (through them) all free institutions. But the real peril lies less in the present actual extent of this power than in the character of the reaction excited by its direct assault on the system of State education. Catholic ambition is rousing Protestant Evangelical ambition to new and dangerous manifestations; and between these rivalries of religious fanaticism, each party aiming at political power, I believe that the institutions of the Republic are certain to be subjected to a strain severer than any they have hitherto experienced. There are three leading forms assumed by the distinctively Protestant reaction against Catholic assaults on the public school system:—

1. A movement to surrender State education altogether, and to fall back on a system of denominational schools. This movement, which adopts the Catholic premise that doctrinal religious education is paramount in importance to all other, and which has been to some extent carried out by the establishment of Church schools of various Protestant sects, has not been a very influential one hitherto. But its ideas have been stated with great force in the *New-York Tribune* of December 9, 1875, by the Rev.

John Miller, in a letter headed "State Schools a Mistake."

2. A movement to defend State education is now conducted, including reading of the Bible "without note or comment," and also Protestant hymns and prayers. This movement represents the fixed determination of the vast majority of Evangelical Protestants, as proved by the almost unanimous declarations of their ecclesiastical assemblages; although some influential journals whose orthodoxy is very imperfect—as, for instance, the New-York *Christian Union* and *Independent*—are in favor of secular schools.

3. A movement to fortify the existing advantages of Evangelical Protestantism, both in the political and educational institutions of the nation, by securing the adoption of a doctrinal amendment of the United States Constitution, incorporating into its preamble a distinct national recognition of Protestant Christianity. This movement, of which I shall speak again, is numerically weak, but represents the logical necessity to which the Evangelical party will be driven by events, if the agitation of the Catholic question continues.

These are the three phases of Protestant reaction, as such, against the aggressive activity of the Roman Catholic Church. Of course there are a great many individual members of the Protestant sects who favor the principle of absolutely secular education in our public schools, and who will fail to act with their fellow-believers at the ballot-box. But, on the other hand, a great many persons who are totally disconnected with any Protestant sect, will be sure to vote in support of the Evangelical policy, whether from social, business, political, or other interested motives. Notwithstanding the wild and sanguine hopes of many liberals, and notwithstanding the loose boastfulness of superficial and flippant writers for the daily press, no intelligent observer can seriously doubt that the vast preponderance of political power is at present on the side of Evangelical Protestantism, whenever it chooses to assert itself at the polls; or that its strength lies chiefly in its rapidly consolidating organization, its wealth, its social supremacy, and its power to gratify or defeat political aspirations; or that its strength is relatively decreasing every

day under the opposite encroachments of "Romanism and Infidelity" on its domain; or that the instinct of self-preservation, together with the natural conservatism of all power and wealth, will drive it to give desperate battle in defence of its existing privileges rather than submit to deprivation of them by either of the foes that hem it in. While the great struggle over the slavery question continued, public attention was withdrawn from religious issues to a large extent. But now there is no longer any question of universal, absorbing interest before the people which can be compared for a moment with the question—*What shall be the permanent religious character of American civilization?* Every indication of the deeper currents of thought and feeling points to an approaching contest of unprecedented proportions in working out a practical solution of this mighty problem; and, roughly outlined, three great religious parties are now in the field, destined each to play a momentous part in the immediate future. The Centennial Year of the national existence marks the beginning of a political epoch, of unknown duration, in which religion is evidently to take the lead of all public issues; and these three parties are slowly gathering themselves together for a struggle that must be forever memorable in the history of the race.

The first of these parties—the Roman Catholic Church—I have already sufficiently described as it exists in the United States. Its power has been sufficiently proved by the fact that it has deliberately selected the field of battle for the first great shock of arms—namely, the public school system. It has also selected its own time, and made the first attack in force, and compelled its antagonists to assume the defensive attitude.

The second of the three parties is the Protestant Evangelical party, not compacted into one powerful organization like the Catholic Church, but composed of several great sects, and a swarm of minor ones, and weakened by mutual jealousies, discordant interests, and rival ambitions. But, politically considered, it is very likely to unite on some definite measure which shall be "unsectarian" as to its own component factions, yet "sectarian" as to both Catholics and "infidels," whom it dreads and hates as

heartily as it does the Catholics. It has taken up the phrase, "non-sectarian schools," as its watchword; but by this it means the schools as now conducted, with Protestant prayers, hymns, and scriptures. The studied ambiguity of this phrase—which, properly interpreted, would satisfy the friends of positive or secular education, is one of the dangerous elements of the situation. That the present school system is rendered in the large and true sense sectarian by the support of Protestant worship, would be stoutly denied by the vast majority of Protestant Evangelicals; but they are prepared to fight to the death in defence of this strictly sectarian worship, as the flag of Protestantism floating over the public schools. This was a leading issue in the Ohio campaign during the summer and autumn of 1875; and it promises to be a leading issue in the Presidential campaign of 1876. It is only by keeping the ambiguity of the word "sectarian" in mind that recent events can be understood in their full significance.

On September 29, at Des Moines, Iowa, President Grant made at the Reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, one of the most important speeches ever delivered in this country, for it marked the definite introduction of the school question into national politics. Taking his cue from this speech, the Hon. James G. Blaine, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a well-known aspirant for the Presidency, wrote a private letter to an Ohio friend, under date of October 20th, proposing a form of amendment to the Constitution. This letter was not published till more than a month later, when it made a great sensation; and on December 14th, Mr. Blaine formally proposed his amendment in the House, with slight modifications, as follows:—

"No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor or any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; and no money or lands so devoted shall be divided among religious sects or denominations."

This amendment is a direct blow aimed at the Roman Catholic Church in the interest of Evangelical Protestantism; for, if passed, it will defeat

the Catholic effort to get control of or else divide the school funds, and at the same time will leave the Protestants in undisturbed mastery of the schools themselves. Mr. Blaine's proposition is a pretty evident bid for the support of the Evangelical party in the approaching political contest. But the President, in his annual message to Congress, dated December 7th, had already recommended measures still more sweeping, which have astounded the country by their boldness, and perplexed all parties alike. They include, among other things, the taxation of all Church property (with "possibly" the exception of Church edifices), the establishment of compulsory education so far as to make illiteracy a cause of disenfranchisement after 1890, and the formal declaration that Church and State shall be forever separate and distinct. With reference to the schools, I quote his language:—

"As the primary step, therefore, to our advancement in all that has marked our progress in the past century, I suggest for your earnest consideration, and most earnestly recommend it, that a Constitutional Amendment be submitted to the legislatures of the several States for ratification, making it the duty of the several States to establish, and forever maintain, free public schools adequate to the education of all the children in the rudimentary branches within their respective limits, irrespective of sex, color, birthplace, or religion, forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious, atheistic, or Pagan tenets, and prohibiting the granting of any school funds or school taxes, or any part thereof, either by legislative, municipal, or other authority, for the benefit, or in aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, or in aid, or for the benefit of any other object of any nature or kind whatever."

It is at present uncertain whether the President means to include Protestant worship under "teaching religious tenets;" but the courts could hardly construe the phrase so strictly. His language, like Mr. Blaine's, is open to more than a single construction; and it would hardly be just to insist on any particular one. Unfortunately ambiguous phraseology is no new thing in American politics. But the flood-gates are opened, and the public must be prepared for a deluge of propositions to amend the Constitution. It is a grave and anxious time for patriots. The school question is now fairly up for discussion and decision, and the form it has inevitably taken—

that of a constitutional amendment—cannot fail to call public attention to another proposed amendment, which has been lying for years like a lighted slow-match near a powder magazine.

The Protestant Evangelical party are evidently determined not to consent to the thorough secularization of the school system; they are doggedly resolved to keep the Bible in the schools. Starting with this foregone conclusion, there is an extreme left wing of the party which discerns the defective legal guarantees for the perpetuation of religious worship in the schools, and is shrewd enough to see that there is no way to perpetuate it without some formal recognition of Protestant Christianity in the fundamental law of the land. Every great question, like the slavery question, must be finally settled in this country by a constitutional amendment. To "defend the existing Christian features of the government" (for, notwithstanding the theoretical separation of Church and State, we have many such "survivals" of a pre-national period), these long-headed men, with the enthusiasm which is easily generated by clear conviction in logical minds, declare the absolute necessity to their cause of some adequate change in the Constitution, which is, thanks to the wisdom of its heterodox framers, a purely secular document from beginning to end, and contains not a clause or word by which, in the United States Courts, the "Christian features" alluded to could possibly be defended against a strong effort for their abolition. Consequently they propose to amend the preamble of the Constitution, which is its enacting clause, so as "suitably to express our national recognition of Almighty God as the author of national existence and the source of all power and authority in civil government, of Jesus Christ as the Ruler of nations, and of the Bible as the fountain of law, and the supreme rule for the conduct of nations."

"The birth of the movement for this purpose," says the Rev. David MacAllister, one of the leaders of it, "may be dated from the 4th day of February, 1863." Its first convention was held at Xenia, Ohio; and a similar convention, without any knowledge of the other, was held at Sparta, Illinois, on February 6th of the same year. Since then, numerous

conventions have been held in different parts of the country on behalf of the movement, and have been usually largely attended and widely reported. United States Senators, Governors, Judges of the Supreme Courts of the United States and of many States and Territories, presidents and professors of colleges, bishops and clergymen of many denominations, and numerous dignitaries of all sorts, have been found to lend the sanction of their names to these conventions and the object for which they are held. A weekly journal is published in Philadelphia as the organ of the movement, called the *Christian Statesman*, and edited by the Rev. T. P. Stevenson, an able and earnest man. A National Reform Association is about to be incorporated for the more effectual prosecution of the cause. Public petitions for this "Christian Amendment," as it has been appropriately designated by those who perceive that its real object is to make Christianity the established religion of the United States, have long been circulating for signatures; and it has been declared that 2,000,000 signatures are to be collected and presented to Congress in its support by the next 4th of July. That this movement is a thoroughly vital one, and certain sooner or later to create a fanatical enthusiasm of a very dangerous character, I became more than ever profoundly convinced on attending the national convention of these men at Cincinnati in 1872. It is a movement strong with all the strength of fixed moral purpose and of logic applied unanswerably to the universally accepted premises of the Evangelical Protestant faith; and now that the time is evidently drawing near for amending the Constitution with reference to the religious issue, those who are determined to keep the banner of Protestant Christianity flying over the public schools will soon come to see that they cannot ultimately succeed except through the success of this Christian Amendment. All that is wanting is to "fire the Evangelical heart:" and if the aggressiveness of Rome cannot do this, nothing can. President Grant's proposed amendment is not enough; Mr. Blaine's is not enough; nothing but this thorough-going Christian Amendment will impregnably fortify the Bible in the schools. The brain and the soul of the

whole Protestant party are in this body of extremists—this squad of determined soldiers of the Cross, who have carried on undauntedly their weary thirteen years' warfare in the face of indifference and opposition, and now see the decisive hour approaching. I know the tone of intense moral enthusiasm, as every one does who ever heard Garrison and Phillips and their followers in the anti-slavery warfare; and it is a perilous thing for liberty when a manifest spirit like that of the "original abolitionists" can be enlisted in the cause of a Christian Amendment. For this measure means disfranchisement and disability to hold office for every conscientious free-thinker; and that means the concentration of all political power in the hands of bigots with conscience, or hypocrites without it; and that must mean, in the end, a million-fold more cruel civil war than the one that so lately filled the land with blood and with tears. Need more be said?

This, then, is the Catholic peril in America—not alone that the Roman Catholic Church may become a ruling majority, or (what is worse) a ruling minority, with all the measureless miseries and mischiefs of such rule, but that, in order to strengthen the Republic against the possibility of such rulership, the great Protestant party may resort to measures involving a revolutionary subversion of the fundamental principle of the Republic itself. For a hundred years our national life has been slowly developing into a more complete accordance with the principle that the Church and State can be and ought to be wholly separate. To reverse this principle now would be national ruin—a melancholy failure of the experiment of establishing a great civilisation on universal reverence for the rights of man. It would not be our loss alone, but the world's as well; for the vitality of American institutions is in their strictly universal and cosmopolitan character, and in their adaptability to every community which has reached a certain average of popular intelligence and independence of character.

To defeat all such changes, and to carry forward to a higher, fuller, and nobler realisation, the national ideal of a purely secular government, is the one

object of the third great party of which I spoke. By this term I mean the vast unorganized body of all those who accept in its fulness the conception of a State absolutely emancipated from all ecclesiastical dictation or influence, and who intelligently defend the total separation of State and Church. Many such may be found, doubtless, among the nominal Protestants—a few among the nominal Catholics; but the great majority are unconnected with ecclesiastical organizations. In this age of slowly disintegrating beliefs, the positive conception of a purely secular or civil State finds a hearty welcome in many minds which are not yet wholly rid of all contradictory conceptions; the contradictions, however, may be unconsciously harbored and practically inoperative, so far as conduct is concerned. All such are Liberals, in the broad sense I intend; and the true Liberal party must be held to include all citizens who comprehend and embrace the principle of absolutely secular government, whatever their opinions may be in religious matters.

Now this great third party, being unorganized, is of yet undetermined strength. For the first time in our national history, questions are arising for solution at the polls which will reveal its actual numbers and power. But their political programme, enumerating the points on which reform is actually required in order to render the State totally secular in its administration as well as in its theory, has been drawn up as follows in the so-called "Demands of Liberalism":—

"1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.

"2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

"3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

"4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

"5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

"6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

"7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

"8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of 'Christian' morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

"9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made."

These "Demands of Liberalism," originally published in the *Index* (a weekly journal now printed in Boston), on April 6, 1872, have been copied and scattered all over the country through other publications. Early in 1873, "Liberal Leagues" began to be organized on them as a basis of action, and now number at least thirty, and probably more; but they have accomplished little in the way of tangible results. In fact, the time is hardly yet arrived for opportunities of efficient action.

Although the actual organization of this party is as yet inconsiderable, no thoughtful man will from this circumstance draw any augury as to its future; he will rather study closely the principles it represents, and its necessary relation to the issues which, as I have shown, are already compelling the attention of President, Congress, and people. It is absolutely impossible that the religious agitation into which the Catholic attack on the schools has precipitated the people of the United States, should long continue, without calling out from an immense party some powerful affirmation of the fundamental principle which is expressed in the first of the above resolutions. I believe that this party will speedily be a majority of the whole people. Even the Protestant Evangelical party are accustomed to ac-

cept this principle verbally; what is wanted is to convince them of the necessity of its thorough practical application.

Two representative gatherings are to be held in Philadelphia, at the great Centennial Exposition of 1876, which will bring out in bold, dramatic, and almost startling opposition the antagonistic ideas now agitating the nation. The advocates of the Christian Amendment of the Constitution have called a great convention in support of that ominous measure, and will appeal to the now rapidly reviving bigotry of the Protestant party to take the only step which can perpetuate their present power. The advocates of the "Demands of Liberalism" and the "Religious Freedom Amendment," have also called a convention in support of the movement for thorough secularization of the State, and will appeal to the enlightened patriotism of all American citizens to carry out the measures which may be necessary to that great end. The one convention would undo the work of the forefathers, and prevail upon the children to abandon forever the great principle of the divorce of Church and State, by which the Republic has thus far prospered, in order to restore the antiquated mischief of a State taking its laws from the Church. The other convention would fulfil and perfect the forefathers' work, and prevail upon the children to complete the structure they have inherited, by carrying the same great principle to its consummation in a State whose fundamental law shall be the natural reason and conscience of the people, without a vestige of supernaturalism in its government or administration. In the vast crowd of other interests and excitements, both these conventions may pass comparatively without notice at the time; but the future student of history may yet point back to them as the negative and positive electrodes of a great battery of moral forces, and note here the first spark of a discharge destined to shake a continent to its foundations.—*Fortnightly Review*.

MODERN BRITISH POETRY.

BY W. M. ROSSETTI.

WITHIN the last few months a highly remarkable volume of poems has been in the hands of many readers. It is published by Messrs. Longmans and Co., and bears the following title:—*Poems by William Bell Scott: Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, &c.: Illustrated by 17 Etchings by the Author and L. Alma Tadema.* I propose to consider this volume, not solely or so much on its own showing, and by way of analysing its precise constituent parts, but rather in connection with the general course of British poetry for the last half century. The field of survey is an extensive one, and my observations on it must come into small compass; much therefore that might very fittingly find place here will necessarily drop out of sight, and only a few salient points remain.

Barely more than fifty years ago, in 1824, Lord Byron died, his death following after that of Keats in 1821, and of Shelley in 1822. Thus was extinguished by far the greatest and most luminous pharos of poesy which had lighted England since the time (at any rate) of Milton; a triple pharos which required successive puffs from the icy mouth of Death before it wholly ceased to burn. Death, with inexorable pertinacity, blew the one light out after the other, pausing only just so long as might suffice to begin demonstrating the fervor and splendor of each several flame, by the obscurity which ensued when "the jaws of darkness had devoured it up." This date of the death of Byron marks therefore my present point of departure.

Byron was dead; but poetic writers much older than himself, or than the still more youthful Shelley and Keats, survived: Blake, Crabbe, Rogers, Wordsworth, Southey, Landor, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Moore, Campbell. Others still might be named; but these are more than enough to remind us that the period to which that most illustrious triad had belonged was rich, even apart from them, in all elements and all forms of poetry. It might indeed be hardly too much to say that the vivid intellectual incitement which marked the close of the eighteenth

century, and which in France took the political or social direction, and inspired the great Revolution, wrought not less really, nor perhaps less beneficially, in England also, and, through our writers, breathed into poetry a new and fruitful life. In France no such phenomenon was witnessed; but in Germany the great names of Schiller and of Göthe—not to cite any others—attest some community of influence.

Of four of the British poets just specified, I need say little more: three of them count for not much in themselves, and for still less in the general current of mind which has continued to shape the channels of poetry in more recent years. Rogers had a thin line or rill of poetic faculty flowing through a meadow of culture, and half stagnating in a swamp of conventionalism. Southey was a laborious *littérateur*, in whom poetry was a practice and an ambition rather than a gift. Moore has his place among graceful lyrical executants, but hardly among authentic poets, whether lyrists or otherwise. Walter Scott, far the greatest of the four, potent in romance, whether verse or prose served for medium, had already ceased to write poems long before the death of Byron. To the others on our roll a few words must be given.

Blake was an old man in 1824, and to the general public of poetic readers he was then, and remained till recently, simply unknown: he has now emerged into full light, and we are astonished to reflect that here was a giant stalking and working among pygmies, and not so much as known to be towering above them from the waist upwards. The quality of his work which has most impressed other minds is its oracular primitiveness—that simplicity, as of the first origin of things, that forms a new revelation as each fresh generation begins in infancy: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise." Some echo of this quality, and of Blake's poetic manner as a whole, may be found in Mr. Scott's exquisitely pure-toned little lyric named *In the valley*. Crabbe, as a caustic and partly humorous contemplator of the common

in life, maintains a firm position, intellectually bracing to succeeding writers; but his style became old-fashioned under his own hand, and has hardly been aimed at since. The one notable exception to this rule is the excellent poem by Mr. Allingham, *Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland*—which is indeed only partially on the same model of style as Crabbe, but sufficiently so to be named in this connection. Wordsworth we are wont to regard as the poet of Nature; and certain it is that, about a quarter of a century ago, after a long period of widespread ridicule, exceptional praise, and active debate, this great poet bade fair to be accepted as the very highest and most permanent of the puissant band to which he had belonged—the mere fever of Byronism having by that time abated, the influence of Keats having already had a season of fertility, and that of Shelley being still a little remote and undefined. Prominent thinkers and accredited critics then preached Wordsworth abroad with unremitting zeal, and doubtless his total influence has been wide and deep: yet after a time it has been found that his power was more individual and special than some enthusiasts supposed—an influence warm with life to his own work, but not unmixed with chilliness and restriction for the work of others. “Sermons in stones” may be exceedingly moving, so long as we lend ear to the stones themselves; but if we try to resolve them into their elements, to be reconstituted for ulterior use, we find stones and sermons, neither of them highly apt at germinating a novel life. Mr. Scott, it may here be observed, expresses, in three sonnets, a very temperate yet not exactly a derogatory, estimate of Wordsworth’s place in the poetic art. Landor, amid a generation of personal poets, was mainly a literary poet; a literary poet of a very high order, in whom much could be studied and reapplied. He lent, however, no essentially new impulse: only finished models of how classical or other elevated subject-matter could be treated artistically. Coleridge has had a very marked influence, partly through the imaginative character of his best writings, stimulating, and suggesting more than they realised, partly through the lovely harmony and the very free manipulation of his verse: he has been the patron of many excursions of the invention, and many tentative acts of

rhythm. Campbell’s influence has been almost directly antagonistic to that of Coleridge. For many years after the death of Byron, Campbell was not only a highly reputed but even a famous poet, and his example was always one of correctness, and of moderation approaching timidity. “No experiment, no hyperbole, no flashes of energy setting self-control at defiance, no essays of imagination which may transgress or be construed into fantasticality. The old models of style are right, and can be adapted to our requirements as modern and living poets, if only we will discriminate, reflect, and polish.” Such was the practical teaching of Campbell, who survived most of the poets of his great era: it told as much against the innovating simplicity and introspective elevation of Wordsworth as against the fascination of Coleridge, or the sublimated allurements—passionate, intellectual, or sensuous—of Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

Two poets of the same generation might still be mentioned who had a considerable ascendancy over their younger contemporaries or immediate successors; two of lower rank, but not perhaps of less direct and readily traceable influence—Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt. Lamb’s poems are indeed of no great account in themselves, but his vigorous and subtle panegyric of the Elizabethan dramatists sank deep into many ardent and productive minds, and had an unmistakable effect upon our earliest poetry of the current half-century. Not less masterful was his humor—quaint, devious, crotchety, and humane—which prompted or loosened many tongues in emulation. Leigh Hunt, as a liberal thinker, an apostle of the kindly and bright side of life, and a deft though too finikin and fulsome executant, was also not without his following: the warmth of a coterie gave him refuge from blustering abuse out of doors. The influence of these two writers, but especially of Lamb in both his main aspects, and also very markedly of Keats, may, I think, be traced in the most original, forcible, and curious poetic mind that blossomed out in the new generation which first succeeded that of Byron and his fellow-workers—Thomas Hood. We discern in Hood a many-sided poetic capacity; imagination and fancy of his own, readily moulded into divers forms according to the model, of recent or of remoter date, that

he set to himself for the nonce; and an incomparable and irrepressible faculty of "whim and oddity" which inspired or animated his verse—sometimes threading it like a laughing and sparkling runnel, and sometimes also, one must admit, showing like an ugly patch, or vexing one like the wrong sauce poured over choice viands. A perpetual joker is an oppressive person, especially if his jocularly takes the turn of punning: he is almost certain to be not only oppressive, but in some degree vulgar. A certain obese satisfaction, a *bourgeois* commonness of view and of aim, pertain to the man whose spiritual ear for ever catches, and whose gullet re-echoes, a chuckle in nature and in life. This constant jocularly—not often wholly absent even from his most grave and touching pieces—is at once the great gift and the great failing of Hood. He lulls you with a strain of delightful sweetness, and then suddenly tickles you: you laugh, for you can't help it, but you feel provoked, before the laugh is over, both with yourself and with your titillator.

The date of the earliest poem in Mr. W. B. Scott's volume is 1831 (the still earlier date of 1826 appended to another poem, a sonnet, being evidently not the year of composition). The poem of 1831 is entitled, *To the Memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. It was published a year or two afterwards in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, and shows us at once what was about the leading poetical influence that wrought upon the author's mind at the opening of manhood. In this ode Shelley is contemplated as a great poet-prophet, one who foresaw the sublimities of the future, and fore-acted them in the theatre of his own heart and mind. If Mr. Scott still retained this conception of Shelley, he would not be unaccompanied at the present day; it is indeed quintessentially the right one, and no man need be ashamed of entertaining it, unless he is of that unenviable class who own and who parade

"A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain."

However, Mr. Scott's preface intimates a considerable change of feeling. "Shelley's too easily uttered metaphysics," he says, "and jejune theories political and moral, derived from and representative of the great French Revolution withits three watchwords continually outraged,

will never again be lauded in exactly the same manner." Perhaps not: and perhaps also Shelley's metaphysics and theories will receive, or are even now receiving, the yet more signal laudation of permeating the ideas and practice of society, and the historical evolution of the race. It will, no doubt, be long ere they animate another human being to such exaltation of intellect and purpose as found embodiment in Shelley himself; for that, we may have to await the unbinding of Prometheus. This same ode to Shelley (wherein, by the way, the poet is mistakenly addressed as "Alastor," which is not truly the name of the hero of Shelley's poem so entitled, but designates an Evil Genius) includes a tribute to the memory also of Keats. He, we see by this and other indications, was likewise one of the early gods of Mr. Scott's Parnassus. His influence may be descried here and there in the volume; although it is clear that those qualities of lusciousness of natural beauty, and adolescent impulsiveness of desire, which were so peculiarly characteristic of Keats, never bore the same sway over our author as the Shelleyan attributes—ardor of rapt imagination and a craving for the unknown.

This craving is one of the most manifest fountain-heads of Mr. Scott's poetry. It has evidently been a part of his life. In the course of years he may have come to hold more firmly than in youth the conviction that the unknown is the unknowable, and that many of the interpretations men have put upon it, or the hopes and faiths they have built on it, are but devices for hoodwinking their own eyes to the fact of their utter ignorance—shadows which the dim lumour of their mind projects, and which testify to nothing solid beyond, only to the nebular and irresolvable density of the atmosphere athwart which that lumour has to pass. The craving for the unknown naturally goes through various stages, very impressively exemplified in Mr. Scott's poems. There is first craving, accompanied by aspiration and effort; there is a desire for solution, and an attempt to believe that the solution is found. In some minds this attempt succeeds or persists, and conviction, or distinct faith, ensues. To others no such result is possible; discouragement and disappointment supervene. But it is only the weaker minds that remain finally

despondent. The sterner and more productive spirit rises resilient from its fall. Baffled and repelled, it is not wholly vanquished, still less unnerved. It can still say: "I am, after all, myself; though greatly unknown to myself, and amid a whole universe of the unknown and unknowable. My faculties are my own—they shall find their appropriate sphere. My perceptions are my own—to these millions of millions of perceptibles respond, and will continue to respond. My courage is my own—it shall not fail. The primal origin, the ultimate issue, of things, are not for me—not now, and perhaps not ever. My destiny is not mine—it shall take care of itself." To this resolute frame of mind—unsatisfied, not wholly dissatisfied—many men can attain, by stress of fact, by force of character. They attain it, because no better may be, and life has its practical demands, not to be evaded. It is more rare to find a genuinely poetic mind—and such Mr. Scott undoubtedly possesses—in the same mood; and even rarer to find this mood still and inseparably combined with a vital interest in the problems which the intellect has nevertheless long relinquished as insoluble. As problems they are given up, for no process of reasoning makes any impression upon them; they have even ceased to be actively problematic. They are dumb sphinxes; oracles which, having, from "the first syllable of recorded time," never uttered sound, have divested oracularity. But, as objects of contemplation, they yet remain glorious and beautiful; admitted at last to be unfathomable, they have in no wise become unmeaning; they contain most of the past and much of the future history of man, for the human mind is ever teeming with these conceptions—if not as their source, at least as their medium. I am of course not here debating whether any such views of these abstruse matters are right or wrong: I am only endeavoring to exhibit the intellectual relation to them of the poet under review. Mr. Scott, then, appears to have pondered, from the commencement of his poetic career, over the deepest mysteries of life, death, and immortality, of matter and spirit, of revelation and religion, of ethnic and Christian dogma; to have pondered, and to have reached no absolute affirmative conviction; to have settled down, reluctantly

but firmly, into some negations, margined by admitted uncertainties; and nevertheless to have preserved unimpaired his interest in these vast questions, no longer as matter for speculation or decision, but as supreme factors in the world of thought, and as the grandest of motive powers for human action and effort. His is a hand, as one might say, which has tried at unravelling a web that proved wholly defiant of his efforts; but he observes none the less with perennial pleasure the tints of the few unravelled threads which he had picked, and his mental eye recomposes their pattern with satisfaction. In especial, the Christian faith dominates our author's thought: if he offers no worship at the altar, he haunts the vestibule and paces the isles. A monk, hermit, or cenobite, more than any other man, attracts him; a devout believer in the devil, whether exorcist or sorcerer, needs no further passport to his mental hospitality. The bread and salt are at once produced, and companionably partaken of, and the bond of union is cemented once for all. This is the more remarkable because indications are not wanting of a strong anti-Catholic bias in Mr. Scott. He sincerely glories in the Protestant assault upon Catholicism, as in the belligerency of free thought against all the Churches, and no less of naked human reason against theosophy itself: and yet a Christian is his kin in a degree which no Greek, Hindoo, or Turk can rival, and a monk of the Thebaid in a degree which no evangelical pastor or missionary Scripture-reader can pretend to. He acknowledges in Christianity the greatest spiritual force which the world has yet witnessed, the nucleus of our modern or humanitarian civilisation, the largest and most august mould into which the mind of man has poured whatsoever it owns or images forth of the divine. In one of his sonnets, named *Faith*, belonging to the series entitled *Outside the Temple*, there is an exceedingly grand line,

"And the world listens yet through all her dead,"

which powerfully expresses Mr. Scott's essential view and essential meaning in these matters. He is deeply impressed with the Christian idea, because he has a strong sense of the history of the race. The sonnet is a very fine one; and although, taken by itself, it might convey an

exaggerated notion of the author's opinions in religion, I quote it here entire, as the only specimen from the volume which my limits of space allow :

"Follow me," Jesus said: and they uprose:
Peter and Andrew rose and followed him,
Followed him even to heaven, through
death most grim,
And through a long hard life—without repose
Save in the grand ideal of its close.
'Take up your cross, and come with me,'
He said:
And the world listens yet through all her
dead,
And still would answer, had we faith like
those.
But who can light again such beacon-fire?
With gladsome haste and with rejoicing
souls
How would men gird themselves for the
emprise!
Leaving their black boats by the dead lake's
mire,
Leaving their slimy nets by the cold shoals,
Leaving their old oars, nor once turn their
eyes."

For the rest, the poet's personal standpoint has to be taken into account. We see in him the man at once of Scottish nationality and of northern imagination. For ecclesiastical mummery or popish browbeating he has a great contempt, the "dour" antipathy of the hereditary Calvinist; while for anything wild, weird, and uncultured, for intellect and aspiration in the uncouthest guise, for self-devotion running into any extravagance of self-sacrifice or self-abasement, for fury of zeal or fierceness of spiritual conflict, he has the energetic fellow-feeling of a Scandinavian or Teutonic nature. To him not the gallant troubador but the semi-savage scald is the genuine poetic figure: the learned theologian counts for nothing in religion, but the recluse student for something, and the frenzied ascetic for much. Not indeed that he *approves* this ascetic. He turns towards him the chiller lobe of his brain, and the warmer corner of his heart. He scrutinizes him, as it were, through a nineteenth-century spy-glass, and sees in him an antic figure worthy of not a little sarcasm: but all the while he feels him to be a much-bedevelled purgatorial brother, whom he proceeds to describe to us in detail, and with unconcealable sympathy.

Many of Mr. Scott's poems might be cited as exhibiting this remarkable mixture of an outside and an inside view of religion; the external observation of the

philosopher, who is not committed to believing in that which he sets forth, and the internal perception of what the devotional feeling may be for the devotee himself. I specify the principal examples. *St. Margaret*, a poem describing the last hours of the cloistered saint, small in dimensions, but in emotion and fashioning one of the greatest things in the volume. *Anthony*, a strange narrative, grotesque and grim, of the religion of fear—the hero being an anchorite of the dark ages, with his temptations, terrors, and final backsliding. The series of sonnets already referred to, named *Outside the Temple*, in which the various phases of the author's mind, as affected by these momentous questions, are subtly and movingly shadowed forth—not in a sermonizing nor yet a lecturing tone, not more for iconoclasm than for edification, but with poetical amplitude of conception and sensitiveness of touch: they are indeed capable of making a deep impression, and of finding a very large circle of readers. The blank-verse *Monody* ("On the death of a young Friend," as it used to be entitled). *The Venerable Bede in the Nineteenth Century*, founded on some rhetorical flourishes of adjuration in which Cardinal Wiseman once indulged, and which Mr. Scott, by an ingenious intellectual prolusion, turns to the disparagement of the modern Cardinal, and at the same time to the exaltation of the noble spirit of faith and work in which the recluse religious scholar of old lived and died. The solemn blank-verse address *To the Sphinx, considered as the Symbol of Religious Mystery*.* *The Music of the Spheres*, first published in 1838 under the title *Hades, or the Transit*; an ideal poem in a semi-narrative form, suggesting the not humanly conceivable state of consciousness in which the souls of a Mussulman, a Christian, and a Jew, may all three equally exist after the death of the body—though indeed even this vague presentment of the subject would seem to go beyond the real intention of the author, who probably does not mean to lay it down as an infallible certainty that the souls would have any self-conscious existence at all. Finally, the simply forcible set of ballads, *Four Acts of St. Cuthbert*, in which the

* *Religious Liberty*, as printed in Mr. Scott's volume, seems to be an error of the press—a rather unfortunate one.

direct account of the facts, as devoutly viewed by a contemporary, is not diluted by any sort of running comment from the poet himself. The most elaborate expression which Mr. Scott's speculative opinions ever received—though these may perhaps be gathered with as much completeness and effect from the sonnets *Outside the Temple*—is to be found in a poem not here reprinted. This was published in a volume by itself in 1846, named *The Year of the World, a Philosophical Poem on Redemption from the Fall*. It never obtained many readers; but, of the few whom it did secure, several will no doubt agree in a certain feeling of regret which I entertain in finding it excluded from the present collection. *The Year of the World* shows that one of Shelley's dominant ideas—that of the perfectibility of human nature—was still in 1846 sufficiently compatible with Mr. Scott's creed and aspirations; and it may in various respects claim rank among the best poems extant in which serious speculation has taken on a not incongruous garb of imaginative form.

Of the poets I have already mentioned, all belonging to a generation preceding Mr. Scott's, those whose influence is to some extent perceptible in his writings are Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge: not certainly that any one of the three has regulated his conceptions, or stamped his style decisively, but we can trace, in one place or another, the intellectual stress and the formative vestige of these powerful and undying spirits. I shall next proceed to take count of some other poets more nearly alongside of Mr. Scott in point of date. As we have seen, the earliest poem by the latter, as reproduced in the present volume, belongs to the year 1831. For 1832 (or 1831, for the text and the index differ on this point) there is a captivating little poem in octosyllabic metre, named *Midnight*, which holds you as with the very finger of fantasy, half indicative, half ominous; also an ode *To the Memory of John Keats*, and *A Fable*, symbolizing the unequal fates of the true poetic or inventive explorer, and the spurious one. For 1833, *The Incantation of Hervor*; and, about the same time, *The Dance of Death*, an irregular narrative poem, recounting the sudden end of a certain "Clerk Hubert." For 1837, *The Music of the Spheres*, already mentioned. The *Four Acts of St. Cuth-*

bert may be rather earlier, or rather later, than this. The next date which we find clearly indicated is 1847, to the verses, *I go to be cured at Avilion*, which relate to a picture of King Arthur painted by Mr. Scott himself. I need not particularize any more recent dates. One of the author's early poems not here reproduced is that named at first *Rosabel*, and afterwards *Mary Anne*, narrating the successive stages in the career of a bright country-girl who perishes an unfriended outcast of the town. This (which dates, I suppose, at least as far back as 1840) may not improbably be one of those compositions, adverted to in the preface, "whose subjects or motives have been adopted by later poets, and realized in a more poetical or completer manner." However this may be, I am sorry to miss *Mary Anne*, which is indisputably a prominent example of the writer's genius. It haunts the memory, by virtue especially of its sternly pitying realism: the poet feels so deeply how much there is on which tender sympathy and commiseration may be expended, and how hopeless their bestowal remains, how dark and fateful the doom which he is watching.

Towards 1831, when Mr. Scott was a beginner, one of the influences most observable on the surface of poetical literature was that of Mrs. Hemans, who, publishing first, at an almost childish age, in 1809, continued writing up to her death in 1835. The warmth of romantic and domestic sentiment is no less manifest in Mrs. Hemans than the moral and religious propriety; but the combination is at best a tepid one, grateful and fragrant to readily believing and easily satisfied readers, but incapable of affecting those stronger minds which, having a poetic fertility of their own, can alone be relied upon for carrying on the true work of poetry from generation to generation. Another poetess, active and conspicuous at the same period, was Miss Landon, who died in 1838. She had, perhaps, a more decided gift than Mrs. Hemans; but her sentiment took a hectic cast, with a kind of feminine Byronism, and her poetry can hardly be said to survive now, save as a literary reminiscence of elderly people. In 1822 Beddoes published his *Bride's Tragedy*, followed in 1850, after the author's death, by the printing of *Death's Fest-Book*: both of them dramas in an Eliza-

bethan mould of imagination and language, with a singular degree of poetic exaltation, which cannot, however, blind the reader to structural weakness, and a most arbitrary use of the author's powers. The year 1824 produced another of the few dramatic works of the age having inherent vitality—the *Joseph and his Brethren* of Mr. Charles Wells, to which some attention has at last been secured by the article Mr. Swinburne published in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The treatment of the episode of Potiphar's wife, Phraxanor, reveals a lofty dramatic instinct, and potential high art; and the language is generally stately, uniting a large and fundamental simplicity to frugal but effective elaboration. Yet another dramatist appeared in 1827, Sir Henry Taylor, whose *Isaac Commenus*, then published, preceded by seven years the fuller exhibition of his powers furnished by *Philip van Artevelde*. Taylor is, of all the poets of our time, the one perhaps who may most properly be termed eclectic. He does not found himself upon any past writer or period; but shows, in his composed vigor and overruling fineness of sense and taste, the results of much selective and impartial study of many models.

In 1830 was published the first volume of the leading master of the time, Tennyson. The influence of this great artist has been immense. He has carried perfection of verbal form and metrical structure to its uttermost; and has attained so precise a balance between thought and expression, has thrown so much suggestion into his music, and so rich a thrill of harmony into his inventions and his imagery, that, if we regard fineness of execution alone, we might almost say that the predecessors of Tennyson, as an entire class, look somewhat crude and offhand in comparison. But this would be more a literary than a genuinely critical judgment. The perfection of a lyric by Shelley, for instance, is not quite the same as the perfection of a lyric by Tennyson: the former is less exact, and more impulsive—less intended, and more inspired less provable, not a jot less absolute—more intrinsic, less extrinsic. We inspect it less, and recognize it equally. From the special nature of his excellences, the influence of Tennyson has been to cultivate executants, not to nerve inventors to courageous at-

tempts: he has fostered literary poetry, but not promoted—save in his own most admirable performances—the interests of personal poetry. Just as the fame of Tennyson was getting well established, another poetical meteor crossed the horizon—Philip James Bailey, with his *Festus*. This was in 1833; and probably no poet of the current half century has excited a more positive enthusiasm, has enlisted more zealous faith or kindled loftier hopes, than Bailey. At the present day *Festus* is little read. It has indeed become a portentous bulk of words; the author having been so ill-advised as to swell out the always inflated dimensions of his book by adding to them huge accretions of other matter that ought either not to have been published at all, or at any rate to have been retained (as some of it at first did appear) in a separate form of publication. The immense ambition of the author of *Festus* is a striking phenomenon. He undertook before the age of twenty this vast elemental drama, in which the first speaker is God, and the last scene the end of the world. *Festus* has a somewhat Swedenborgian tone of theology; it is also conspicuously Swedenborgian in its enormous sweep and the diluvial overflow of its pages. It is the poem of magnitude, and has many truly great tones and utterances amid the unmeasured swirl and rumble of its march. I have called Mr. Bailey a poetical meteor; it may be feared that at the present day many count him a mere poetical *ignis-fatuus*, but this is, I think, much less than justice to a man of exalted faculty and memorable handiwork. Unfortunately there is a limit to the reading powers of readers; and the poets who will not restrict their writing powers proportionally have to pay the forfeit.

Browning's first avowed poem, *Paracelsus*, appeared in 1835: it had been preceded by the anonymous *Pauline* in 1833. Mr. Browning's has been well termed by Mr. Buxton Forman (and not improbably by others) "psychological poetry;" and the critic has forcibly pointed out the great importance of the monologue in the form of our poet's work. One of the first things that you appreciate in Browning is his many-sidedness; passion, imagination, mental and moral analysis, knowledge of life, pictorial and

picturesque *couleur locale*, the devious preferences of a scholar and a student of all sorts of things past and present, make up a most extraordinary personality, whether individual or literary. Perhaps the mainspring of his whole performance is intellectual keenness; the insight to discern and discriminate, the equally patient, tenacious, and eager energy in scrutinizing. His mind flows into every cranny of his subject, and he presents it to the reader, concrete in itself, and informed besides with new vitality from the mental processes which replenish its forms. It might be compared to one of those anatomical or microscopical preparations into which some coloring matter has been poured, so as to exhibit all its otherwise undefined veining. One can easily understand that the great danger of such a poet lies in his very subtlety. In manipulating his subject-matter, he teases and tangles it; in addressing the reader, he plies him confusingly—not perhaps confusedly—with thought upon thought, suggestion after suggestion, and side-light traversing side-light. Between the date of his semi-dramatic poem *Paracelsus*, and of his first stage-play *Strafford*, 1840, another dramatist of mark appeared—Mr. Horne; whose *Cosmo d'Medici* and *Death of Marlowe*, both of the Elizabethan type, came out in 1837, followed in 1843 by the sonorous epic strains of *Orion*. Miss Barrett (Mrs. Browning) produced in 1838 her first volume, *The Seraphim and other Poems*. This great-souled woman and sibylline poetess may possibly, in a remote future, be found to have scored our poetic literature more deeply than any contemporary—more so even than those few who are beyond dispute or cavil her superiors in the art. Mrs. Browning had passionate sentiment, the acutest and the noblest sympathies, an intellect equally subtle and intense, a marvellous thrill of expressional and musical power: she had besides an inclination to grapple with the problems of her time, which gives an exceptional weight and force to her performances. Above all, she was a woman, one unrivalled in richness and elevation of poetic gift among all English or all modern poetesses; and it is difficult to say what amount of importance may not at some coming time attach to her in this character.

Such is the laurelled band who may be

regarded as more especially the contemporaries of Mr. Scott in the period of his chief poetic activity and development:—Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Beddoes, Charles Wells, Henry Taylor, Tennyson, Bailey, Browning, Horne, Mrs. Browning. He does not resemble any one of them; and the only two to whom he may be said to have a certain relation, of scope or execution, are Bailey and Tennyson. To Bailey he has a sort of substantial affinity—mainly because the minds of both reach out by a natural and irrepressible tendency to the highest things in the world of thought and contemplation. Of course, however, there is a radical difference in the speculative goal which the two authors have respectively reached: and they differ *toto cælo* in actual handiwork,—Mr. Scott having written only one long poem, *The Year of the World*, and even this being a specimen of condensation rather than expansion, and his general method being remarkably terse, and full of the reserve, not the expenditure of force. He utters pregnant words, in the tone almost of a taciturn man: no poet could be less chargeable with glib fluency, none finds less difficulty in leaving off when once he has had his say. Mostly he presents in direct portrayal whatever he has to express: faithful herein to his character as a painter, though not indulging in any excess of pictorial detail or adjunct. He brings the thing saliently before the mental eye, and leaves it to convey its inner meaning through its vivid appeal to the perceptions. As for Tennyson, there is scarcely anything of that great writer in the matter or manner of Mr. Scott. All we can say is that, with comparatively little aim at extreme polish of diction or rounded elaboration of form, there is nevertheless a certain overshadowing here, as elsewhere, of the Tennysonian cycle of style, and a moderate proportion of poems in the same general line of work as those descriptive narratives, idyllically realistic of which Tennyson has given highly finished examples. Such are *Green Cheries*, *An Artist's Birthplace* and *Sunday Morning Alone*. This last might be cited as combining observably three of the main currents of Mr. Scott's power as a thinker and a poet: the mystic or abstract, the sense of historic development, and the attention, at once intimate

and independent, to the practical aspects of everyday life. Of these Mr. Scott always speaks as if he were in them, yet not exactly of them. He bears his share in them, but regards them from a station a little apart. They may invest the spirit, but are dropped if they threaten to encumber it.

Since the period of poetry which we have just been considering, of which the nucleus may be assigned to the years 1830 to 1835, and which we may designate the Tennyson-Bailey-Browning period, no markedly new phase had to be recorded until the advent of the so-called Spasmodic School, constituted chiefly by Mr. Alexander Smith and Mr. Dobell. The last named was first in the field with his poem named *The Roman*, which, however has little to do with anything that could be called spasmodic: it was published in 1850. In 1852, heralded by clamorous horn-blowings from Mr. George Gilfillan, appeared the *Life-Drama* of Alexander Smith; and in 1854 the most considerable outcome of the school, the *Balder* of Mr. Dobell, of which only the opening portion has been published. All these works assumed the dramatic form, but without any of that solid substratum of personal character, of moving incident, of climax, and of interaction of motive, passion, and contingency, which can alone turn a poem in dialogue into a genuine drama. The nick-name of the "Spasmodic School" is not exceedingly appropriate, but it is convenient, and may be used here partly on that account and partly as recalling to memory the book in which it was first (I think) adopted—the amusing travesty *Firmilian* by Professor Aytoun, to which so many of us have been indebted for a most hearty laugh. Among those who laughed were no doubt several who had no wish to see the present extinction of the Spasmodic School; but extinguished it was, to all practical purposes—its weak points had been too neatly punctured and too ludicrously burlesqued by *Firmilian*. It is apparent that Mr. Bailey had a good deal to do with the genesis of the Spasmodic School; *Festus*, with its yearnings of unsubstantial passion, and of thought adventuring into boundless space, and boxing the compass of speculation, must have pioneered Smith into the staggering fervors of the *Life-Drama*, and Do-

bell into the magniloquent hysteria of *Balder*.

Let us not, however, do injustice to either of these capable and aspiring men; each of them lofty in heart and mind, and with a true poetical inspiration. The *Life-Drama*, written by an inexperienced Scottish youth, drudging in the work of a manufactory, revealed to us nothing new—nothing that we did not know as trite, or disregard as extravagant; but it contained numerous passages of energetic and glowing poetry, and presented many vivid images. *Balder* exhibited to us a strenuous intellect painfully on the stretch, projecting itself with excessive effort, and lapsing into morbidity through self-scrutiny and self-assertion; but it is the work of a potent master of verse, a highly trained artist, and a thoroughly serious thinker. Some other productions of Dobell show the same faculties with equal eminence, and little of the like alloy. The great defect of both these writers is that, in their most distinctive works, they did not know where to draw in or wind up. They did not sufficiently appreciate their real relation to the reading public. Their idea was to ride the high horse of poetry, prancing and curveting; while simpler-minded spectators found the whole exhibition a parade, and, after no long interval of expectancy, resented it as an interruption and an imposture. In this they were far from being wholly right; but there is little that can surprise one in such a result.

The Spasmodic School had its day—a short one—and is now relegated to more than its due dimness of eclipse. Meanwhile other writers had been springing up, who constitute at the present time a living and dominant force in our poetic development. The reader will easily understand why I speak with great reserve on this topic: the names of two of the writers referred to will speak for themselves on that point. Mr. Dante Rossetti began publishing poems in 1850—*The Blessed Damosel*, and others which reappeared with many more in his volume printed in 1870; in 1861 had been issued his translations from the *Early Italian Poets*. Miss Christina Rossetti can also be traced in published type as far back as 1850; her first volume, headed by the poem of *Goblin Market*, came out in 1862, and her second, with *The*

Prince's Progress, in 1866. Mr. Morris began in 1858 with *The Defence of Guinevere and other Poems*, followed in 1867 by *The Life and Death of Jason*, and in 1868 by the first part of *The Earthly Paradise*. Mr. Swinburne published his dramas of *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond* in 1860, *Atalanta in Calydon* in 1865, the *Poems and Ballads* in 1866.

To these succeeded other volumes, of which the last was *Erechtheus* in 1876. I abstain from obtruding on the reader any critical estimate of these four poets: of the former two for an obvious reason, and of the latter two because it would appear to me out of place and out of scale to comment on them, while silence is preserved as to the other pair. There need however be no impropriety in my reminding the reader of the great influence that these four authors (or more especially three of them, omitting the poetess) have exercised over the poetic standard and drift of our time—an influence chiefly manifest on the surface since the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's two volumes of 1865 and 1866; no impropriety also in my bespeaking attention to the various dates which I have quoted. These show that if (as has been often alleged) there is any solidarity between the poetic work of Dante Rossetti, of Morris, and of Swinburne, and if volumes by Morris and Swinburne were in the hands of readers before any volume by Rossetti, this was nevertheless an introversion of the real order of date, and therefore of poetic precursorship and impulsion; a fact indeed abundantly well-known to those readers, among others, who have perused Mr. Swinburne's own recent volume of republished prose *Essays*. It may here be observed that Mr. Scott inscribes his volume to these three poets, saying, in the course of his dedicatory sonnet,

"Which was the earliest? Methinks 'twas
he
Who from the southern laurels fresh leaves
brought."

—i.e. Dante Rossetti. Now "methinks" may be as handy an archaism as the well-worn "I ween," which has filled up so many a verse, and furnished so many a rhyme; but, if the insertion of that word in the sonnet should suggest that

Mr. Scott is really in any doubt as to whether Rossetti was or was not an earlier writer of poetry, and an earlier appreciator of Mr. Scott himself, than Swinburne and Morris, then the only inference would be that our author has a lax memory for dates.

In speaking of Mr. Scott as a poet, we should not lose sight of the fact (al-ready glanced at here) that he is a painter as well; a painter by profession, a poet by bent of mind, and by frequent yet still subsidiary practice. Some of his smaller poems are on subjects immediately connected with fine art; one of the most significant of these being the sonnet *To the Artists called P. R. B.*, 1857. There is also the deeply impressive *Requiem* for the author's greatly gifted brother, the painter David Scott (who died in March 1849); and again a sonnet *To my brother, on publishing his Memoir*. Another class of compositions is in the character of ballads—very unlike the old English or Scottish Ballads, and yet intellectually related to them by a certain genuine heredity. One of these—probably also one of the latest-written poems in the volume—is *The Witches' Ballad*, a very striking jet of grotesque imagination, strangely realistic, strangely suggestive. Mr. Scott has undoubtedly been an independent, an original poet, moving along a track of his own, not affecting discipleship nor courting association—and yet so far in harmony with the larger forces of thought in his time that he is found, now his poems are collected, to have been working more than once in a like line with other poets, his coevals or juniors. In such instances, his own work has been done with vigorous singleness of mind and hand. His great aim always is to fix and define an idea, and present a determined and significant image; to evolve poetical matter poetically. To express it poetically is his aim, and also one in which he continually succeeds by native gift, and lofty, stately, or incisive style. Musical or noble verses, and full-breathed dignified periods, abound in his writings. On the other hand, to finish for the sake of literary perfection—to polish so as to charm the reader, and defy critical dissection or demur—this has clearly not been any special object to him. Such being the fact, it is remarkable that one of the forms of verse in which Mr.

Scott succeeds best is that form which most urgently demands perfection of execution—the sonnet. This we may probably attribute to two causes: the recent date of several of the finest sonnets, and the writer's perception that in these he was hardly at liberty to tolerate loose texture, or leave ragged edges.

Here I must end this rather scrambling attempt to indicate what phases British poetry has been passing through in the half century since the death of Byron; and how one of our poets worthy of honor, Mr. William Bell Scott, has comported himself as successor, colleague, and predecessor, of various others eminent in the same art. I will only add a few words to point out that I have purposely—in order to husband my space—omitted all mention of American poets; among whom Edgar Poe, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and more recently Whitman and Joaquin Miller, have more particularly borne their active part in determining or modifying the poetical development of the times. I will also, in scanty justice to the men themselves, and with some feeling of national pride in so long a list of poetical writers more or less good—and some of them are truly very good indeed—add in conclusion the names, if *but* the names, of some other authors belonging to the period we have been considering. Even these are far

indeed from being all that might legitimately be mentioned: I set them down without the least endeavor to assess their merits—or in some cases perchance their demerits. In the earlier years, or broadly speaking in the time between the death of Byron and the advent of Tennyson, there were Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, James Hogg, Bryan Proctor, Motherwell, Hamilton, Reynolds, Praed, Sheridan Knowles. In the Tennysonian time, Macaulay, Ebenezer Elliott, George Darley, Bulwer Lytton, Keble, Westland Marston, Barham, Monckton Milnes, Ebenezer Jones, Linton, Patmore, Kingsley, Aubrey de Vere, Clough, Barnes, Matthew Arnold. In recent years—or say roughly from 1850 onwards—George Meredith, Frederick Locker, Robert Lytton, J. H. Newman, Garnett, George MacDonald, Gerald Massey, Richards, Myers, Alfred Austin, Woolner, Robert Buchanan, Rhoades, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Lewes, Mrs. Webster, Simcox, W. S. Gilbert, Dommett, Nichol, Hake, O'Shaughnessy, Philip Marston, John Payne, Marzials, Ross, Neil, Gosse, James Thomson.

"High spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep but cannot
die."

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

HUMOR.

A FASHION has sprung up of late years of regarding the sense of humor as one of the cardinal virtues. It naturally follows that everybody supposes that he possesses the quality himself, and that his neighbors do not. It is indeed rarer to meet man, woman, or child who will confess to any deficiency in humor than to a want of logic. Many people will confess that they are indolent, superstitious, unjust, fond of money, of good living, or of flattery: women will make a boast of cowardice and men of coarseness; but nobody ever admits that he or she can't see a joke or take an argument. If people were to be taken at their own valuation, logical acumen and a keen perception of the humorous would be the two most universal qualities in the world. Nothing, on the other hand, is more com-

mon than the most sweeping condemnation of other men or races. It wants a surgical operation, says the familiar phrase, to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. The French, says the ordinary Briton, have no sense of humor; the Germans are too elephantine, too metaphysical, too sentimental, or too what you will, to perceive humor; the Irish are witty if you please, but wit is the antithesis of humor; the Americans have a kind of cynical irony which with them passes for humor, but it has not the true kindly genial flavor of the English article; and even amongst this favored race how many possess the genuine faculty? All women notoriously hate humor; and the audience of the true humorist is limited even amongst males. Every humorist—except the sacred ex-

ceptions—is called a cynic. He disgusts three hearers for one whom he pleases. If you doubt it, try the ironical method with a popular audience or in a newspaper article. You will soon discover that the lady who was seriously shocked when Sydney Smith proposed to take off his flesh and sit in his bones, or the Irish bishop who thought some statements in "Gulliver" incredible, possessed about the average sensibility. The most dangerous of all figures of speech is the ironical. Half your hearers think that you are laughing at virtue, and the other half have a puzzled impression that you are laughing at themselves. If you would succeed with a large audience, you may be dull, or bombastic, or sentimental, or flimsy, or muddled: but a touch of humor is the one deadly sin. And yet, we all swear that we love humor above all things. We enjoy Shakespeare's humor; but he has been dead a long time, and the bravest of men does not dare to say what he really thinks about the national poet; we are fond of Charles Lamb, but Lamb's writings were caviare to the public whilst he lived, and only made their way by slow degrees and the efforts of a select circle of admirers; we read Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, and perhaps to a calm observer that is the most conclusive proof of all that we have very little notion of what true humor means.

And yet everybody has shrunk like a coward at one time or another from the awful imputation—You have no sense of humor. This phrase has become a common-place: it is a kind of threat held *in terrorem* over the head of everybody who dares to differ from any accepted opinion. As soon as we see the remark coming we cower and tremble; we force ourselves into the outward and visible signs of enjoyment; we are as much ashamed of ourselves as a young gentleman convicted of not knowing the difference between Madeira and Marsala; we feel as if we had been guilty of a breach of good manners. An absence of this peculiar taste is taken to be one of those congenital weaknesses which are not precisely vices, but which we are nevertheless more anxious to conceal than if they were actually immoral. For a good deal of this weakness I believe

that we must blame the one great British humorist who still survives, I mean Mr. Carlyle. His humor is so genuine and keen and his personality so vigorous that he has fairly bullied us into accepting this view of the immeasurable value of humor in the world. We have not yet all admitted the doctrine of hero-worship; but we feel that the man without humor is more decidedly unpardonable than the valet who does not appreciate his master's humor. To say anything against humor considered as an intellectual virtue, is therefore to oppose the overwhelming current of avowed opinion. But I have a strong suspicion that many persons will be secretly grateful for any protest against the creed thus forced upon them at the point of the bayonet, as a race of contented slaves is sometimes found to cherish a widely-spread feeling of revolt. The undertaking is the more promising because one may safely say that there has never been a period at which the quality most antithetic to humor—priggishness in all its forms and varieties, a sublime solemnity in uttering platitudes, a profound conviction that all the wisdom of the world is concentrated in a petty clique, a devoted belief that A or B has found out the very last word of historical or poetical or scientific dogma—flourished more vigorously. One often reads books of which the very existence seems to be incompatible with the contemporary existence of any one who can see a joke or laugh at a pompous humbug.

What is humor? That is one of the insoluble questions. Psychologists write about it, but not very successfully. Perhaps it is because no great philosopher was ever himself a humorist. Can any one imagine Kant or Hegel, or Aristotle, or Descartes, Coleridge, or Hume, or Mr. Mill, or Sir W. Hamilton really enjoying a bit of Aristophanes, or Swift, or Rabelais? The thinker loves symmetry, the humorist hates it: and therefore the two classes are radically opposed; which, one may suppose, is one argument against the merits of humor. As philosophers have not succeeded in defining the quality, we need not seek to supply their place. One fact, however, will be admitted. Humor implies a keen delight in emotional contrasts. Wit, say the best observers, dif-

fers from humor in that wit is purely intellectual, whilst humor implies an admixture of sentiment. Witticisms are the electric sparks that flash out when some circuit of reasoning is unexpectedly completed; humor is the discharge which takes place when two currents of feeling, differing in temperature, are delicately blended. The humorist is the man who laughs through tears. In the fabric of his emotions the warp of melancholy is crossed by the woof of cheerfulness. (I am not acquainted with warps and woofs in common life, but they are mentioned in Gray's Ode, and seem to be specially intended for literary use.) His writing is a play of cross lights, sunshine, and shadow dexterously intermingled or completely fused into a contradictory unit. He laughs in the midst of a prayer and is yet not consciously irreverent; in the very innermost mental recesses, consecrated to his deepest emotions, there are quaint grotesques and images due to the freaks of the wildest fancy; the temple in which he worships is partly an old-curiosity shop; he belongs to the sect which keeps monkeys in its sacred places. You cannot tell whether a cathedral will most affect him with an awe of the infinite or an exhibition of tumblers at a pantomime. He will even laugh at the Social Science Association. He specially hates a downright statement, true as Euclid or solid as Adam Smith; and thinks that all scientific truth is as wearisome to the mind as a steel cuirass to the body. There is no way of twisting it into queer shapes. His logic is founded upon the axiom that of two contradictory propositions both must be true. He starts from the assumption that A is not A. And, above all, the humorist must also be an egotist. The oddities of his own character give him the utmost delight. He cherishes his whims and the arbitrary twists of his moral nature, for fear that he should lapse into straightforward simplicity of sentiment. All humor is in a sense dramatic. Every humorous sentiment is the embodiment of some special idiosyncrasy, or it would become common-place. There have been modest humorists; nay, a humorist is invariably modest in one sense, for it is his cue to laugh at all vanity as at all uncompounded emotion. Conceit implies that the world is worth taking

seriously and ought to take me seriously. The most rooted conviction of the humorist is that the world is a farce—a melancholy farce, indeed, for otherwise there would be no contradiction—but a farce where the sublime must never be separated from its shadow, the ridiculous. His very egotism, in short, is itself a contradiction. It implies the two beliefs that his personality is intensely interesting and yet intensely absurd. It is the egotism of Lamb or of Montaigne, who are always dwelling fondly on their own tastes and associations and biographical reminiscences, and yet quietly railing at that very fondness. Modest vanity, humble self-assertion, display of their own peculiarities as at once the most absorbing and the most trifling of all topics of thought, is of the very essence of the genuine humorist; and yet the most dogged of political economists will be offended if you tell him he cannot relish humor!

Humor, therefore—the inference is surely irresistible—is a morbid secretion. If women and children do not appreciate humor, it is because the best part of creation is the simplest in its tastes. If Frenchmen have ceased to be humorous since Rabelais and Montaigne, it is because they are the keenest of logicians. If Germans are not humorous, it is because they love sentiment too heartily to laugh at it. If the Scotch are not humorous, it is because the Puritan conception of the world realises the solemnity of life, and scorns all trifling with its awful realities. As humor is complex, the humorist is the product of conflicting forces; an occasional freak of nature, to be valued only by those who prefer oddity to beauty—a hundred-limbed Hindoo idol to a Greek statue. Had Sophocles, or Phidias, or Raphael, or Dante, or Milton, a sense of humor? Do you find humor in Thomas à Kempis, or in the Hebrew prophets? A loving apologist of the *Biglow Papers* has tried to defend his client from a foolish charge of profanity by discovering some touches of humor in Isaiah—as some one once associated dry humor with the Athanasian Creed. Everything is fair in apologetic writing, as in love and war. A passing gleam of irony may tinge some Scriptural denunciations of idolatrous folly just enough to excuse an apologist driven to

his wits' end for an argument; but there is not enough to excuse any body else. The spirit of humor—the mocking goblin who sits at the elbow of some men to chill enthusiasm, to prick all the bubbles of the ideal with the needle-point of prosaic fact, to give imagination the lie, like the soul in Raleigh's verses, to tell eloquence that it is bombast, and poetry that it is unreal, belongs to the lower earth. His master or his servant—for the familiar sprite is both ruler and slave to the wizard—is tethered to the ground and can never soar without danger of a sudden collapse. And, therefore, like other spirits of the earth, he rules by our baser instincts, and his rule is but for a time. How much of all that passes for humorous is simply profane, or indecent or brutal? Half the humorous stories that pass current in the world are unfit for publication. The great humorists, from Rabelais to Swift, or Sterne, are no longer quotable in their naked reality; and as the world becomes more decorous, humor becomes tongue-tied and obsolete. Of the jests that survive, half, again, owe their merit to their inhumanity. Look at any of the current stories of Douglass Jerrold, who passed for a humorist in these later days. Every recorded jest of his that I have seen is a gross incivility made palatable by a pun. The substance of each phrase is, You are a fool; the art consists in so wrapping the insolence in a play of words that the hearers laugh, and the victim is deprived of sympathy. "It was your father, then, who was not so handsome?" is one of Talleyrand's brilliant retorts to a man who spoke of his mother's beauty. What is this but to say "You are an ugly beast," and yet to evade the legitimate resentment of the sufferer? If the poor wretch had some harmless vanity, and fancied that some reflection of a mother's beauty still lingered upon his misshapen features, would any man of decent kindheartedness tear away this poor little salve to self-esteem for the sake of a laugh? *Diseur de bons mots mauvais caractère*, says Pascal: and he never said a truer thing. If humor implies the love of emotional contrasts, the most effective contrasts can be attained by confronting reverence, or kindness, or the love of purity, with the coarse, the brutal or the profane; and few are the humorists who can resist the

temptation to use such weapons. The goblin who uses this base weapon is also, in his nature, mortal. Beauty is eternal and the grotesque temporary. The queer contrast ceases to amuse when a new order has swept away accidental associations of ideas. Only some inveterate scholar can really laugh now at a classical joke. Even a schoolboy or a superficial reader can recognise the exquisite art of Horace, or the grandeur of Æschylus, or the eternal freshness of Homer. But can they really laugh even over Aristophanes or Lucian? Do they not rather painfully discover by logical inference that there was once a pungent essence in the verbal framework which is now so elaborately pointless? We may come nearer to our own days. Read an Elizabethan jest-book. Study the humor of Ben Jonson. Nay, read Shakspeare honestly and analyse your emotions. Is Nym's repetition of his cant-phrase very laughter-stirring? Does Mrs. Quickly stir the midriff like Mrs. Gamp? Can you not read Falstaff's story of the men in buckram without bringing tears into your eyes? Rabelais is a great name. Can anybody deliberately sit down and laugh "over a jolly chapter of Rabelais" unless he has laboriously qualified himself for the purpose? I confess that for mere purposes of amusement I would rather study St. Thomas Aquinas, though I admit that Rabelais may be valuable in an antiquarian sense. Or to come nearer to our own day: take Fielding or Smollett, from both of whom (though Fielding, be it said in passing, was worth a dozen Smolletts) two or three generations of readers sucked inexpressible delight. Does it not seem to a modern reader as if some non-conducting medium were interposing itself between him and them? The polish is dimmed by the gathering mist. The voice has a dull far-away sound, as though the speaker were receding into some distant dreamland, not continuous with this solid earth. Of course this is partly true of all writing; or men would not, as they do, prefer a third-rate novel of to-day to the greatest books of the past; but the laughter-moving element in any book is that which is least stable. It is a color which fades as it comes from the brush.

The answer is, of course, obvious—there is an obvious answer to everything. The

buffoonery, it is replied, becomes stale; the genuine humor, of which buffoonery is but the coarse outward manifestation, remains and is imperishable. Falstaff's men in buckram are dull enough; but the character of Falstaff is immortal. The humor of Cervantes is as little likely to perish as the intense imagination of Dante. Much humor is coarse and brutal. The humor of a fine nature is but the most delicate expression of exquisite tenderness, from which no beauty can be hidden by its external husk, however grotesque and ugly. The true humorist dwells upon the contrasts of life, upon the strange mixtures of earthly and heavenly in all concrete beings, to teach us the most important of lessons. He shows us that the beggar may be a hero in disguise, not that the hero is a humbug. Rather, we should say, the humorist, *qua* humorist, is equally ready for either duty. Goldsmith's Vicar helps us to recognize simplicity and loving-kindness in the shabbiest of disguises. Swift, in his worst moments, would persuade us that all the fame of statesmen and soldiers is won by cowardice, avarice, and pettifogging corruption. Humor, by its nature, must be a double-edged weapon. It may poison our enthusiasm or check our contempt. Even when it dwells upon the simple virtues of a Vicar of Wakefield, it would not for the world lose sight of his foibles. So soon as the good man had an adequate income, or became capable of seeing through the tricks of a knave, he would cease to be interesting. And yet it is surely not right to respect humanity precisely in so far as it is coupled with impecuniosity and practical imbecility; and to esteem a good man heartily only so long as we can retain the belief that we are superior to his weaknesses. This way of patronising the Christian virtues has something suspicious about it. The humorist who delights in your beautiful characters, so long as they are rather ridiculous, fails to care for them when they insist upon taking things seriously. The generation who were charmed by the Vicar could never mock savagely enough at a Wesley or a Whitfield. Christianity was a charming object so long as it only led to a little quiet eccentricity. It was a foible to be petted and fondled. When it took to a serious attack upon acknowledged evils, the hu-

morists changed their tactics and insisted upon the ugliness much more than upon the beauty. It is not equally true now? The humorist loves the kind of virtuous character who can be made into a pretty plaything; he will melt into tears over the semi-idiotic organist in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, or any sentimental moralist who corrupts the poor by promiscuous charity, and curses the very name of Malthus. But let your benevolence be something more than a foible; an active, vigorous principle which tries, as clumsily and awkwardly and mistakenly as you please, really to knock some evil on the head; and then your humorist cannot find variations enough upon the old cry of hypocrite, humbug, impostor. How have humorists treated Lord Shaftesbury, for example? The Puritans, we are told, put down the old English drama; and people who think, as Charles Lamb apparently thought, that the main object of human existence was to write and see good plays, naturally inferred that the Puritans were a simple nuisance. As a matter of fact, the old English drama, like all other things, was put down because it put itself down. It had become intolerably corrupt, and went the way of all flesh. But the contrast between the two forces is typical. The dramatists represent the sense of humor; the laughing, mocking spirit which delights in contrast, and piques itself on never overlooking the sunny side of things. They had incomparably the best of the joke. The snivelling, canting whining rogues were ridiculed with admirable spirit. The Puritans, however, had the best of it in the long run; for Puritanism represents the conviction that, on the whole, the world is anything but a joke; and that a manly spirit will sometimes have to take it in the most grim and serious earnest. The conflict has gone on ever since, and will probably go on in one shape or another for some time to come. The humor, indeed, is not all on one side. The greatest of modern humorists is also the most thorough Puritan. The strongest perception of the serious issues which underlie our frivolous lives, the profoundest sense of the infinities which surround our petty world, may express itself in an irony more trenchant than solemn denunciation. Human nature is too oddly mixed to allow of such sharp divisions being

perfectly accurate; and, having already renounced the attempt to define humor, I admit some thinkers who may fairly be called humorous are in alliance with the cause to which humorists, as such, are naturally opposed. Nor, again, do I wish to deny that as there is a time for everything, so there is a time for jesting, and, within proper limits, a time even for the Elizabethan drama. Shakspeare was a good writer; and one or two of his successors deserve some of the things that have been said about them.

Why, if this be true, is humor so highly valued? Our answer is easy. One of the best things that Pope ever said, and he has said more things deserving to be so called than perhaps any other writer, was that

Gentle dulness ever loves a joke.

I am almost daily reminded of the truth of this saying; I doubt not that it will be illustrated afresh for anybody who cares to defend my positions. He will find that the most vigorous defenders of a sense of humor will be precisely the people who are most incapable of humorous perception. I never, for example, knew a person thoroughly deaf to humor who did not worship Miss Austen, or, when her writings were assailed, defend themselves by saying that the assailant had no sense of humor. Miss Austen, in fact, seems to be the very type of that kind of humor which charms one large class of amiable persons; and Austenolatry is perhaps the most intolerant and dogmatic of literary creeds. To deny Miss Austen's marvellous literary skill would be simply to convict oneself of the grossest stupidity. It is probable, however, that as much skill may have been employed in painting a bit of old china as in one of Raphael's masterpieces. We do not therefore say that it possesses equal merit. And, on the same principle, allowing all possible praise to Miss Austen within her own sphere, I should dispute the conclusion that she was therefore entitled to be ranked with the great authors who have sounded the depths of human passion, or found symbols for the finest speculations of the human intellect, instead of amusing themselves with the humors of a country tea-table. Comparative failure in the highest effects is more creditable than complete success in the

lower. Now the popularity of Miss Austen with non-humorous persons (I should expressly admit, to avoid any false interpretation, that she is also popular with some humorists) shows what it is which mankind really understand by humor. They are really shocked by its more powerful manifestations. They call it cynicism. They like Dickens, who was beyond all doubt a true humorist, because he was not a throughgoing humorist; because he could drop his humor and become purely and simply maudlin at a moment's notice: that is to say, precisely because of the qualities which offend the more refined judges and the truest humorists. They like Miss Austen, on a similar ground, because her humor (to use a vulgar, but the only phrase) is drawn so excessively mild. There is not only nothing improper in her books, nothing which could prevent them from being given by a clergyman to his daughter as a birthday present; but there is not a single flash of biting satire. She is absolutely at peace with her most comfortable world. She never even hints at a suspicion that squires and parsons of the English type are not an essential part of the order of things; if she touches upon poverty, the only reflection suggested is one of gentle scorn for people who can't keep a butler themselves or take tea with people who do so. When the amiable Fanny Price in *Mansfield Park* finds that her mother has to eat cold mutton and mend the children's clothes, her only thought is to return to her rich uncle. The harsh hideous facts with which ninety-nine out of a hundred of our fellow-creatures are constantly struggling, are never admitted into this delightful world of well-warmed country-houses. Humor of the gentle variety which charms us in Miss Austen, or the humor of Addison's Knight, or of Goldsmith's Vicar, is indeed charming in its way and may well be popular. It is but the gentle smile with which an amiable character disarms our jealousy of virtue. You may really admire my Christian charity, it seems to say, without grudging, for I wear coarse stockings and commit half-a-dozen harmless solecisms of manner. You need not be afraid that I shall call upon you to be heroic, or invite your attention to the seamy side of the world. All the evils to which flesh is heir can

be sufficiently cured by the milk of human kindness. Sentimentality that won't make you cry, sympathy that will never become painful, quick observation that will never ask really awkward questions, these are sufficient weapons wherewith to conquer this hard world. A gentle optimism is the most popular of creeds, for we all want some excuse for turning away our eyes from certain facts. And optimism put so gracefully and deferentially is fascinating within its sphere. Life becomes an idyl with just enough spice of latent satire to prevent it from becoming insipid. Let us all drink plenty of milk-punch and forget the laws of Political Economy, seems to be the moral of Dickens's *Christmas Carols*; and in a less boisterous form, fitted to feebler animal spirits, that seems to be the substantial creed of the gentler variety of humorist.

There is a time for such moods: and they have been interpreted with infinite grace and delicacy by some of the writers noticed; but between such humor and the humor of Swift or Fielding there is a whole world of difference. The mocking goblin has been put into livery, and can wait gracefully at a tea-table or become a pleasant assistant in a library. The "Berserker" spirit, which some critics find to be the essential element of English literature, is thoroughly quenched within him. No thought of revolting against the world, of outraging its decencies, flying in the face of its conventionalities, and pouring ridicule on its holiest creeds, is encouraged by him more than by a thorough English governess. Delight in such humor may therefore be comparable with dislike to humor in its most genuine forms. And, consequently, humor of the old savage kind is pretty well obsolete. A wretched caricature of it exists in what is called American humor. The trick has become so stale that one may hope that it too will speedily expire.

The whole art consists in speaking of something hideous in a tone of levity. Learn to make a feeble joke about murder and sudden death and you are qualified to set up as a true humorist. Learn the ordinary newspaper English, and apply it to some horrors where it is manifestly out of place, and you can thenceforward make jokes by machinery. The true humorist might be brutal, but he had real intensity of feeling. When Swift discussed the propriety of converting Irish babies into an article of food, he went beyond all permissible limits and even defeated his own satirical aim by the coarseness of his images; but at least he showed concentrated wrath and righteous indignation. When the same method is applied by writers who really aim only at producing a grin, it rapidly becomes disgusting. The popularity of the sham article shows that our taste for the genuine has grown weak.

Is this a good thing? Does it show that we have become squeamish or tender-hearted? Are our nerves too weak for the old horseplay of our forefathers, or do we take too solemn a view of life to bear such trifling? These are questions not to be easily decided; and yet one must admit that when the historian of English æsthetic literature in the nineteenth century arises, there is one quality which he will certainly not find in excess. It may be tender, delicate, graceful, or anything you please; but nobody will ever call it manly. The general want of vigor is perhaps after all at the bottom of the deficiency in good hearty reckless humor; and therefore much as we may rejoice at the absence of some of its worst manifestations, I fear we shall not be able to congratulate ourselves unreservedly when we have reached the consummation to which we seem to be so rapidly tending, and can declare that the humorous has been finally banished from our literature.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TO "MAIMEY" (M'AYMEZ).

A DAMSEL OF FIFTEEN, WHO WISHES TO ABBREVIATE HERSELF INTO "MAY."

WRIT in *old French*, your childhood's name
 Prefers imperious childhood's claim
 To love—a claim by most conceded;
 But now, half woman grown, you say
 "From 'Maimsey' I would change to 'May,'"—
 Pray, then, is love no longer needed?
 Or is it that, so rich and wide
 Love's streams flow in from ev'ry side,
 Your heart-fears drowning in affection?
 And so your former "*must*," to-day
 Subsides into the colder "*may*,"
 Which guards your right of some selection?

Well, change to "May"—how'er it be—
 Since wish of yours is law to me,—

But listen, dear, to one condition:
 The poet's darling—need I say?—
 Becoming thus the poet's "May,"

Must be the May of bards' tradition;
 The May long absent from our isles,
 The May of sunshine and of smiles,
 And happy tears of dew, soon drying;
 The debonair and gracious queen,
 The summer-hearted; never seen,
 But clouds and shadows all went flying.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONE evening as Tom Reed was leaving the theatre, after escorting some country acquaintances to witness the performance, he was tapped on the shoulder. This operation had no terrors for Tom, so he turned calmly round and was greeted by a young man somewhat older than himself, attired in a sporting style, with his hat on one side and a red and yellow tie. The face was at once strange, yet familiar, and Tom had to think a moment before he exclaimed, "Poole?"

"The same, sir."

"Well, Mr. Poole?"

"Well, sir, I believe you are a lawyer, and I want a bit of advice. Might I be so bold as to call on you anywhere?"

Tom felt inclined to do—his impudence, but there was a queer good-humored, good-natured expression about

the man's face that attracted Tom's fancy—and then he was one of the witnesses to the will, and it would be as well to get hold of him.

"I am neither a solicitor nor a practising barrister," said Reed, smiling; "still, if I can give you any help I will. Call at the *Morning Thresher* office, Wellington Street, any day between two and three, and I will try and see you, but I am a good deal engaged."

"Thank you! I will," returned the other; "and—I beg your pardon for keeping you, Mr. Reed—but I hope Mrs. Travers is well? She *was* a real lady!—always had a kind, civil word for a chap. She always brought me up to time, when I used to be in an awful funk going to old Travers. Lord, what a hard-mouthed old buffer he was!"

"Mrs. Travers was quite well when I last heard of her."

"I am told she is away on the Continent?"

"So I am told," returned Tom.

"Well, I'll look in the first day I can, Mr. Reed."

"All right."

They parted; and several days elapsed before Poole made his appearance. Tom had almost forgotten the interview, when one Saturday afternoon he had been detained longer than usual, and was on the point of leaving the office, when a crushed piece of paper with the words "William Poole" written in a fine clerkly hand upon it was brought to him.

"If you can give me a few minutes, Mr. Reed," began Poole, after they had exchanged greetings, "I'll be awfully obliged."

"I am at your service for the next half hour," said Tom Reed, with his usual cheerful good nature; "after that I have engagements."

"I intended calling here last week, but times are changed at Travers's. We used to be kept pretty well up to the collar in the old gentleman's day, but we are near driven to death since the new manager came."

"You have a new manager?"

"Yes; you know Ford would not stay on, though Sir Hugh Galbraith gave him the legacy that had been left him in the first will, after he had had the books and everything examined by a regular accountant. Ford was in high favor for a while, but I suppose he saw his way to a more independent position, for he gave up his situation, and I believe Sir Hugh took our present manager on his recommendation. I think he might have said a good word for me, but he didn't. He was always a conceited chap; didn't think small potatoes of himself, I can tell you. Lord! how he hated old Gregory; and the jealousy of him, if Mr. Travers spoke a civil word to any one—But I am taking up your time, Mr. Reed. Now, what I wanted to ask you about was a man of the name of Trapes. He says he has known you for years; in short, that you are an old pal of his."

"I certainly have known Mr. Trapes for a long time," returned Reed, "but I have seen very little of him since the first couple of years I was in London. He has gone to the bad terribly, poor fellow!

I wouldn't have much to say to him if I were you."

"I have had quite enough, I can tell you!" said Poole, shaking his head. "Why, he owes me a pot of money! There is lots I will never get back; but I want you to tell me if this I O U," dragging out a much-rubbed pocket-book, and extracting a piece of bluish paper from its depths, "is of any use? You see, it is nearly two years and a half after date."

"Why have you let it lie over so long?" said Reed, taking the paper. "Hum!"—a quickly suppressed look of surprise and interest gleamed in his face as he perused it. Then, raising his eyebrows, he looked keenly and steadily at Poole. "I see it is dated the 15th of March, 18—. Under what circumstances did Trapes give this to you?"

"Well, we were together at the Reepham Steeplechase, and Trapes had won and lost a lot of money. I had been rather lucky; but when we came to start for town he hadn't a rap, so he persuaded me to lend him five pound ten. He owed me six besides, so he said, in his dashing way, 'Come, I'll write you an I O for twelve, and that will pay a couple of weeks' interest.' But I have never seen any more of the money from that day to this."

"And where is Reepham?" asked Tom, still holding the paper.

"Oh, in S—shire, a couple of hours from town by rail, and another by 'bus.'"

"Did he give you this before you left?"

"He did. We were just having a 'go' of gin-and-water before starting, and the barmaid gave us pen, ink, and paper; he wrote it out, and I gave him the cash then and there. I was very green in those days."

"Then I suppose this is the date on which you lent the money?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why do you think of using it now?"

"Because that fellow Trapes seems quite flush of cash. You never saw such a swell as he is come out! but he is an impudent blackguard, and scarcely ever sober. He was d—d impertinent to my wife and me, Mr. Reed (I was married last Autumn), at the London Bridge Railway Station, when we were going to Greenwich last Saturday. You would

think he was a lord. So I will have my money if it is possible. You see, Mr. Reed, now I have responsibilities I must turn over a new leaf, so I thought I would ask your advice, because you knew this man; and besides, if I went to a stranger on a matter of business one would have to pay through the nose for advice," added Poole candidly.

"And how did you manage to get away from the office for a whole day for this steeplechase?" asked Tom, who had been thinking deeply, and scarcely seemed to have heard Poole speak.

"Well, it was not an easy matter; but, you see, I was taken with a bad headache and faintness the day before," returned Poole with a wink. "As Ford was away—gone to bury his father, or his mother, or both of 'em—I got off. Mr. Travers was not a hard chap when you got the right side of him."

"Oh, he was going to the office then?"

"Yes; and for a couple of months after. It was shortly before he went down to Hampton Court."

"Then it was about the time you witnessed that unlucky will?"

"Ay, so it must have been."

"Was it before or after you witnessed it?"

"Well, I am not sure—after, I think. Why?"

"Nothing; only I cannot help thinking what a rascally will it is. If poor Mrs. Travers had continued the head of the house you would probably be in a better position."

"I don't know that," returned Poole.

"It's the head clerk, not the head of the house, that gives you a lift. But, be that as it may, I was always sorry for Mrs. Travers."

"Look here, Poole," said Tom, suddenly rising, "I cannot let you stay any longer now; but leave me this," holding up the paper. "I will take care of it, though it has no legal value. I will see Trapes, and try what is to be done with him. You shall hear from me in a few days."

"Thank you, Mr. Reed," returned Poole, rising with alacrity. "If you take it in hand, you will make something of it; and I can tell you, twelve pounds is no joke to a married man."

"Or to an unmarried one either," said Tom gaily, as he opened the door for him.

The moment he was gone, Tom turned to the table where the I O U lay, and seizing it, exclaimed almost aloud, "By George! she is right, after all! There must have been some roguery at work! If Poole was away all day at a steeplechase on the 15th of March, it is clear, he could not have witnessed Mr. Travers's will. Yet he was ready to swear to his own signature! I wonder he never noticed the date; but I daresay the steeplechase had gone out of his head by that time. It is the necessity for money that has made him think of this I O U and recalled the circumstance to his mind. Not a word of this must get out till I have secured Trapes's corroborating evidence. After all, Mrs. Travers's conjecture that there is some link between Ford and this man may prove true."

So thinking, Tom carefully folded up the paper, and placed it in a strong box for present safety, and then went on his way rejoicing.

Kate Travers had met her reverse with a gallant spirit; but he knew well the bitter mortification with which that reverse had been fraught. The loss of money was as nothing, compared to the humiliating effect produced by the sort of legal declaration of her husband through his will that she deserved nothing—and that, too, from a man so remarkable for strict justice and profound sense of duty. True, she did not believe he had been guilty of doing her such a wrong, but the world did. And what an occasion was thus given to her contemptuous enemy to blaspheme!

Tom's honest heart glowed at the idea of her possible triumph; but, though far from a profound lawyer, he knew it was a difficult task to upset a will, and he resolved not to disturb Kate's present quiet until he could offer some more tangible groundwork of hope than the present faint spark of light.

Of course Trapes was away, or did not choose to respond, or was laid up with D. T. Whatever was the reason, he took no notice of Tom's note, requesting him to call, for fully ten days, and then he did not come at the right time; so Mr. Reed was out, and Trapes afforded the grimy boys, attendant imps of the office, a good deal of amusement by swaggering considerably, and professing him-

self unable to understand what Mr. Reed meant by being out of the way when he had asked him (Mr. Trapes) to call.

On that very day Tom had business in the City, and turning the corner of Lombard Street he came upon Mr. Ford, who seemed eager to speak to him, and as soon as they had exchanged salutations, asked if there was any news of Mrs. Travers.

"Nothing new," replied Tom.

"She does not talk of coming to England?" asked Ford.

"How do you know she is out of it?" was Tom Reed's counter-question.

"Will you say positively that she is not?"

"No; I will commit myself to nothing."

"At any rate, her reply to me seems to have been three days on the road."

"I assure you I lost no time in forwarding it."

"Very likely."

"Well, I suppose she told you all about herself?"

"All about herself?" returned Ford, with a sneer. "I presume you know how much. I daresay the polite epistle was sent open for your inspection!"

"It was nothing of the kind!" cried Reed, with some warmth.

"Will you step into my office, Mr. Reed?" said Ford, after a moment's pause, and regaining his self-possession. "I should much like a conversation with you."

"Very well," replied Tom. "I have a few minutes to spare, and they are at your service."

Ford led the way in silence through the roar and rush of the great tideway. His office was close at hand, and the well-appointed private room soon reached.

Here Ford began to unburden himself; he was evidently in a curious, restless, excited, indignant mood. He began by stating that considering the true friendship he had ever testified towards Mrs. Travers he considered that he had met with decided ingratitude. "No one, Mr. Reed, ever made more sacrifices than I did; for if you knew the terms on which I was received, both by herself, and that excellent lady her late mother, you would understand how trying the change that ensued. When in former times I used to go down with letters and papers to Mr. Travers, I was permitted, nay, en-

couraged, to assist in pruning the fruit-trees and tying up the roses. My opinion was asked, and my advice taken. I will not pretend to you, Mr. Reed, that this constant intercourse with a charming young lady—not, after all, so very much my junior—was without its effect. Feelings began to rise in my heart which I flattered myself were neither unperceived nor unacceptable, when suddenly the intelligence of the mother's death, of the approaching marriage of Mr. Travers with the object of my wishes, came upon me like an avalanche."

Mr. Ford paused and wiped his brow; while Tom, his face composed to an expression of solemn sympathy, sat listening, and inwardly wondering at this strange confession; marvelling that the every-day good sense of a shrewd business man did not show him the great gulf at all times yawning between him and such a creature as Mrs. Travers—

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!"

—Perhaps it is better that the powers are more merciful.

"It was my impulse to quit a post so calculated to embitter my existence, and embark in the line I have now adopted," resumed Ford, clearing his voice with a portentous "hem!" "but an expression of Mrs. Travers's prevented me—an expression which, no doubt, she would tell you she could not recall to her mind. She said, when we first met after her ill-starred marriage, 'I am glad to see yo'n Mr. Ford. I trust you will be my right hand as well as Mr. Travers's, for we are old friends, you know.' From which I understood her to mean that she relied on my sympathy and assistance in the difficulties with which she already found her married life bristling. The words were enough for me; I effaced myself and remained."

"I am sure she always had the greatest respect for you," said Tom Reed, seeing he paused for a reply.

Ford laughed bitterly. "Yes, I stayed on, to be made use of, to do what I could to shield her from the whims and ill-temperers of 'my employer,' as that conceited beast Sir Hugh Galbraith called him; and she always spoke to me so softly and courteously I thought she recognised the spirit that actuated me. But from

the hour of Travers's death, sir," he continued with increasing vehemence, "she changed in a thousand delicate, undefinable, unmistakable ways; she made me feel that I was the employed and she the employer. The very tone in which she promised me advancement as a faithful servant was intolerable. I confess I did not deserve this; yet the pain of finding that will, the agony of putting it into her hands, was almost more than I could bear; and from that moment she threw off the mask. She showed the dislike I inspired—dislike, no doubt, arising from the fact of my knowing the humble position from which Mr. Travers had raised her."

Ford paused, out of breath from his own excitement.

"I cannot help thinking you do her injustice, Mr. Ford. In the matter of feeling one is so apt to be mistaken. She may have appreciated you without actually reciprocating your feelings, and you must grant that, however sincere her regard and respect, and all the rest of it, it would not have been very seemly to change her manner towards you immediately after her husband's death."

So spake Tom, advisedly, watching his quarry all the time most carefully. "As for resenting your instrumentality in finding the will, I am sure you are quite mistaken. She is far too reasonable a woman. I think, on the contrary, she sympathised with the distress you naturally felt at such an unlucky find. I remember thinking so at the time."

"Would to God I had never touched it, or seen it, or had anything to do with it!" exclaimed Ford, with an intense bitterness that startled Tom, and resting his elbow on the desk before him he covered his face with his hands for a moment, as if bowed down with mortification, or grief, or some unpleasant emotion.

"You cannot blame yourself with regard to that," cried Tom, not without sympathy, but with a sudden vivid recollection of Mrs. Travers's doubts—which must be mere surmise—but nevertheless were curious.

"Of course not—of course not!" returned Ford, recovering himself, and raising his head. "I merely performed a painful and unavoidable task; but I have allowed myself to say much more

than I intended. My object in asking you here was to beg you would tell me how Mrs. Travers is really placed. The change she has experienced must be very trying; her means must be painfully limited, and in spite of all I have suffered through her, I do not like to think of her in poverty. Do be candid with me, Mr. Reed."

"I certainly will, so far as I may," replied Tom. "Mrs. Travers, I am glad to say, has no material wants, and reports herself well, and comparatively content. You know she is a woman singularly indifferent to the outsides of things, but that she ever will be quite at rest until she has upset this will I do not pretend to believe."

"Upset the will!" said Ford, with a look of surprise. "I wish there was a chance of it! but a greater delusion never existed than to dream of such a thing. What a pity Mrs. Travers allows herself to entertain such an idea!"

"So I tell her; but she clings to it nevertheless, and will make some move respecting it one of these days."

Ford was silent and in deep thought for fully a minute, his glittering, strained eyes fixed on vacancy; then rousing himself said, with a bitter smile, "Another question or two, Mr. Reed, and I will release you. Sir Hugh Galbraith, when he called here in the spring, was under the impression that Mrs. Travers had contracted a second marriage. Is this the case?"

"I can answer that definitely and emphatically," said Tom with some heat. "No, certainly not."

"Pray, then, is he right in his surmise that if not actually married, she is engaged, and to yourself?"

"She is nothing of the kind! I am engaged, but not to Mrs. Travers; of that I give you my honor!"

"Well, Mr. Reed, I must say I cannot understand why she so resolutely conceals her place of abode from me. I am always, and have been always, her friend."

"I do not pretend to understand her motives. I only endeavor to carry out her wishes," said Tom, rising. "And now I must really bid you good morning. I have already outstaid my time."

"I will not detain you," returned Ford with a bitter smile. "I am obliged to you for this visit, though I cannot say

you have afforded me any special information."

"Well, you see, I could not! Good morning, Mr. Ford."

Very much impressed by the malignant expression of Ford's face, Tom departed, more inclined than he ever was before to lend his ear to what he had hitherto considered Mrs. Travers's preposterous notions on the subject of the will.

The extraordinary vanity and unreasonableness of Ford moved his mirth, and yet he confessed the consistent absurdity of the romance he had weaved for himself, and of which the chief object had been utterly unconscious. The tenacity with which the man clung to his delusion was amazing. His great desire to know how Mrs. Travers was situated, no doubt, arose from the hope that poverty and privation might a second time drive her into a marriage of expediency. "He little knows his woman," thought Tom, as he walked swiftly through St. Paul's Churchyard and on towards Fleet Street. "Nothing could floor her now; she stands alone; that's enough to strengthen a strong woman. It is the children or parents hanging on them that overweight women for the race of life. Mrs. Travers would float anywhere. I don't think she likes the bazaar business. I don't think she would ever have gone into it but for Fanny, dear little saucy Fan! Please God! she shall soon have a home of her own. Now to catch that blackguard Trapes!"

This was not so easy to do, but Tom accomplished it. Of course Trapes was furious about the I O U, which he had quite forgotten. He stated his opinion that it was "a d—d dirty trick for one gentleman to play another." However, Tom pacified him, gave an affecting picture of Poole's necessities, and promised to compromise the matter. Moreover, he managed in the course of the conversation, without raising Trapes's suspicions, to draw out sufficient particulars of the transaction to corroborate in every way Poole's statement respecting its date.

"By-the-way," said Tom, as his visitor stood up to go, "did Ford turn out to be the man you wanted?"

"What man—what do you mean?" asked Trapes with a stare.

"Don't you remember coming to me

in the spring to ask who the man was you had seen me talking to——"

"Oh! ay, to be sure!" cried Trapes; "thought he was a man that owed me money; but he wasn't, my boy!" slapping Tom's shoulder, with a wink and a shout of laughter—"he wasn't; still, I haven't done so badly since."

"And you see Ford sometimes? Have you been dabbling in the stocks, eh?"

"See Ford! Never! Never set eyes on him since I called that time to ascertain—to ascertain—oh! what was the color of the winning horse? He's out of my line altogether," cried Trapes with an insolent air.

"I should think he was," returned Tom; and then, as his visitor went heavily and noisily down the narrow stair, he added to himself, "But that's an unmitigated lie, nevertheless."

Such were the circumstances which Tom had to detail to the fair partners in the Berlin business when he made his unexpected but welcome appearance that Wednesday, to rouse them from the dull routine of their lives; and set all Kate's pulses throbbing, with the strangest mixture of exultation, hope, dread, yet resolution.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"AND what is to be done next?" asked Kate, who was greatly moved, her hands like ice, and visibly trembling, after she and Fanny had listened in nearly unbroken silence and deepest attention to Tom's communications.

"Well, I think your best plan is to lay the whole matter before Wall, and be guided by him. This evidence is certainly of the utmost importance, but whether it is sufficient to upset a will is another matter; the opposite party will, of course, try to prove there is a mistake in the date of the I O U. We can easily prove there had been a steeplechase at this place, Reepham, on that particular date; but then, again, Trapes is a very disreputable witness, and it will be difficult at this distance of time to show that Poole had been absent from the office on that special day. Still, I am now convinced there is truth in your conviction of foul play; and I shall hunt up evidence with a will."

"Ah, Tom, you never believed me before."

"He is naturally an unbelieving Jew!" cried Fanny.

"At last, at last," murmured Mrs. Temple, not heeding her, "there is a pin's point of light. But adieu to peace for many a day; it is war to the knife now! But should I be defeated, how shall I bear it, Tom?"

"Don't think of that. We must make our position sure before we take any step; we must mask our batteries carefully till the last moment."

Mrs. Temple was sitting with her elbows on the table, and her face hidden in her hands.

"And Hugh Galbraith," she said. "Have you heard anything of him?"

"There was a report a couple of months ago that he was going to be married to Lord C——'s eldest daughter; but I have heard no more of it."

"And if he marries, how terrible it will be for him! But then for the sake of others he must accept a compromise; he must accept a share of the property, even to——"

"Why, Mrs. Temple, you surely do not intend to show the white feather now?" cried Tom, much surprised at her tone.

"Rest assured I shall not. Nothing shall turn me from the task of vindicating myself and my husband's memory from the disgrace of that infamous will. But it is hard to be cruel to others!"

Her voice trembled; she stopped abruptly, and suddenly left the room. Tom looked inquiringly at Fanny.

"She has never been quite the same since Sir Hugh was here. I think she is sorry for him. I am sure it would be much better if she had just said who she was, and they settled it without fighting, or lawyers," said Fanny.

"Perhaps so," returned Tom. "But then Mrs. Travers naturally wants the matter cleared up publicly."

"After all, what is the public to her? they know nothing about her, and care less."

"Very true; but you must remember that she had been in possession of the property, and it was publicly taken from her. I think she is right in insisting on its being publicly restored."

Fanny was silent for a few moments in a pretty, thoughtful attitude, with her hands clasped upon her knee; and after looking at her admiringly and expectant-

ly, Tom proceeded to unclasp them, and take possession of one. He had just opened his lips to speak of his own affairs when Fanny said softly and solemnly,

"Tom!"

"Well, what is it, my darling?"

"Tom, you won't say anything to any one, will you?"

"Not if I was put on the rack, or torn to pieces by wild horses."

"You need not laugh; I am quite in earnest."

"So am I. Go on. There is something tremendous coming."

"Do you know"—still in a carefully lowered tone—"I think Sir Hugh Galbraith is quite in love with Kate."

"Oh, indeed! Well, that's possible, though I have always heard him spoken of as a cold, stiff sort of fellow, not at all a subject for the tender passion. But the wisest have their weak moments; witness myself."

"Well, but, Tom," reiterated Fanny, too absorbed in her subject to administer a deserved rebuke, "I really believe he is."

"What are the symptoms? I dare say he was struck with her. But love is a thing of many degrees; come, your reasons?"

"I can hardly describe the symptoms. I know he used to look rather disgusted or perhaps disappointed whenever I went up to write his letters instead of Kate."

"Oh, you used to write his letters? Had he a large correspondence?"

"Yes, he was always wanting two or three lines written to somebody or other, about horses, and different people in his regiment; and then whenever he came down of an evening——"

"Then he used to spend the evening with you sometimes?"

"Oh, yes—that is—I don't think I ought to tell you, Tom, though Kate never told me I must not. Don't say a word about it, like a dear."

"Provided my silence is properly paid for, I have no objection to preserve it unbroken."

"Do be serious. When he used to knock at the door, and ask to come in, and Kate would allow him, his long solemn face used to brighten up in the most wonderful way. He was absolutely good-looking for a few minutes; and he always listened to every word she said as

if he was drinking in her voice, though she contradicted him perpetually—they never seemed able to agree. Then he had a way of resting his elbow on the table, and shading his eyes with his hand. But I could see it was just to stare at Kate without being noticed. Why, the very tone of his voice was quite different when he spoke to her."

"Upon my soul, this *is* a revelation. I always thought Mrs. Travers rather reserved about her lodger; but she is not the sort of woman the most audacious scoundrel would venture to——"

"Sir Hugh was nothing of the kind," interrupted Fanny, with some warmth. "He was as quiet and mild as if he was an archbishop. I really could not help liking him. And he gave me such a lovely bracelet. But I suppose if he knew who we are, he would be ready to trample us under his feet—so Kate says."

"This is altogether a curious revelation," reiterated Tom. "I had no idea you had been on such intimate terms. I don't think Mrs. Travers showed her usual discretion."

"Nonsense!" cried Fanny, sharply. "She always knows what she is about." "Perhaps so. But, Fan, did she reciprocate at all?"

"No, not a bit. She does not think much of him in any way, only she can't dislike him when he seems to admire her; one always has a sort of kindness for any man who admires one!"

"That's a pleasant look-out for me," said Tom.

"It *is* well for you," returned Fanny, with saucy emphasis. "But do not say a word to Kate about what I have told you."

"Trust me," said Tom, more seriously. "I fancy Galbraith's admiration (if you are right) must have been a great annoyance to her, if not an additional source of dislike and bitterness, in spite of your theories, my philosopher. But why the deuce didn't she bundle him out when he began to moon and spoon? I am sure she is plucky enough."

"I don't think she saw as much as I did; I am *sure* she did not. She used to talk away as calmly and as unconcerned as if he was her grandfather; and he did not 'spoon,' as you call it. (I am sure I hope you do not put such vulgar words in your 'leaders.') He was quite natural and often disagreeable."

"Then, my dear girl, he wasn't in love, and you have wasted some precious moments over an imaginary difficulty. I can't picture a man making himself disagreeable to the woman he is in love with."

"That is all you know! I begin to think myself a much better informed person than you are. I can tell you that men can make themselves horribly disagreeable to girls they perfectly adore!"

"Your experience alarms me," said Tom, gravely. "I grant that, given a jolly row, each party can annoy the other pretty considerably; but at the stage Galbraith had reached, it ought to have been all fair weather; at any rate, I always feel, always *have* felt, desperately amiable and sunshiny in the adored one's presence! Eh, Fanny?"

"My dear Tom, you have been occasionally odious! I am happy to say; otherwise I should have believed you to be a rank impostor, and expected you to beat me when we were married," cried Fanny, laughing, yet blushing brightly, too, when she found how her sentence ended; then the conversation became purely personal, and will not bear repeating.

Kate left them together to enjoy a long confidential talk, and when she joined them at the cosy supper she had assisted Mills to prepare she was quite herself. In the interim she had made up her mind. She would press upon Mr. Wall the necessity of speedy action, so as to give Hugh Galbraith the earliest possible notice of the trial before him. Never inclined to doubt her own success, or look at the reverse of a pleasant picture, this new gleam of hope acquired the most positive color from the medium through which she viewed it, and her great desire was to give a character of fair and open warfare to the coming battle. Galbraith would then be prepared, and when the truth came out fully, she would, through her lawyer, in a quiet and business-like way, insist on settling the bulk of the fortune upon him, asking only in return an acknowledgment that, after all, his cousin had not made so unworthy a choice. "Then he need never know that I had appeared to him in an assumed character. He will be humiliated enough without *that*! poor fellow, and I do not want him to think of me—*me*, my

own self, as different from what he now believes. Years hence, when perhaps he is married, and the outlines of the present have faded from their painful sharpness, we might meet and be friends. But he is the last man in the world to care a straw for any woman he is not in love with or married to! He is far too English to have female friends!"

"And suppose, Tom," said Kate, as they discussed "possibilities" after the evening meal, "suppose we get more evidence, or whatever is necessary, to induce Mr. Wall to take up the case, what is to be done? How will he proceed?"

"Why, at the very outset, we have immense difficulties. You see, it seems that either Poole's signature is forged, or the date of the will has been altered, or that Poole knowingly signed a false document as witness. Now I don't believe he did this; his manner is perfectly innocent and unembarrassed. My own impression is that the whole thing is fabricated, signatures and all. Wonderfully well done! Our first task will be to discover who did it. Once we make that out, we must lay information before a magistrate!"

"Against Hugh Galbraith?" interrupted Mrs. Temple quickly.

"No," returned Tom with a smile and a glance at Fanny—"against whoever we find has forged the will; and then the magistrate will, on the evidence, commit the miscreant to take his trial at the sessions. Upon the commitment Galbraith must be communicated with, and required to give up the property. Then will come 'the tug of war.'"

"It will, indeed!" returned Mrs. Temple, thoughtfully. "And of course, coming before a magistrate, the affair will be sufficiently public."

"Public! I should think so! and coming on, as I suppose it will, before Parliament meets, a romantic case like that will be a godsend to the papers. I will give you stunning articles in the *M. T.*"

"I hope you will do no such thing, Tom."

"I must look at that book of Chabot's on the writing of Junius," continued Tom, not heeding her.

"Who is Chabot?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, the expert—a man learned in

handwriting, who is supposed to detect forgeries and interpolations."

"A sort of detective, I suppose? I hope, Tom, the opposite party will not be sending any detective after us!"

"Nonsense, Fan! that would be no use," returned Mrs. Temple.

"The great difficulty will be," said Tom, addressing her, "who to fix the forgery on, if Poole is, as I suppose, innocent. I am reluctant to take him into our confidence, for he seems not overburdened with sense. In short, I am almost sorry I jumped so impulsively to the decision of coming down here now I see what an effect my intelligence has had. I am greatly inclined to share your convictions respecting the will, but how to prove them—I wish," interrupting himself, "you would give me some of Mr. Travers's writing—his signature if possible—I suppose you have plenty?"

"Yes, you shall have it."

"And I will get C—to look at the will, and compare the two signatures."

There was a pause, and then Mrs. Temple said slowly and reluctantly, "I have also some of Ford's writing, Tom; do not fail to examine that."

Tom looked at her earnestly.

"You do not mean to say your suspicions are so strong?"

"I do! It goes terribly against me to harm him in any way, but he or I must suffer, and I will not be under a wrong. I must attack Mr. Ford, Tom! I must!"

After much discussion it was decided that Reed should examine the will, and if he thought it prudent, take Poole to look at the signatures; in short, do his utmost to collect evidence by the time Mr. Wall returned from his usual autumn excursion; and Kate declared her intention of going up to town to be present when the subject was broached to the wary old lawyer. "I think, Tom, he feels for me, and I might have more influence by speaking instead of writing."

"No doubt," replied Tom; "he will not return for another month, and then your busiest season will be over; I will let you know when he arrives. But I say, Mrs. Travers, it is rather unlucky that Gregory is away to sea! He would surely know his father's handwriting. Well, at any rate, I will lose no time in getting C—to look at the will; but, first, I will write to Poole, and procure

his signature in reply, so that I may have some data on which to ask C——'s opinion. Give me the specimens of Mr. Travers's and Ford's writing you promised, and I will go. I must catch the earliest train to-morrow, for nothing *ought* to have drawn me away from the desk to-day! But how can a poor devil resist when love and friendship pull together!"

The weeks which succeeded this hurried and disturbing visit were exceedingly trying to Kate. The monotony of her occupation, the iteration of days behind the counter, were almost intolerable when her nerves were on the rack, and expectation strained to the utmost; yet she struggled bravely to resist the tendency to be irritable and depressed, or to sit down and think, and create visions of triumph or ghosts of defeat from the mists of the future. One view of the subject helped to keep heart and nerves in a perpetual state of painful vibration. Whether the future contained victory or defeat, both would be bitter to her. To be compelled to crush Ford, a man she had known well and long, and for whom she had the degree of sympathy which arises from comprehension, this was the worst consequence of success; but second only to this cruel necessity was the result to Hugh Galbraith. After tasting the sweets of fortune equal to his social position, to be hurled back into that "slough of despond," genteel poverty! He, so proud and sensitive as she knew he was, under the cold, plain, immovable exterior he presented to common observers, and by her, to whom he had frankly offered himself and all he possessed! "Though," thought the young widow, with a smile at the recollection, "that was a momentary impulse, a freak from the consequences of which he is, no doubt, by this time thankful to have escaped. He is by no means a bad fellow—yet not at all the sort of man I would fall in love with even had we met under different circumstances. He is so prejudiced and uncultivated, and innately tyrannical." Nevertheless, she felt it would be a terrible grief to wound him; still, to fail would be intolerable, irreparable—to be conquered by Galbraith was the one thing worse than conquering him. To be condemned for ever to her present life, with

its narrow influences and deadening sameness—this would be unendurable. "Yet," thought Kate, "had I adopted this life without any consciousness of having been defrauded of my rights I could have borne it better, but not in such a corner as Pierstoffe. Alas! I fear the day is far off when common sense will have sufficient force to prevent the social disfranchisement which an employment such as mine entails. Even when it comes, will it not be moving the barrier a few steps lower down, rather than destroying the barrier? Inequalities will always exist, but they may be softened and lessened till perhaps, as Fanny says, a few hundred years hence Liberals and Revolutionists may be reduced to advocate the rights of those ill-used and degraded creatures the gorillas and ourangs!"

But, as it has been said, Kate struggled resolutely with her own weakness: she busied herself in every possible occupation; she took long rambles with and without Fanny after the closing hour; and though sometimes silent, and sometimes uttering, half jest half earnest, more biting remarks on her customers and the world in general than she usually indulged in, she never permitted her suppressed irritation to touch the helpless creatures dependent on her. She was as gentle to Mills, as kindly to Fanny, as in their most tranquil days.

How beautiful and grand is the tenderness of a strong, loving heart, that, instead of despising and overlooking natures slighter and poorer than its own, seeks to uphold and enrich them with the forbearing generosity we give to children, and like the sunshine of a glowing summer's day lends or develops beauty even in the common things which come within the influence of its radiance and its warmth.

CHAPTER XXX.

"WHAT is Tom about, I wonder?" cried Fanny one evening nearly a fortnight after his visit; "we have not heard from him for more than ten days."

"We must have patience," said Kate with a little sigh. "I am sure he is doing his best; but delays will occur. He said that man, the expert he wanted to show the writing to, was very much engaged just now."

"Think of that!" returned Fanny indignantly. "Who could imagine that in a country like this there would be such heaps of forgeries as to keep a man busy finding them out."

Mrs. Temple did not reply. She was making up her books, for it was Saturday; and she preferred "stealing a few hours from the night" to passing them sleeplessly in bed. Fanny, "dull sleep and a drowsy bed scorning," insisted on keeping her company, but found it hard work to be wakeful and silent while her friend added up long lines of figures and compared results.

At last Kate put down her pen. "I feel unusually stupid, Fan. I do heartily wish we had some news—something to do; I feel, oh so weary of waiting!" She leaned her head on her hand as she spoke.

"Poor dear! I am sure I don't wonder," said Fanny sympathetically. "I saw you were nearly worn out when you spoke so sharply to Lady Styles to-day; but she was enough to drive any one frantic. What did she say about Sir Hugh?"

"Oh, that he had started a yacht, a superb yacht, and was launching into all sorts of extravagance; and that Colonel Upton had deserted her to spend the whole of his time or leave of absence with Hugh, and that such folly would come to no good end; but I believe very little of all this. Listen to me, Fan. If Tom fails in procuring sufficient proof—that is, if I find it imprudent to proceed—what shall we do?"

"I am sure I do not know. What do you mean?"

"Oh, Fanny, I hardly know myself, but I cannot stay here. You, I suppose, will marry soon, so I have only poor Mills to think of. Were it not that I do not like to desert her—the last bit of home left to me—I would sell the shop and go out as governess to Russia, or Tartary, or anywhere!"

"My dearest Kate, what puts that into your head?"

"Because I feel so thoroughly unsettled. If this gleam of hope proves illusory I shall never be able to settle here—never! And yet we are not doing so badly, Fanny."

She pointed to the large book which lay open before her as she spoke.

Fanny rose and looked over her shoulder

for a moment, then, glancing at some other smaller volumes of figures which were also open for consultation upon the table, heaved a deep sigh. "You are a wonderful woman, Kate! How can you find your way through all these awful books, and know whether you win or lose, puzzles me. I can sell tolerably, but as for arithmetic! You could manage an office, I do believe. It is a pity you are not a man!"

"It is indeed," echoed her friend, resting her cheek upon her hand, and gazing absently away to the open window, through which the garden could be seen sleeping in the autumn moonlight. "As I am, I have none of the privileges of either man or woman. I have none of the help and care which fall to the lot of most women, and yet I cannot use what gifts I possess to push my fortune as I should like because I am not a man. But I must do the best I can. Look, Fanny," drawing over the purchase-book, and pointing to a column of entries, "we have all this stock, and it is paid for; there is quite thirty-six pounds due to us, and there is a balance of twenty-nine pounds eleven shillings and sixpence in the bank. To be sure we must now begin to pay our house expenses from our earnings, but then we want very few more goods till spring, except for Christmas novelties. I believe we might do very well here if I could stay, but I cannot—I feel I cannot. There are elements in the life which I did not calculate upon, or underrated. The existence is purely material; I would much prefer being a chemist or a bookseller."

Fanny listened in some dismay. "Yes, dear, I daresay it is very disagreeable; but just think of the smell of a chemist's shop, and all the horrid things that would stain your hands. Now this shop is clean, and nice, and pretty; I would think twice before I gave it up."

"Of course I shall," said Mrs. Temple, rising and closing her books. "Moreover, Fan, I shall do nothing till you are married."

"Well, that is uncertain. Tom said very little about it when he was down here," said Fan, with a slight pout.

"You unreasonable little puss," cried Mrs. Temple, laughing. "Did you not say you would hear nothing on that head till my affairs were settled? Well, I feel

as if something would happen soon. Yet this waiting seems long—very long." She locked away her books in their proper drawer, and, walking to the window, stood looking out for a minute in silence; while Fanny somewhat stealthily put out her writing materials to indite a scolding to Tom.

"Give me the *Times*, Fanny," said Mrs. Temple, rousing herself; I have not looked at it to-day."

She drew a chair near the table and lamp, and read on for some time without speaking, turning over the sheets somewhat listlessly. At length she asked, in a low and somewhat unsteady tone, "Do you remember what was the name of the vessel Captain Gregory commanded?"

"The vessel Captain Gregory commanded?" repeated Fanny, looking a little puzzled.

"Yes. You remember he sailed last April, and I am sure Tom mentioned the name of the ship—try and think."

"Oh, I recollect his going away; yes, I do remember something—oh dear, what was the name; can't you remember it?"

"I imagine I do; but I want to hear what you can recall."

"It was," exclaimed Fanny, biting the top of her pen—"it was the *Fairy* or *Fairy* something."

"I believe I do—listen to this." And Mrs. Temple read from the paper: "'On the 4th instant the brig *Mary Jane* of Leith, John Collins, master, homeward bound from Bordeaux, picked up, a few miles off the Lizard, two men and a boy, who were clinging to an overturned boat. They had been upwards of twenty-four hours in the water, and were greatly exhausted. It appears they are the captain, a seaman, and the cabin-boy of the ship *Fairy Rock*, which was run down by a large steamer on the night of the third as she was on her return voyage from Pernambuco. The steamer kept on her course without the slightest attempt to succor the ill-fated ship, which was almost cut in two; and while the crew were attempting to take to the boats she sank. The captain received a blow on the head as the vessel went down from one of the spars, and was partially insensible for a few moments. When he came to himself he was in the water near a boat floating bottom up; upon this he clambered, and afterwards assisted the

boy to the same position, where they were joined by the sailor. They had nearly lost heart when they were rescued. The captain proceeded yesterday to make a deposition before the Lord Mayor, but fainted before the conclusion of his narrative."

"Now can this be Captain Gregory?" said Kate, laying down the paper and turning very pale.

"Oh, I am sure it is—it can be nobody else!" cried Fanny, snatching it up. "Poor man, how unlucky he is! Now he will be laid up ever so long, and not able to look at the writing or anything. What wretches they must be on board that steamer! If poor Captain Gregory had not been run down he would have been safe and well in London by this time."

But Mrs. Temple hardly listened. "I must write to Tom," she said nervously; "you are writing to him, are you not? Well, let us cut out this piece of news and enclose it, and I will add a line imploring a speedy reply."

A sleepless night was the inevitable consequence of this intelligence. In vain Kate told herself that Gregory's evidence could not really be of much importance—still, in her strained condition of nerves, every additional source of disquiet, however slight, became magnified.

However, the next day's afternoon post brought Tom's long-expected letter, which contained things good and bad.

He had taken C—to compare the signatures of the will with the writing supplied by Mrs. Temple, and his sentence was that he considered Poole's genuine, Mr. Travers's doubtful, and thought there was a possible trace of Ford's hand in Gregory's.

Tom had also examined a file of *Bell's Life* and found a report of the Reephram Steeplechase on the same date as Trape's I O U. It was very desirable, Tom added, to obtain some corroborative testimony as to Poole's presence at these races on the day in question, which Tom did not despair of finding; finally, he informed Kate that Mr. Wall was expected back next week, and he strongly advised her to come up to town on the following Monday or Tuesday, to be on the spot when he arrived, so as to lose no time in laying her hopes and difficulties before

the experienced lawyer. Moreover, he (Tom Reed) would secure her a quiet lodging in the Maida Hill district, which would be preferable to and less costly than a hotel. Then came a hasty post-script,—

"Had just finished the above when I saw the narrow escape of poor Gregory, in the *Evening Mail*. I hurried off to his owners, got his address, and have just seen the poor fellow; he is terribly cut up, and looks as gaunt as can be expected. It will be a considerable time before he will be capable of attending to anything, so I did not touch on your affairs. He goes down to-morrow to his native place, where his family have been for some time; I have the address. Give the enclosed to Fan, and keep up your heart; we will frustrate their knavish tricks yet."

"Thank heaven!" cried Mrs. Temple, with renewed animation in her eyes. "There is some movement at last; I have been thirsting to be on the scene of action. I shall see this expert myself, though I suppose his visits are costly—one must risk something. This is Thursday; on Tuesday I shall go up to town. Fanny, dear little Fan, you will be able to manage pretty well without me?"

"Oh yes, don't trouble about me; I shall be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. Mills and I will keep shop and house neck-and-neck, as Mr. Turner would say; and I am equal to Lady Styles now, though I shall have a severe cross-examination respecting your movements."

"Never mind," returned Kate, smiling; "remember you have but one *theme*, whatever may be the variations. I have gone to town on business and will be back in a day or two—a 'day or two' is delightfully vague; once away I am, you are not answerable for anything."

"Quite true," said Fanny.

Although there were sundry arrangements to be made in order to simplify Fanny's work as much as possible during her absence, the time seemed very long to Kate till the Tuesday came round; and then an unexpected tenderness and regret for the humble home she had wearied of surprised her. She felt she was going forth to war, that she was making the first step in her onward march to painful victory or unendurable defeat.

The journey to town was as depressing as damp, chill, drizzling weather could make it; and it was with a sudden sense of comfort and support that Kate recognised Tom Reed's sharp, pleasant face through the early gloom of an October evening. It was not only delightful to have a hand to help her out of the carriage and to extricate her luggage, small as it was; but, knowing his engagements as she did, it was a proof of thoughtful kindness that he should have stolen half an hour from the busy afternoon to meet her. "My dear Tom! How good of you to meet me. I have had a miserable journey—two fat farmers for my companions half the way, and a severe female who gave me a tract, the rest."

"Such creatures should be arrested by the police!" returned Tom sympathizingly. "But come along. Have you only one portmanteau? Sensible woman! We will have a hansom."

And they bowled along speedily to the lodging Tom had selected, in one of the small demi-semi-genteel streets which properly belong to Paddington, but prefer the more refined definition of Maida Hill.

"I put you here," said Tom, as a stout, elderly woman, with a broad, good-humored face, substantial merino "afternoon" dress, an elaborate cap, and stiffly-curved front, secured by three rows of narrow black velvet, ushered them into her front parlor, of tolerable dimensions, with a window opening upon a damp garden, where a few mangy shrubs suggested forcibly the idea of living death, while the tables, chairs, and sofas were shrouded in ample coverings of crochet and netting, which caught on the buttons and hooks of the unwary, carrying away plaster Shakespeares and misshapen delf bandits in their treacherous sweep. "I have put you here," repeated Tom, noticing the desponding glance with which Kate surveyed the apartment, "because," with a complimentary wave of the hand to the landlady, who stood at the door holding Kate's travelling-bag, "I know Mrs. Small to be a person of high respectability; and, as you are by yourself, it will be a sort of protection to you to be in her house. Her son is one of the best men in our office."

Smiles and curtesy from Mrs. Small.

"Would the lady like tea, sir?"

"Thank you," returned Kate, "I should very much."

"I'll send it up directly, ma'am. You would like to see your room? It is just at the back, here. I wish there was a door through, it would be more private-like; and the landlord promised," &c., &c., &c.

"I am sorry to say I have only a few minutes to stay," began Tom.

"Then send up tea; I will see my room afterwards," said Kate. "Thank you very much, dear Tom, for all your thought and kindness," she continued, as Mrs. Small left the room. "I am so glad you know something of this person. Now, have you any more news?"

"No, nothing, except that Wall was expected to-day; and Wreford—the partner, you know—said I might be sure he would be at the office to-morrow. Suppose you meet me there at twelve-thirty? I would come for you, but I am so desperately busy, as I will explain to you, that I can scarcely find time to eat. You do not mind going alone?"

"Not in the very least! I put aside all ladylike incapability when I went into trade, and I should be so glad to set things going, and return again as fast as I can. I never dreaded anything so much as this visit to London and my interview with Mr. Wall!"

"That is not like your usual pluck, Mrs. Travers. By-the-by, in engaging these rooms, I hesitated which name I should give you, and decided on Temple, principally to dodge Ford, if by any chance he were to get on the scent! He might worry you, and I do not think you are up to more than is unavoidable."

"Thank you very much for this," said Mrs. Temple (as we must still call her). "I am most anxious not to be known by my right name till I have my rights."

"Strange as it seems—unaccountable as it is," returned Tom, thoughtfully, "I begin to think—to fear—that your suspicions of Ford are well founded! Yet it is almost incredible that a quiet, respectable 'citizen of famous London town' should commit such a felony, merely to spite you, without the slightest gain to himself!"

"I think he intended to get me into his power as well as to spite me, Tom. If we prove this against him, what will be the end of it?"

"Penal servitude" said Tom shortly.

"I can hardly bring myself to inflict that—yet I must go on."

"Of course," he rejoined; "but I must leave you, I am sorry to say. I would much rather spend the evening here. I have lots to say about my own affairs, but I must not stay. Here is a very good novel; sit down and lose yourself in it. A good novel is a benefaction; and as for the Philistines who prate about fiction, there is often more truth in a good novel than in a biography, which is generally carefully cooked to spare the feelings of friends and relatives even to the third and fourth generation, till a most distorted image, a complete fancy sketch, is offered to the public. There, 'Madame,' weep over the trials of the heroine if you will, but don't give a thought to your own."

Kate followed his advice. Cheered by the consciousness of his steady friendship and support, she contrived to keep the demon of depression at bay; and, somewhat fatigued after her journey, was fortunate in obtaining a good night's rest.

The next day was still cheerless and drizzling. However, wrapped in her waterproof, her face shrouded by a thick veil, Kate managed to reach the well-known office through the greasy streets by many a devious turning, without any misadventure. In her present mood it was a relief to walk rather than sit silent, pent up among strangers in an omnibus.

She thought she was too early; but Tom met her at the corner of the street in which Mr. Wall's office was situated.

"You are in capital time, but we will go on at once." And they walked rather silently to the door.

"Mr. Wall has not returned, sir," was the reply to Tom's inquiries—"does not return till Friday."

With a bitter sense of disappointment Kate turned away.

"That means I cannot see him till Monday," she said as they went slowly down the street.

"True. Yet you must stay on in town. Write a line making an appointment for Monday, and then you may be able to leave the following day, which will just finish the week for which I engaged your rooms."

"I will, Tom; but what a wretched time I shall have of it! You really

must come and see me whenever you can."

"Unfortunately," began Tom, but stopped himself. "Come, my dear Mrs. Travers," he resumed; "I breakfasted early, let us go down to Verrey's and have a little luncheon. I am ravenous; and I daresay your breakfast was a nominal one." So saying, he hailed a cab, and, before Kate could well reply, handed her in.

"Take another glass; that St. Julian is not bad," cried Reed, as the waiter put some Roquefort cheese and celery upon the table after their dinner rather than luncheon. "For I have a tale to unfold which you will not like. Yesterday morning I had a telegram from Pau, announcing poor Pennington's death, and requesting me to go over at once, which I must do, both for the widow's sake and for other reasons; however, I postponed my journey till to-night, for I could not bear you to find me gone. As I saw you were rather in the dolefuls I would not tell you till we had seen Wall. Now there is no help for it. I must start by the mail this evening, and you must face the interview, and, what is worse, the business, as best you can; and you will do it well, or I am much mistaken. Yours is a spirit of the right sort, and will always answer the spur."

"But, oh! Tom; you are a terrible loss. How I wish I had not come up to town!"

"We could not possibly foresee such a combination of disappointments. Still you must remember there is nothing in them to damp your hopes."

"When shall you be back?"

"Possibly in a week, and when I do return it will be as editor; then Fanny *must* make up her mind. I sent her a few lines this morning. I am really and truly sorry for poor Pen; but it is a stroke of fortune for me. Now I must say my say, and leave you. Do not be cast down by the way Wall will probably receive your news. We must get more evidence. I know that, but his advice and guidance will be a great help towards finding it. That fellow Trape has disappeared again. I cannot help fancying that he has something to do with the mystery. His knowledge of Ford seems so strange. When I return I will unearth him wher-

ever he is. So keep up your heart, my dear Mrs. Travers. All will go well yet."

Kate did feel disproportionately cast down, though she knew as well as her adviser that in the contretemps of his departure, and Mr. Wall's prolonged absence, there was no real check to her hopes; but the hopes were so commingled with fears, that at best they were oppressive; now to face a week's lonely self-communing absolutely appalled her. But she was not going to torment Tom, her true, devoted friend, or punish him with a dose of discomfort for what he could not help; for besides the native generosity which in her was nearly as strong an instinct as that of self-preservation, she had the knowledge of men's common weaknesses which four or five years of matrimony may well impart to duller women than Kate Travers, and well knew that the one unpardonable sin in the eyes of creation's lord is to make him uncomfortable, mentally and physically.

"Of course you are a terrible loss," she said, checking her inclination to cry, and even managing a tremulous sort of smile. "But I shall just possess my soul in patience, and beard Mr. Wall boldly, and you will write a line to me, Tom?"

"Certainly — undoubtedly," replied Tom. "Moreover, I have given directions that a parcel of books and mags. shall be sent to you. So now I must run away. Shall I put you into a cab?"

"No, thank you. I think I shall try to walk back; it will occupy the time, and give me a better chance of sleeping. By the way, Tom, why should I not go and see poor Captain Gregory, as you say he is at no great distance?"

"Ay, do! Here—here's his address," hastily opening his pocket-book and producing a piece of paper. "Lillington; it's on the Great Northern line, and I think you have to change at H—. I fancy a return fare will be six or seven shillings. Here's C—'s address, too, in case Wall wants him. And now goodbye. God bless you; don't be down-hearted." And they turned on their various ways at the door.

Kate walked steadily back to her lodgings, thus occupying a full hour; and then, when she had removed her damp out-door attire, it was sufficiently dusk to shut out the melancholy garden,

and light the gas. A long, long letter to Fanny—and the novel, helped her over the evening, so she retired to rest more cheerfully than she had hoped to do. Having consulted Bradshaw as to the trains for Lillington, she requested the

landlady to give her a very early breakfast if the morning was tolerably fine, determining to devote the day to her intended visit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM GODWIN: HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES.

WILLIAM GODWIN is a mere name to this generation. His political and social works have ceased to have any influence. His novels are almost equally forgotten, though 'Caleb Williams' is still occasionally read. But Godwin was connected with so many eminent literary men and women, that on this account, as well as because he was an author himself of considerable mark in his day, it is well that his life has been written. In the main it has been fairly written, and with a modesty which disarms criticism. If we are too much left to imagine our own picture of Godwin, the materials are methodically arranged for us. The character is not made to stand out in a bold relief, but is sketched in a shadowy and vague way. Something in the abstract, undemonstrative character of the man himself, something in his drowsy, dreamy nature, seems to render it difficult for any biographer to fix his lineaments, and the result is, as we have said, that whilst we have ample information about Godwin, we are very much left to our own resources to construct for ourselves a definite idea of the once famous author of 'Political Justice' and 'Caleb Williams.'

William Godwin was the seventh child of a family of thirteen.* His mother, though of no education—education was not widely extended in her day—was a woman of great shrewdness and of an integrity of character which redeemed her narrow religious views. Godwin, though he doubtless owed much of his force of character to his mother, owed his bent towards literature to a cousin, who lived with his family, and who possessed a love for reading and study.

His education at home and at school was based upon Puritanic views, and, as is often the case where extremes are in-

sisted on, he came utterly to reject religion in the ordinary acceptance of that word. In the opposite direction we may live to see the pupils of Ritualism at some future period develop the newest form of infidelity.

Godwin next fell into the hands of a journeyman tailor named Akers, who had never had any schooling but what he had given to himself; but "few men ever excelled him in the rapidity and truth of his arithmetical operations." Godwin, though still very young, was stirred with the thirst of knowledge, and gave himself up to reading. He records of himself that almost from boyhood he was perpetually prone to exclaim with Cowley:

"What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own."

He early developed a singular, but not unamiable self-complacency, which was rudely disturbed by the application of the rod by his new master, Mr. Samuel Newton. There is something humorous in his surprise on this occasion, which may be given in his own words:

"It had never occurred to me as possible that my person, which hitherto had been treated by most of my acquaintances, and particularly by Mrs. Southern and Mr. Akers, as something extraordinary and sacred, could suffer such ignominious violation.

Godwin afterwards spent five years at Hoxton College as a student, and during this time amassed a great amount of general knowledge, reading all the great authors, and discussing them with his fellow students with that passionless calm which never deserted him throughout life. At the head of the college was Dr. Rees, the editor of the 'Cyclopædia' which bears his name. In the summer of 1777, when only twenty-one years of age, he preached at Yarmouth every Sunday morning and at Lowestoft in the afternoon. In this way, until 1783, he went on preaching, but it became more

* Three of these only survived in 1827, William, the author of 'Caleb Williams,' Hull Godwin, the farmer, and Nathaniel, a bachelor.

and more difficult to him. His views had been gradually undergoing a change. He was quitting Calvinism for Socinianism, won over by Priestly's arguments, which he abandoned in turn with all fixed tenets whatever.

We then find him the genuine literary character as that existed at the close of the last and at the beginning of this century. The remuneration then gained by authors did not suffice, except in rare instances, adequately to support an author who did not possess other means. It has been a frequent and foolish taunt that the booksellers then drank out the authors' skulls. It would now be as foolish to speak of the enormous sums given by publishers as instances of profuse liberality. It may be unfortunate and undesirable that it should be so, but the fact is that with letters as with wheat or sugar, with the exquisite creations of the brain as with the coarse material products, the market rules the price. Books were then issued in high-priced quartos, and all the materials of books were highly taxed, or produced at high rates, and consequently their sale was limited. This has all passed away, and within our own time several novelists have received sums which, in the aggregate, have composed a large fortune to each of them.

But in Godwin's days it was different. Hence only those were tempted into the field who loved literature and art for their own sake. In these days the popular painter can, perhaps, clear in a year the total receipts of a lifetime of a Gainsborough or a Romney, and hence every one who fancies he has the divine call and thinks to transmute it into money rushes into the race for gold. That this is for the material welfare of author and painter is as possible as it is certainly opposed to his perfection in art. In Godwin's day there was no hurry. No public waited impatiently. The verdict was slow in coming, and when it came, was that of the educated few. It was the verdict of a Jeffrey, or a Giffard, or of some critic who had made a study of his work.

Now-a-days a reputation is made in a week, even if it is to die in three or four years. Such is the rapidity of criticism, that we have known a work sent to a review on Wednesday reviewed in twenty-four hours. Perhaps the reviewer himself

regretfully reads the record of an impulse rather than his deliberate judgment. But he has no choice; in the race to be first the quality of the criticism must suffer. Hence extravagant eulogy, and a reputation for an author, built upon slight foundation, or a still more unfortunate depreciation.

The middle class had not then invaded the reading world. By that class novels were then almost eschewed; and not perhaps, until Sir Walter Scott moved the whole nation, was this condition of things altered. Now not only the middle class, but the class below that, clamors for a literature of its own. Then the business classes lived over their shops, and within their incomes; fortunes were not sought in a day. The pleasures of the successful shopkeeper were his good wife, his good dinner, and an occasional visit to Drury Lane or Covent Garden. His daughters would have to read Mrs. Radcliffe's romances by stealth, and the long hours of work in days when Saturday half-holidays were undreamt of, gave little time to his sons to read at all. All this is changed with the shortened hours of labor and half-holidays. A small subscription has opened the golden gates to this and to lower classes still, and as these classes are very large, and their education not of a high or refined character, they demand a literature suited to their capacity. Thus many writers now find their reward by addressing themselves to these new clients. In Godwin's time it was different, and, indeed, down to a very recent period. Hence a greater average literary excellence in the past than in the present, since the audience was then more select and more cultivated.

But as a result of this the author before Scott's time had to take fame instead of pudding; and as this was so, he labored in his art with love, and with the honorable ambition to excel. No one strove to do justice to his productions more than Godwin, and it seems a poor issue that from the field of literature his works have disappeared. There is no room for a permanent existence except for the chosen few.

In 1793 Godwin published his 'Political Justice,' written to correct the imperfections and errors of Montesquieu. We should have been glad if Mr. Paul had enabled us to realise the impression made

by this work, and had given us some of the best opinions expressed on it. For this we could have given up many letters of persons who have no interest to us now, and who throw very little light upon Godwin's life and character. That it made a great impression, we know by the fact that it made him acquainted with most of the literary and political celebrities of his age. In a calm and dignified manner he approached the discussion of the most vital matters as a student, and not as a man of the world, and seems to have kindled a fire with his passionless pen, which brought upon him a hatred and an admiration equally surprising to one who looked upon his speculations as the emanations of pure reason. He himself says of this work :

"In the first fervor of my enthusiasm I entertained the vain imagination of 'hewing a stone from the rock,' which by its inherent energy and weight should overbear and annihilate all opposition, and place the principles of politics on an immoveable basis."

If he in any degree foresaw the result, its publication required courage, for it separated him from many of his early friends, and amongst them from his old master the Rev. Samuel Newton. There was, however, no apparent reason for Godwin fastening a quarrel upon Newton who, though he differed with Godwin, did justice to his reasoning and ideas, and even spoke of his work in connection with such writers as Tacitus, Polybius, Montesquieu, Robertson, &c.

Whilst writing 'Political Justice,' Godwin was living in Somers Town, striving to live conformably to the principles of self-denial he had set up, always asking himself, "Can I be better employed?" Thus in three years he spent only £360. He rose early, read a classical author before breakfast, and afterwards wrote till midday. This was all he could manage with advantage. Labor after that became unfruitful. He had no servants, except a drudge, who came in to make his rooms tidy, and to cook the daily mutton chop. Thus Godwin was not a mere philosopher of the pen, but, as Rousseau threw away his sword and fine clothes, so in his own way did Godwin endeavor to live the opinions he promulgated.

For 'Political Justice,' written in the maturity of his intellect, Godwin received one thousand guineas, a large price for

those days, and which may be thought to negative what has been said before, but it was a solitary instance. After the publication of several other works, he published, in May, 1794, 'Caleb Williams,' the interest of which rested on an atrocious crime committed by a man hitherto of exemplary life. It had a great and immediate success. The stage got hold of it, and Colman dramatized it under the name of 'The Iron Chest.' It has always kept a high and unique position in the literature of fiction, which has not been accorded to his after productions.

'Caleb Williams' is a novel of high literary excellence, more after the manner of Richardson than after Fielding, illustrating how closely our virtues are allied to their opposites, and how the love of reputation and a fair fame may become a snare. It belongs to a class which might be called Nightmare Novels. A gloom presides over it, deepening as the story progresses, which its literary ability only increases. With all its power, there is no poetry, there is not a gleam of wit, not a sparkle of humor. It is unrelieved by any play of fancy, not one Rembrandt touch from beginning to end. It has the fascination which attaches to the horrible, not the poetry which attaches to the weird. We are almost tempted to call it a repulsive piece of mechanism. It has been considered by some critics to be a fine mental analysis, but it is a morbid anatomy, and has the impression of an attempt to analyze minds that should be shut up in Hanwell. It is like coming out of a dark cell and an unwholesome atmosphere into daylight and pure air to come from 'Caleb Williams' to a novel by Scott. The gross improbabilities perpetually offend. Situations out of which the escape is easy are suffered to entangle and destroy. Men talk to each other didactically, and Caleb indulges in moral reflections to a tedious extent. Yet with all this, when the reader's attention is once engaged, he must pursue the story to the end, and the concluding volume is so full of incident, and moves with such rapidity, that he is hurried almost breathless to the close.

Of his numerous other works, except the 'Essay on Sepulchres,' we do not propose to speak.* It is sufficient to say

* Godwin wrote many educational works

that they were political, historical, social, educational and novelistic, if we may be pardoned that word in fault of a better. Lamb says of the book on sepulchres: "Godwin has written a pretty absurd book about sepulchres. He was affronted because I told him that it was better than Hervey, but not so good as Sir Thomas Browne." And Barry Cornwall says: "Godwin published his 'Essay on Sepulchres,' wherein he professed to erect a wooden slab and a white cross, to be *perpetually* renewed to the end of time ('to survive the fall of empires,' as Miss Lamb says), in order to distinguish the site of every great man's grave."

To all these works, 'Caleb Williams' perhaps alone excepted, if indeed that has not also passed into oblivion, no interest now attaches, and there would appear little result from all this labor under the sun. Perhaps we ought not to say this, for though the works do not survive, the ideas, like germs in the air, travel whither they will, and settle where they will, and yield a certain fruit. No honest labor is lost, though its results be reduced to a minimum, and though these results change their form, though it be bare grain which is sown, a body may be given to it hereafter so different that we do not recognise the result.

In social matters Godwin's character was less interesting. He was tepidly affectionate but not passionate. In both his marriages he was the good, kind husband, and there was a depth of feeling, even a little romance in his first passion, which gave way to a kindly forbearance in his second. But all his passion was intellectual. He had, as he says himself, a thirst for knowledge; and his mind was heated to a goodly glow. This found vent in a clear, though colorless style, the ardor of his mind rejecting mere verbiage, and his thoughts, fused in the fire of his intellect, came forth without the dross attaching to common minds. He seems to have been, on the whole, a kindly creature. He was a good Samaritan when the oil and the twopence cost him something, and though he lived to be

eighty, age did not harden or dry up his sympathies.

His first wife was Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of Mrs. Shelley. She had a daughter by Mr. Imlay, before she married Godwin. The only issue of her marriage with Godwin was Mary, who afterwards married Shelley. The mother was a charming woman, and the beautiful portrait, affixed to the second volume by Opie, reveals a promise, a sense and sensibility, inherited by her gifted daughter. Godwin wrote that he did not think he had her equal in the world, and certainly she showed him all affection, and was tolerant of his whims, yet her heart had been too deeply engaged with Mr. Imlay, and was too deeply wounded by his treatment, to be able again to feel a passionate ardor. Had she done so she would have been troublesome to the philosopher, and the productions of his brain might have suffered. She left his mind undisturbed to concentrate its ardor upon literary labor, and from boyhood to the age of eighty he was before all things a literary man.*

There is much difference of opinion as to the heart of Godwin. Mr. Paul has an amiable weakness towards the subject of his biography, which prevents one feeling entire confidence in him as a guide in these matters. Roscoe and some others did not believe in Godwin having any heart, and his letter to Mrs. Shelley on the death of her child, rebuking her grief, supports that view. But he did so many kind actions throughout his life that we cannot entirely adopt Roscoe's view of the matter. He was certainly of a cold nature, and possessed

* Upwards of ten years ago in *Notes and Queries* (3rd Series, vol. viii. p. 66) appeared a note signed F. B., which we transcribe here:—

"Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. The following lines by Mr. Roscoe on this lady were 'written from memory' on a blank leaf of my copy of her husband's memoir of this injured woman, by that Dr. Shepherd, the biographer of Poggio:

'By the celebrated Mr. Roscoe on reading this Work.

'Hard was thy fate in all the scenes of life
As daughter, sister, mother, friend, and wife;
But harder still thy fate in death we own,
Thus mourned by Godwin with a heart of stone."

under the name of Edward Baldwin, and what is not so well known, he wrote also under the name of Theophilus Marcliffe. With this name attached to it he published 'The Looking Glass, A Mirror for Good Little Boys and Girls.'

a sort of Dutch phlegm which must have been at times exceedingly irritating.

His second marriage was less fortunate. The second Mrs. Godwin flattered him, wooed him, and married him. She had many good points, but she was imperious and liked her own way. She was guilty of giving the cold shoulder to some of his best friends, and made dear Charles Lamb sometimes feel unwelcome. Yet on the whole, the philosophic temperament of Godwin endured her, and he even acquired a sort of affection for her, though they seemed always to take their holidays apart.

Between the two marriages, occurred a singular courtship. Harriet Lee was one of the authors of some stories called 'The Canterbury Tales,' and Godwin fancied himself in love with her. A yearning to restore the happy condition of things which he had enjoyed with his first wife, was at the bottom of his proposal to Miss Lee. No general ever approached a fort with more care than Godwin approached this lady. In his correspondence, he beat about the bush, in such a way that Miss Lee felt justified, though she evidently liked him, in ignoring his advances. The philosopher prevailed too manifestly over the lover, and Miss Lee wisely resolved to retain her independence. The concluding sentence of one of his letters will illustrate the kind of courtship which Godwin employed:

"I regard you as possessing the materials to make that most illustrious and happiest of all characters, when its duties are faithfully discharged—a wife—a mother. But if you are eminently and peculiarly qualified for these offices, it is the more to be regretted, and shall I not add the more to be censured in you? if you peremptorily and ultimately decline them."

Oh! the wooing o't. The delicate allusion, too, to the mother before Miss Lee had become the wife! All this shows that he was really not in love. Not one particle of romance had place in his thoughts. The philosopher wanted to live alongside of a judicious, sensible woman. He could dispense with love, if she would give him friendship. The wooing o't came to nothing, though after Miss Lee's rejection Godwin deluged her with letters, and tried to convince her that in refusing him she was not acting up to her destiny.

There is much less of Shelley than we expected to find in this work, and no new facts of interest. No fresh light is thrown on his unmanly desertion of his first wife. Shelley left her at Binfield to come to London. They had been increasingly unhappy, and two months after he had quitted her, he eloped with Mary Godwin, dispensing, of course, until after his first wife had drowned herself in the Serpentine, with the marriage ceremony. Mr. Paul admits that it is impossible "to palliate materially" Shelley's conduct. We do not see that any palliation is possible. The misery and death of Harriet Westbrook must lie at his door, and the best we can do is to forget all about it, and to think of him only as the author of the 'Ode to a Skylark,' or 'The Cenci.'

In 1800 Godwin visited Ireland, and he gives us a glimpse of Curran and Grattan, which we are tempted to extract:

"Let me observe by the way, that the characters of the two most eminent personages of this country, though sincere and affectionate friends to each other, are strongly contrasted. They are both somewhat limited in their information, and are deficient in a profound and philosophical faculty of thinking. They have both much genius. Grattan, I believe, is generally admitted to be the first orator in the British dominions; and variety and richness of picturesque delineation perpetually mask the sallies of Curran's conversation. But Grattan is mild, gentle, polished, and urbane on every occasion on which I have seen him; Curran is wild, ferocious, jocular, humorous, mimetic, and kittenish; a true Irishman, only in the vast portion of soul that informs him, which of course a very ordinary Irishman must be content to want. He is declamatory, and his declamation is apt to grow monotonous, so that I have once or twice on such an occasion, felt inclined to question the basis of my admiration for him, till a moment after a vein of genuine imagination and sentiment burst upon me, and threw contempt and disgrace upon my scepticism."

In the second volume we have some excellent letters of Coleridge, and a few from Charles Lamb. In that pleasant volume on Lamb, by Barry Cornwall, we find:

"Godwin had been introduced to Lamb by Coleridge in 1800. The first interview is made memorable by Godwin's opening question, 'And pray, Mr. Lamb, are you toad or frog?' This enquiry having reference to Gilray's offensive caricature, did not afford promise of a very cheerful intimacy. Lamb, however, who accorded great respect to Godwin's intellect, did not resent it."

So far from resenting it, he paints in

one of those delicious letters to Manning a very kindly picture of Godwin, with whom he says he was much pleased, and goes on to say :

"He is a very well behaved, decent man, nothing very brilliant about him or imposing, as you may suppose ; quite another guess sort of gentleman from what your Anti-Jacobin Christians imagine him. I was well pleased to find he has neither horns nor claws ; quite a tame creature I assure you. A middle-sized man both in stature and in understanding : whereas from his noisy fame, you would expect to find a Briareus Centimanus, or a Tityus tall enough to pull Jupiter from his heavens."

Here we have a portrait of this calm, gentle, passionless man, this sort of abstract being, this shadowy, speculative creature, who from his study sent forth his explosive ideas without any idea that they could wound, or offend prejudices which he could not sympathize with, because he could not understand them. It was something to prove the gentle nature of Lamb who dearly loved a prejudice, and the kindly one of Godwin, who did not comprehend one, that in spite of many trivial quarrels, these opposite characters never desisted from friendship.

Barry Cornwall speaks of the coldness and precision of Godwin's manner ; and Lamb himself contrasts Rickman with Godwin, saying of the former, "He does not want explanation, translations, limitations, as Godwin does, when you make an assertion." What could have tortured Lamb more cruelly than this unreadiness to catch the thistledown of his wit, and to ask to have his quaint allusions diluted by expansion, or explained away ?

Whilst on the subject of Lamb, we may express a hope that all his letters will some day be brought together and chronologically arranged. He hardly ever wrote a letter without a flash of wit, or an original observation, or a quaint conceit. His riotous merriment dwells closely beside his pathos, his smile very near the tear. We cannot afford to lose a particle of his writing. In some respects he is the most beautiful character in English literature. There have been very many stronger men intellectually, men who have done much more work, men who have bulked out a bigger fame, but Lamb has carved his own nook in our hearts. He is as unique in literature as Barham ; he has the genialty,

humanity, and spontaneity of Barham ; but beyond this he has a world of tenderness and sympathy all his own ; he is lightning in his comprehension, though his verbal delivery halted. In this very work, Coleridge, who truly loved him, says :

"Lamb is worth a hundred men of mere talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells. One warms by exercise, Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, is yet rich with colors, and I both see and feel it."

Here is a beautiful letter of Lamb's, after some quarrel with Godwin :

"I repent. Can that God whom thy votaries say that thou hast demolished expect more ? I did indite a splenetic letter, but did the black Hypochondria never grip *thy* heart, till thou hast taken a friend for an enemy ? The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet leads me over four inched bridges, to course my own shadow for a traitor. There are certain positions of the moon, under which I counsel thee not to take anything written from this domicile as serious.

"I rank thee with Alves, Latinè, Helvetius, or any of his cursed crew ? Thou art my friend, and henceforth my philosopher—thou shall teach Distinction to the junior branches of my household, and Deception to the grey-haired Janitress at my door.

"What ! Are these atonements ? Can Arcadias be brought upon knees, creeping and crouching ?

"Come, as Macbeth's drunken porter says, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock—seven times in a day shalt thou batter at my peace, and if I shut aught against thee, save the Temple of Janus, may Briareus, with his hundred hands, in each a brass knocker, lead me such a life.
C. LAMB."

Godwin from author became bookseller and publisher, and had an opportunity of seeing all sides of the literary profession. No man could better judge the difficulties which beset the publisher than Godwin, because no man more truly smarted under them. He came to see that all wares are not necessarily profitable. That capital had to be sunk, time to be allowed, patience to be exercised, and that even then the harvest was not in proportion to the crop sown. Publishers, as distinct from booksellers, as a rule are not rich men ; a single wholesale draper in Cannon Street or St. Paul's Churchyard probably makes in one year the combined profits of all the London publishers over a similar period ; but these latter enjoy, and are wise if they appre-

ciate it, the privilege of association with intellect, and to any but the coarsest minds this is a delightful and an ample equivalent for mere riches.

Godwin, however, a man of contemplation rather than of action, was unsuccessful, and had to pass through great trials, including, what to an honorable mind was perhaps the bitterest, bankruptcy. One feels for him very keenly in all these troubles. He goes through them with a certain sort of dignity. He appeals to his rich friends to start him again with the confidence begotten of his integrity. He expects the political world not to forget his 'Political Justice,' and is not surprised that he is helped. There may be a little of the old self-complacency in this, a little of the self-same feeling which made him surprised as a boy that his person was not sacred from the rod, but it supported him under trial, and made him rather feel that there was something rotten in the state when the author of 'Caleb Williams' was suffered to want, than that he himself had been wanting in prudence and foresight.

When Fox died Godwin wrote a sketch of him for the *Morning Chronicle*. It is much too long to give, but we do not know anything that has been said of Fox more worthy of that great man. It takes the view which we may call the Holland-Russell view of Fox—natural to a Whig. The genius of Fox is no longer in dispute; but his policy, supposing he believed in it and had carried it out in office, would probably have ruined his country. Godwin claims for Fox, and perhaps justly, that he "is the most illustrious model of a Parliamentary leader on the side of liberty that this country has produced. This character is the appropriate glory of England, and Fox is the proper example of this character."

Godwin's comparison of the eloquence of the two statesmen is worth quoting. He had heard both speak, and been able to compare their eloquence. If he is unable even here to forget the partisan, we can take this into account in the narration:

"The eloquence of Pitt was cold and artificial. The complicated, yet harmonious, structure of his periods bespoke the man of contrivance and study. No man knew so well as Pitt how to envelope his meaning in a cloud of words, whenever he thought obscurity

best adapted to his purpose. No man was so skilful as Pitt to answer the questions of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth; there were no starts and sallies, and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement swellings and apostrophes of his speech, as in his coldest calculations.

"Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. He spoke well, because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Everything showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance lighted up with more than mortal ardor and goodness; I have been present when his voice has become suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears."

Printers sometimes commit odd blunders. One printer we know of never by any chance ever set anything up, however short, without one blunder, that being his trade mark. Godwin had much to endure in this, as in other things, and in a letter we have now before us, he says:

"Such a printer as Mr. — I never heard of. One gains at least this by living long, that it makes one acquainted with strange and incredible phenomena."

and again:

"What is the sense of proofs, if this is to be the result! It would have been better so far as this matter is concerned, that I had died two-and-thirty years ago."

This is one of the last growls of the old lion. He had come to write 'Cloudsley' and 'Deloraine' books forgotten, but which showed literary skill and careful writing. He desired to polish, and refine, and take as much care, with these as ever Cellini cared to excel in his exquisite art. He was a genuine man of letters to the end, and did honor to the calling.

It is gratifying to find that, as years close in upon the veteran, a sinecure is found for him; and though he is troubled with anxiety as to its permanency, the sinecure lasts his time. At eighty he passes away tranquilly, after a long and

stormy life, a life of a student from boyhood to the grave, of a writer of fiction of power and originality, and of a thinker, who had the courage to avow and stand by his opinions in an age which this gene-

ration can scarcely realize, an age in which social disrepute, at the least, awaited a Reformer, and not improbably the jail.—*Temple Bar.*

MODERN MATERIALISM: ITS ATTITUDE TOWARDS THEOLOGY.

BY THE REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

PART II.

IT is curious to observe how little able is even exact science to preserve its habitual precision, when pressed backward past its processes to their point of commencement, and brought to bay in the statement of their "first truth." The proposition which supplies the initiative is sure to contain some term of indistinct margin or contents: and usually it will be the term least suspected because most familiar. The student of nature takes as his principle that all phenomena arise from a fixed total of force in a given quantity of matter; and assumes that, in his explanations, he must never resort to any supposed addition or subtraction of either element. In adopting this rule he must know, you would say, what he means by "matter," and what by "force," and that he means two things by the two words. Ask him whence this principle has its authority. If he pronounces it a metaphysical axiom, you may let him go till he can tell you how there can be not simply an *à priori* notion of matter and notion of force, but also an *à priori* measure of each, which can guarantee you against increase or diminution of either. As standards of quantity are found only in experience, he will come back with a new answer, fetched from the text-books of science: that his principle is inductively gathered; in one half of its scope—viz., that neither matter nor force is ever destroyed—proved by positive evidence of persistence;—in the other half—viz., that neither is ever created—proved by negative evidence, of non-appearance. If now you beg him to exhibit his proof that matter is indestructible, he will in some shape reproduce the old experiment of weighing the ashes and the smoke, and re-finding in them the fuel's mass: his appeal will be to the balance, his witnesses the equal weights.

Weight, however, is force: and thus, to establish the perseverance of *matter*, he resorts to equality of *force*. Again, when invited to make good the corresponding position of the conservation of force, he will show you how, *e.g.*, the chemical union of carbon and oxygen in the furnace is followed by the undulations of heat, succeeded in their turn by the molecular separation of water into steam, the expansion of which lifts a piston, and institutes mechanical performances: *i.e.*, he traces a series of movements, each replacing its predecessor, and leaving no link in the chain detached. *Movements*, however, are material phenomena: so that to establish the persistence of *force* he steps over to take counsel of *matter*. He makes assertions about each term, as if it were an independent subject: but if his assertion respecting either is challenged, he invokes aid from the other: and he holds, logically, the precarious position of a man riding two horses with a foot on each, hiding his danger by a cloth over both, and saved from a fall by dexterous shifting and exchange.

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than a scientific proposition, the terms of which stand in this variable relation to each other. The first of them has been sufficiently fixed in discussing the *Atomic* conception. It remains to give distinctness to the second. In order to do so, it will be simplest to follow into their last retreats of meaning the parallel doctrines of the "Indestructibility of Matter" and of the "Conservation of Energy." If our perceptions were so heightened and refined that nothing escaped them by its minuteness or its velocity, what should we see, answering to those doctrines, during a course of perpetual observation?

1. We should see the ultimate atoms; and if we singled out any one of them, and kept it ever in view, we should find it, in spite of "change of form," "al-

ways the same." "A simple elementary atom," says Professor Balfour Stewart, "is a truly immortal being, and enjoys the privilege of remaining unaltered and essentially unaffected by the powerful blows that can be dealt against it."* Here, then, we have alighted upon the "Matter" which is "indestructible."

2. These atoms might have been stationary; and we should still have seen them in their "immortality." But they are never at rest. They fly along innumerable paths: they collide and modify their speed and their direction: they unite: they separate. However long we look, there is no pause in this eternal dance: if one figure ceases, another claims its place. As in the atoms, so in the molecules which are their first clusters, there is a "state of continual agitation," "vibration, rotation, or any other kind of relative motion;"† "an uninterrupted warfare going on—a constant clashing together of these minute bodies."‡ In this unceasing movement among the "immortal" atoms we alight upon the phenomenon, or series of phenomena, described by the phrase "Conservation of Energy." So far as the law thus designated claims to be an observed law, gathered by induction from experience, this is its last and whole meaning. We have only to scrutinize its evidence with a little care, in order to see that it simply traces a few transmutations of the perpetual motions attributed to atoms and molecules.

If we chose to shape it thus: "For every cancelled movement or element of movement there arises another, which is equivalent;" everything would be expressed to which the evidence applies. Had we to look out for a proof of such a proposition, we should first consider what it is that makes two movements equivalent: and, in the simplest case,—of homogeneous elements,—we should find it in equal numbers with the same velocity; so that the direct demonstration would require that we should count the atoms and estimate their speed. As we cannot count them, one by one, we *weigh* them in their masses;—an operation which has

the advantage of reckoning at one stroke along with their relative numbers, also the most important of their velocities. The atoms being all equal, the greater mass expresses the larger number. And weight is only the arrested velocity with which, in free space, they move to one another; it is prevented motion, in the shape of pressure. In order to measure it, *i.e.*, to express it in terms of space and time, we might withdraw the prevention, and address ourselves to the path that would then be described. But it is more convenient to test it by taking it in reverse, and trying what other prevented motion will avail to stop it and hold it ready to turn back. Thus even statical estimates of equilibrium are but a translation of motion into more compendious terms.

If this is a true account of common weights, it still more evidently applies to the process which gives us the *foot-pound*, or "unit of work:" for this is found by the actual lifting of one pound through one vertical foot, *i.e.*, by *moving* it through a space in a time. And as in this, which is the standard, so in all the changes which it is employed to measure, the fundamental quantity is simply *movement*, performed, prevented, or reversed.

This fact is easily traced through the proofs usually offered of the Conservation of Energy. The essence of them all is the same:—for each extinguished "unit of work" they find a substituted equivalent movement, molar or molecular. Dr. Joule, for instance, establishes for us a common measure of heat and mechanical work. How does he accomplish this? By applying the descent of a weight to create in moving water friction enough to raise the temperature 1° Fahrenheit; and finding that this result corresponds with a fall of the water through 772 feet. Here, on one side of the equation, we have the movement of the mass through its vertical path; on the other, the molecular movement that constitutes heat; measured by a third movement of an expanding liquid in the thermometer. Where the first is arrested, the second takes its place: and to double one would be to double both.

If heat is made to do chemical work, its undulations are similarly expended in setting up a fresh order of movements;

* The Conservation of Energy, p. 7.

† Theory of Heat, by J. Clark Maxwell, p. 306.

‡ Conservation of Energy, by Dr. Balfour Stewart, p. 7.

of atomic combination, when burning coal unites with oxygen; of separation, when the fire of a lime-kiln drives its carbonic acid from the chalk. The friction which parts the electricities, the spark which attends their reunion; the crystallization of liquids by loss of temperature, and their vaporization by its increase; the waste of animal tissue by action, and its replacement by food; all reduce themselves to the same ultimate rule,—the exchange of one set of movements or resistances (which are stopped movements) for another, which, wherever calculable, is found to be an equivalent.

To a perfect observer, then, able to follow the changes of external bodies, in themselves and among one another, to their last haunts, nothing would present itself but consecutions and assortments of phenomena, and arrests of phenomena. And if he had noticed, and could name, what on the subsidence of each group would emerge to replace it, he would be master of the law of Conservation. The sciences would distinguish themselves for him by taking cognizance each of its special set of phenomena; as acoustics tell the story of one kind of undulations, optics of another, thermotics of a third. And the law in question would only carry his glance, as it chased the flight of change, across the lines of this divided work, and show him, on the desertion of *this* field, a new stir in *that*.

Though the whole objective world has thus been laid bare before him, and he has read and registered its order through and through, he has not yet, it will be observed, alighted on a single *dynamic* idea: all that he has seen (and nothing has been hid from him) may be stated without resort to any term that goes beyond the relations of co-existence and sequence. The whole vocabulary of causality may absent itself from the language of such an observer. Were it even given to him, it would carry no new meaning, but only tell over again in fresh words the old story of regular time succession. He might, as Comte and Mill and Bain truly contend, command the whole body of science, including its latest law, without ever asking for the origin (other than the phenomenal predecessor) of any change.

By no such ideal interpreter of nature, however, have our actual books of science

been written. Never more than now have they abounded in the language which, we have seen, would be superfluous for him. The formula of the new law contains it: for it is the conservation of "Energy," or the correlation of "Forces," which it announces. Are these then some new-comers that we have got to know? or, have we encountered them before under other names, and only found out some new thing about them? "Energy," says Professor Balfour Stewart, is the "power of overcoming obstacles or of doing work."* I see a flash of lightning pierce a roof and kill a man, and plunge into the earth: the obstacles overcome, the work done, are visible enough; but where is the "power"? what does it add to the phenomenon, over and above these elements? Besides the flash of lightning first, and then the changes in the roof and the man, is there something else to be searched for, and entered, as an object of knowledge, under a separate name? If there be such a thing, by what sense am I to apprehend it? through what aids of art can I penetrate to it. It is obvious that it has no perceptible presence at all: and that its name stands in the definition and in every inductive equation, as an x , an unknown quantity, which itself has to be found before it can add any new relation to the known. "Force," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "is whatever changes or tends to change the motion of a body, by altering either its direction or its magnitude."† The shot fired from a gun at a moderate elevation is scarcely out of the muzzle before it quits the straight line for the parabola, and slackens its initial velocity, and soon alights upon the ground. We say the deflection is due to "gravitation." But, if so, this is an invisible part of the fact: no more is observable than the first direction and subsequent curvature of the ball's path, the changing speed, and the final fall, in presence of the earth. The "force" which we superadd in thought is not given in the phenomenon as perceived: and if we know the movements accomplished, prevented, modified, we know everything that is there.

One interpretation, indeed, may be

* Conservation of Energy, p. 13.

† Theory of Heat, p. 83.

given to these mysterious words, which makes them not superfluous, in a methodized account of the order of nature. "Gravitation" perhaps may mean only the *rule of happening* which, along with the deflection of the shot, describes also several other cases of movement; and if it enables us to advert to these, while in presence of the immediate fact, it performs a truly scientific function. It is plain, however, that this is not what our Dynamic writers mean. A rule does not "change the motion of a body," does not "overcome obstacles and do work;" nor would any one dream of attaching such predicates to mere similarities of occurrence.

Our instructors then suppose themselves acquainted with more than phenomena, more than the laws of them; and believe that inductive analysis has carried them behind these to "the hiding-place of power." They tell us, with much ease and unanimity, what they have found there: so that the story is familiar to every advanced schoolboy, and reproduced in hundreds of examination papers every year. They have found, as sources of the phenomena, a considerable number of "Energies" of nature, which they distinguish from one another in various ways, as "strong" or "weak," as stretching far or keeping near, as demanding the unlike or content with anything, as single or splitting into opposites, as inorganic or organic. In every text-book of science a complete list of these is presented: and the student, as he learns how to discriminate them, cannot doubt that he is dealing, in each instance, with a separate unit of objective knowledge, which is the inner fountain of a definite set of outward changes. He thus is brought to conceive of nature as having many springs. Its multitudinousness is commanded by a senate of powers.

Further, it is impossible, on looking at the faces of these assembled forces, to assign the same rank to all, or miss the traits of graduated dignity which make them rather a hierarchy than a committee. The delicate precision with which chemical affinity picks its selecting way among the atoms is an advance upon the indiscriminate grasp of gravitation at them all. The architecture of a crystal cannot vie with that of a tree. The sentiency of the mollusk is at an immeasurable dis-

tance from the thought which produces the *Mécanique Céleste*. Hence, in the company of powers that conduct the business of nature a certain order of lower and higher establishes itself, which, without settling every point of precedence, at least marks a few steps of ascent, from the mechanical at the bottom to the mental at the top. All equally real, all equally old, they are differentiated by the quality of the work they have to do.

On the imagination thus prepared a new discovery is now flung. Keenly watch the face of any one of these forces; its features will change into those of another. You cannot fix its identity in permanence; it migrates from species to species. Now it is mechanical energy; in a minute it will be heat; if a tourmaline is near it will turn up as electricity; and so on, for no part of the cycle is closed against it. You look, in short, upon a row of masks, behind which the "unknown power," slipping from one to another with magic agility, seems to multiply itself, but is found, on closer scrutiny, never to quit its unity. The senate of nature does but administer a monarchy.

And so, the plurality of forces disappears from the ultimate background, and comes to the front as a mere semblance. This brings up a new problem. What stands in the dynamic place thus vacated? How is it related to the disguises it assumes? Do they in any way represent it? or do they only hide it? To this question there are three answers given. (1) The One Power is indifferently related to all its masks, but is like none of them; they are opaque and let no lineament shine through. (2) The "phases" are not on an equal footing, but consecutive in their genesis, the *lowest* being the oldest. With *that* the One Power was at first identical, and *that* is what truly represents its essence. (3) The "phases" are consecutive in their genesis, the *highest* being the oldest. With *that* the One Power is for ever identical; all else is its action but not its image. The second of these is the materialist's answer. His preference for it is mainly determined by two reasons. In the first place, since the several forces, A, B, C, D, &c., are all interchangeable, it suffices to allow A (the mechanical), and all the rest are provided for. In the

second place, the traces of actual evolution follow this order, conducting us back past the dawn of life, and even the combinations of chemistry, to a period of purely mechanical energy. In estimating these reasons I will step for a moment on to their own ground, and postpone all objection to the theory of "energies" on which they rest.

It is true that, among a number of interchangeables, if the first be given, the others are potentially there. But it is no less true that if the last be given, or any intermediate, there is provision for the rest. The possibility of reciprocal transmutation all round determines no preference of any member as having priority over the rest, and cannot be pleaded as an excuse for selecting the rudest mask of nature as the most faithful likeness of its inner essence. The law of Conservation is impartial, and tells in both directions, exhibiting the elements of the world, here living up into the self-conscious, there dying down into the inorganic, and suggesting, rather than any initial point, circling currents of crossing change.

But further, there is not the slightest ground, in the present transmutations, for treating the lowest phase of force as adequate to the production of the highest. Though mechanical energy, now that it stands in presence of the several chemical elements, may pass into chemical form, it does not follow that it could do so in their absence; for this would be to predicate of homogeneous atoms what we know only of heterogeneous. And the same consideration applies to the phases higher in the scale. *Given*, the existing materials and conditions of life and mind, and the circulation and equivalence of forces may take place as alleged; but that the order could be inverted, and the equivalence avail to provide the conditions, cannot be inferred. Take, on the other hand, any higher "phase" as first, and it carries all below it. Chemical force presupposes mechanical (as cohesion), and acts at its expense; and vital presupposes and modifies the inorganic chemical. In this order of derivation, therefore, the original *datum* would yield what is required by divesting itself of certain conditions admitted to be there, while in the opposite order it would have to take on fresh conditions assumed

to be absent at its start. If, in choosing from the phases of force the fittest representative form, we are to be guided by the possibility of deduction, the supreme term must surely be taken as First.

The second plea of the "materialist," viz. that the vista of evolution recedes into the simply mechanical, and is intersected at dimly seen stages by entering lights, first of chemical affinity, then of life, and finally of consciousness, it is the less necessary to qualify as a statement of fact, because it is destitute of logical cogency. Granted that at successive eras these new forces appeared upon the scene, this supplies the "when," but not the "whence" of each. Something more is needful, if you would show that it is the product of its predecessor. Instead of advancing from behind, it may have entered from the side. You cannot prove a pedigree by offering a date. Since these several forces are but secondary phases of a Unitary Power, what obliges us to derive them from one another, instead of letting them all stand in equal and direct relation to their common essence? On this point the first answer to the inquiry after the One Power has a conclusive advantage over the second.

Such, it seems to me, would be the logical position of the materialist's case, on the assumption that separate kinds and transmutations of energy are known to us, over and above the resulting phenomena, as discoveries of natural science. That assumption, hitherto conceded, I must now withdraw. No "energy" has ever come under human notice, and disclosed its marks, so as to discriminate itself from others, similarly apprehended. This is not simply true thus far as a matter of fact: it is true permanently as a matter of necessity. We might watch forever the relations of bodies and their parts *inter se*, and though we had eyes that ranged from the microscopic minimum to the analysis of the milky way, we should fetch no force into the field of view: and the whole story of what was laid open to us would be a record of interminable series and eddies of change. What are called the "transmutations of energy" are nothing but transitions from one chapter of that record to another. A certain catena of phenomena runs to an end; the first link of a new one is ready

to take its place: a body's fall is stopped; its temperature rises: the thermometer in the kettle ascends to 212° Fahrenheit and stays there; the water turns to steam: this is observed, and no more than this. And the list of metamorphosed energies deceives us, if we take it for anything beyond an enumeration of these junctures between class and class of consecutive movements. Did we bring to the contemplation of nature no faculties but those which constitute our scientific outfit, I see no reason to believe that it would come before us under any other aspect; or that we should ever be tempted to paint its picture or tell its history in dynamic terms.

Are such terms then illusory? Are they susceptible of no meaning? or of only a false meaning? Far from it. The thought that is in them we cannot indeed fetch out of nature: but we are obliged to carry it into nature. To witness phenomena, and let them lie and dispose themselves in the mere order of time, space, and resemblance, is to us impossible. By the very make of our understanding we refer them to a *Power* which issues them: and no sooner is perception startled by their appearance than the intellect completes the act by wonder at their source. This "power," however, being a postulate intuitively applied to phenomena, and not an observed function found in them, does not vary as they vary, but mentally repeats itself as the needed prefix to every order of them: and though it may thus migrate, now into this group, now into that, it is the dwelling alone which changes, and that which is immanent is ever the same. You can vary nothing in the total fact, except the collocations of material conditions; out of which, as each new adjustment emerges, the persistent power elicits a different result. Instead of first detecting many forces in nature and afterwards running them up into identity, the mind imports one into many collocations; never allowing it to take different names, except for a moment, in order to study its action now here, now there. If this be true, if causality be not seen, but thought, if the thought it carries belongs to a rule of the understanding itself, that every phenomenon is the expression of power, two consequences follow: the plurality of forces disappears: and, to find the

true interpretation of the One which remains, we must look not without but within; not on the phenomena presented, but on the rational relations into which they are received. Power *is* that which *we mean by it*; nor have we any other way of determining its nature than by resort to our self-knowledge. The problem passes from the jurisdiction of natural science to that of intellectual philosophy. Thither let us follow it.

I have already hinted that if we were mere passive, though thinking, observers of the world around us, we should witness phenomena without asking for a power: the principle of causality would remain latent in the intellect: the occasion would be wanting which permits it to awake. That occasion is furnished by the active side of our nature, by our own spontaneous movement from its inner centre out upon objects near its circumference. Being conscious as originators of the exercise of power, we admit as recipients its exercise upon us: nor is causality conceivable except upon these meeting lines of action and reaction; any more than, in the case of position, a *here* is conceivable without a *there*. Both pairs, the dynamic and the geometrical, are functions of the same fundamental antithesis, of subject and object, which is involved in every cognitive act. Till we disengage ourselves from nature, we do not think though we may feel: and when we disengage ourselves from nature, we are self-conscious subjects and objects of causal operation. The idea of power coming in this dual form, as out from us and on to us, its two sides are reciprocally related: and that which the inner side is to the *object*, the same is the outer side to the *subject*. With the inner side, however, we are intimately familiar: it is the one thing which we immediately know; unless, indeed, it sits so near our centre as rather to regulate our knowing than stand off enough to become itself the known: but in any case we have to mark it by a name, as the inmost nucleus of dynamic thought: and we call it living *Will*. This is our causality; and it is what we mean by causality: in the absence of this, no other source for the idea, in the presence of this, no other meaning for it, can be found. It is true that of the reciprocal propositions, "We push against the wind," "The wind

pushes against us," we know the force named in the first with a closeness not belonging to our knowledge of the other. We cannot identify ourselves with the wind as our own *visus* is identified with us. We go out on an energy: we return home on a thought. But that thought is only the reflex of the energy; it has, and can have, no other type. Our whole idea of *Power* is identical with that of Will, or reduced from it. That which, in virtue of the principle of causality, we recognise as immanent in nature, is homogeneous with the agency of which we are conscious in ourselves. Dynamic conceptions have either this meaning, or no meaning: cancel this, and you cut them at the root, and they wither into words; and your knowledge, cast out into dry places, has to take refuge again with co-existences and successions. Whatever authority attaches to the law of causality at all attaches to it, presumably at least, in its intuitive form,—phenomena are the expression of living energy; and cannot be reduced within narrower limits, unless by express disproof of coincidence between its natural range and its real range. Till that disproof is furnished, the One Power stands as the Universal Will.

I am aware what courtesy it would require in a modern *savant*, whether of the Nescient or of the Omniscient school, to behave civilly to such folly as this must seem to him: nor can I pretend to find his laughter a pleasant sound: for I honor his pursuits, and sorrowfully dispense with his sympathy. It makes amends, however, that even among the most rigorous scientific thinkers, some curious testimony or other from time to time turns up to the correctness of the interpretation just given of the idea of power. Even Gassendi, the modern Epicurus, the eager disciple of Copernicus and Galileo, cannot refrain from resorting to living and conscious action in explanation of physical. To render the earth's attraction intelligible he has two favorite devices. He lays it down that every whole nature has a sort of clinging affection for all its parts, and resists their being torn or kept away from it; so that the earth sends out invisible arms or tentacula to fetch back objects detached from it: and hence the fall of the rain,

the hail, the stone from the sling.* And he institutes a double comparison;—first assimilating the earth to a magnet; and then the magnet's force to the fascinating or repulsive influence of objects upon the senses,—the sweetness of the rose, which draws us to it, the noisomeness of a drain, that drives us away.† In this appeal to "sympathy" and "antipathy" we see again, as already in the *φιλία* of Democritus, how inevitably the imagination, even when most intent on keeping within physical limits, is betrayed into mental analogies. Not a few, indeed, of the most clear-sighted men of science have been well aware of the real source of our dynamic conceptions; in some cases accepting it as authoritative, in others being ashamed of it as a mere occasion of superstition. Redtenbacher, in his "Principles of Mechanical Physics," refers our knowledge of "the existence of forces to the various effects which they produce, and especially to the feeling and consciousness of our own forces."‡ And in conversation with Fechner, Professor E. H. Weber laid stress on the fact that in the will to move the body occurs the only case of immediate consciousness of power operative on matter, and accordingly identified the essence of power with that of will, and from this principle worked out his religious ideas.§ That it is not, however, in the mere interest of a religious theory that this doctrine finds its strength, is evident from its hold on Schopenhauer, who, in virtue of it, could call the inward principle of nature nothing but *will*, though striking out from that name whatever makes its meaning divine. Herschel's judgment, often criticised but never shaken, was deliberately pronounced:—

"That it is our own immediate consciousness of *effort* when we exert force to put matter in motion, or to oppose and neutralize force, which gives us this internal conviction

* De motu impresso a Motore translato, xii. Opera, Lugd. 165, tom. iii. p. 491.

† Syntagma Philos. Phys. sect. iii. mem. I. lib. iii. p. ii. Op. 132; and De motu impresso xiii. tom. iii. p. 492.

‡ Das Dynamidensystem, Grundzüge einer mechanischen Physik, p. 12, ap. Lange; Gesch. d. Materialismus, ii. p. 205.

§ Fechner, Ueber die physikalische und philosophische Atomenlehre; 2te Aufl., p. 132 (note).

of *power* and *causation* so far as it refers to the material world, and compels us to believe that whenever we see material objects put in motion from a state of rest, or deflected from their rectilinear paths and changed in their velocities if already in motion, it is in consequence of such an *effort somehow* exerted, though not accompanied with *our* consciousness.*

With the tone of this memorable statement it is interesting to compare the feeling of one who, owning the same psychological fact, treats it as an infirmity, instead of accepting it as a guide.

"Power, regarded as the cause of motion, is nothing," says Du Bois-Reymond, "but a more recondite product of the *irresistible tendency to personify* which is impressed upon us;—a rhetorical artifice, as it were, of our brain, snatching at a figurative turn of thought, because destitute of any conception clear enough for literal expression. In the notions of Power and Matter we find recurring the same dualism which presents itself in the ideas of God and the world, of soul and body; the same want which once impelled men to people bush and fountain, rock, air, and sea with creatures of their imagination. What do we gain by saying it is reciprocal Attraction whereby two particles of matter approach each other? Not the shadow of any insight into the nature of the process. But, strangely enough, our inherent quest of causes is in a manner laid to rest by the involuntary image tracing itself before our inner eye, of a hand which gently draws the inert matter to it, or of invisible tentacles, with which the particles clasp together, try to seize each other, and at last twine together into a knot."†

This outburst of exasperation against all dynamic conceptions,—for to that length it really goes,—is justified if the human mind has nothing to do but to become an accomplished *Naturforscher*. It is quite true that "insight into the nature of a process" is gained only by a closer reading of its steps in their series and in their analogies, and is in no way aided by passing behind the movements they comprise. What then? Shall we be angry at our propensity to look behind them, and tear it from our nature under vows to reach a stainless intellect? We shall but emasculate the mind we wish to purify: for what is the nerve of its vigor but the very Wonder which is for ever seeking an unattainable rest? If we incessantly press into

nature, it is in hope of finding what is beyond nature: and all that we have learned of the finite world indirectly comes from our affinity with the embracing Infinite. It would be strange if the Causal appetency, which no disappointment wears out, should be at once our greatest strength and our most fatal illusion. It is admitted to be "irresistible," it is admitted to carry the belief of personality: but these features, which induced Herschel to yield to it and trust in it, are reasons with Du Bois-Reymond for resisting and despising it. I need hardly say that, when he calls its language "figurative" and its conception a "personification," he oracularly assumes the very point at issue. To "personify" is to invest with personality that which has it not: and to tell any one with Herschel's belief that he does this is only to contradict him. So again, if you know that there are two things of different type, living power and dead power, and then transfer to the second the marks of the first, your language is "figurative:" but if to you the types are identical, the second coinciding with the first, you speak with literal exactitude; and to charge you with rhetoric is only to beg the question in dispute. Probably the writer was the less conscious of any dogmatism here, from his thoughts already running upon the stock example of belief in the Pagan gods of "rock and air and sea"—fairly enough adducible as a departed superstition. But the dying out of Polytheism is misconceived if it be regarded as an expulsion of every Conscious Presence from venerated haunts, and the substitution of a dead for a living world. It was a fusion, not an extinction, of Will; as the little cantons of nature, once under independent guardians, melted into ever wider provinces, and clans of men clustered into confederated nations, the detected harmony of the kosmos and the felt unity of humanity carried with them the enthronement of a single Divine Mind in place of the vanished local gods. It is not that other and other powers have been discovered, but that fewer and fewer have been needed, till the plurality is lost in One Supreme. And as, with the widening scope of the natural order, the many wills lapsed into one, so, among monotheists, did the many motives of that One, once so freely attributed, more and more merge them-

* *Treatise on Astronomy*, 1833. Ch. vii. § 370.

† *Untersuchungen über thierische Electricität*. I. Bd. Berlin, 1848. Vorrede, S. xi. ap. Lange's *Gesch. d. Mat.* ii. 204.

selves in the recognition of an all-comprehending scheme, whose thoughts were not acts but laws, and whose purpose flowed into the inlets of individual life from an ocean of universal relations. By this surrender of providences in *exiguïs* we drop the quest of design in events taken one by one, and learn to speak of the power which produces them, and to divide it into lots, not according to their supposed aims, but according to their visible kinds: and thus it is that by suspending the idea of an end in view the full-bodied notion of Will is attenuated to that of Force. How imperfectly, even then, the life is driven out of it, may be seen from Du Bois-Reymond's expostulation with it. And the suspended idea only flits away to settle upon a higher point. Instead of having discovered that *purpose is not there*, we have simply learned that purpose takes in more; and the little pulses of separate volition are lost in the mighty movements of Eternal Thought.

In the remarkable passage which I have quoted, and in the argument of which it forms a part, Du Bois-Reymond puts Matter and Force on the same footing, and discharges the former as well as the latter from the realm of reality, by reducing it also to an empty abstraction. He is led to this position by that just logical appreciation which gives to his writings, as to those of Helmholtz, a high philosophical rank, in addition to their value as models of scientific exposition and research. The equipoise, true enough, is perfect, in respect to validity, between the ideas of Matter and of Power: and the only question is, whether both are to be dismissed as illusions, or both retained as intuitive data of thought, the conditions of all construed experience. To reject them both is practically impossible, though logically necessary if you part with either. To retain them both is simply to accept the fundamental relation of object and subject under its two constitutive functions, instead of treating our only modes of knowing as snares of ignorance. The existence of a Universal Will and the existence of Matter stand upon exactly the same basis, of certainty if you trust, of uncertainty if you distrust, the *principia* of your own reason. For my part, I cannot hesitate. Shall I be deterred by the reproach of

"anthropomorphism"? If I am to see a ruling Power in the world, is it folly to prefer a man-like to a brute-like power, a seeing to a blind? The similitude to man means no more and goes no further than the supremacy of intellectual insight and moral ends over every inferior alternative: and how it can be contemptible and childish to derive everything from the highest known order of power rather than the lowest, and to converse with Nature as embodied Thought, instead of taking it as a dynamic engine, it is difficult to understand. Is it absurd to suppose mind transcending the human? or, if we do so, to make our own Reason the analogical base for intellect of wider sweep? How is it possible to look along any line of light traced by past research, and, estimating the contents which it reveals, and leaves still unrevealed, to remember that along all radii to which we may turn a similar infinitude presents itself to any faculty that seeks it, and yet to conceive that this mass of truth to be known has only our weak intelligence to know it? And if two natures know the same thing, how can they be other than like? Nay, Du Bois-Reymond himself takes up the magnificent fancy of Laplace, of a "mind cognisant of all forces operating in nature at a given moment, and all mutual relations among the beings composing it. Such a mind, if in other respects capacious enough to subject these data to analysis, would comprise in the same formula the movements of the greatest masses in the universe, and of the lightest atom. Nothing would be uncertain to him; and to his glance future and past would alike be present. The human understanding presents, in the perfection to which it has brought astronomy, a feeble image of such a mind."* Here is reproduced the very thought which, in his ignorance of differential equations, Plato expressed by saying that God was the supreme Geometer; simply taking to the summit-level the analogy which Laplace leaves floating at some indefinite height above the human. Is the conception, then, vitiated because it is "anthropomorphic"? Let Du Bois-Reymond answer, "Wir gleichen diesem Geist, denn wir begreifen ihn."† If to

* Ueber die Grenzen des Naturerkennens, p. 6.

† Ibid. p. 10.

have the idea of a diviner nature is to resemble him, and if resemblance must be reciprocal, what can be more futile than the reproach that men attribute to God what is highest in humanity?

It may be doubted, indeed, whether the analogy might not be pressed further, without overstraining its truth. If the collective energies of the universe are identified with Divine Will, and the system is thus animate with an eternal consciousness as its moulding life, the conception we frame of its history will conform itself to our experience of intellectual volition. Its course is ever from the indeterminate to the determinate; and as the passage is made by rational preference among possibilities, thought has its intensity at the outset, and action in the sequel. It is in origination, in disposing of new conditions, in setting up order by differentiation, that the mind exercises its highest function. When the product has been obtained, and a definite method of procedure established, the strain upon us is relaxed, habit relieves the constant demand for creation, and at length the rules of a practised art almost execute themselves. As the intensely voluntary thus works itself off into the automatic, thought, liberated from this reclaimed and settled province, breaks into new regions, and ascends to ever higher problems: its supreme life being beyond the conquered and legislated realm, while a lower consciousness, if any at all, suffices for the maintenance of its ordered mechanism. Yet all the while it is one and the same mind that, under different modes of activity, thinks the fresh thoughts and carries on the old usages. Does anything forbid us to conceive similarly of the kosmical development;—that it started from the freedom of indefinite possibilities and the ubiquity of universal consciousness; that, as intellectual exclusions narrowed the field, and traced the definite lines of admitted movement, the tension of purpose, less needed on these, left them as the habits of the universe, and operated rather for higher and ever higher ends not yet provided for; that the more mechanical, therefore, a natural law may be, the further is it from its source; and that the inorganic and unconscious portion of the world, instead of being the potentiality of the organic and conscious, is rather

its residual precipitate, formed as the Indwelling Mind of all concentrates an intenser aim on the upper margin of the ordered whole, and especially on the inner life of natures that can resemble him? I am aware that this speculation inverts the order of the received kosmogonies. But, in advancing it, I only follow in the track of a veteran physiologist and philosopher, whose command of all the materials for judgment is beyond question,—the author of "Psychophysik." Fechner insists that protoplasm and zoophyte structure, instead of being the inchoate matter of organization, is the cast-off residuum of all previous differentiation, stopping short of the separation of animal from plant and of sex from sex, and no more capable of further development than is inorganic matter, without powers beyond its own, of producing organization.* And, far from admitting that the primordial periods had few organisms, which time increased in number, he contends that the earth was formerly more rich in organisms than now, and that the inorganic realm has grown at the expense of the organic.†

The resolution of all power into Will is met by the thorough-going objection, that Mind is not energy at all, and can never stir a particle of matter. "Were it possible," says Lange, "for a single cerebral atom to be moved by 'thought' so much as the millionth of a millimetre out of the path due to it by the laws of mechanics, the whole 'formula of the universe' (*i.e.*, as imagined by Laplace) would become inapplicable and senseless."‡ "Suppose," he adds, "two worlds, both occupied by men and their doings, with the same course of history, with the same modes of expression by gesture, the same sounds of voice, for him who could *hear* them—*i.e.*, not simply have their vibrations conveyed through the auditory nerves to the brain, but be self-conscious of them. The two worlds are therefore to be absolutely alike, with only this difference: that in the one the whole mechanism runs down like that of an automaton, without anything being felt or thought, whilst the other is just *our* world; then would the formula for these

* Einige Ideen zur Schöpfungs- und Entwicklungsgeschichte der Organismen, p. 73.

† Ibid. p. 77, 78.

‡ Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 155.

two worlds be completely the same. To the eye of exact research they would be indistinguishable.*

So much the worse, are we not tempted to say, for "exact research"? If, with all its keenness and precision, it misses half the universe, and identifies diametrical opposites, it will be, perhaps, a calamity rather for it than for us, that its "formula" should prove less applicable than had been supposed. The extension to man, in an exaggerated form, of Descartes' doctrine of animal automatism, marks, perhaps, the lowest point which the falling barometer of philosophy has reached. By him it was propounded for the express purpose of finishing off the mechanical modes of action, even when strained to their maximum, short of the human characteristics; and of opening in these a second and sharply contrasted world, containing another hemisphere of phenomena, with their own lines of causality and relations of affinity. Though by his absolute separation of matter and mind he cut the problem of the world in two, he at least embraced the whole of it, and attempted to solve it by a double formula. But his modern interpreters do not see why one half of his theory should not be stretched to do the work of the whole: they have only to ignore his unmechanical part of the world and leave it out in the cold, and in place of his contrast they will get an identity. For his maxims,—Movement is the cause of movement, Thought of thought, but neither of the other,—they substitute the rule that Movement is the cause of both, but Thought of neither: so that there is no longer any counterpart to the mechanism of nature, or any work done beyond it; and whatever puffs of thought and screeches of feeling there may be, it is only that the engine is blowing off its steam: nothing comes of it, and it may be treated as waste. This theory is founded on the analysis of reflex action in the nervous apparatus, in which the sensory conductor having delivered its stimulus in the ganglion, the motory takes up the sequence and contracts the muscles requisite for action in response. If the brain be kept from interfering, the circuit is completed in unconsciousness; and its series, though determining the

subject to all sorts of clever and congruous movements, is composed of molecular changes unattended by feeling or design. When the scene is transferred to the brain or connected with it, the story, we are assured, is still the same, only with the added phenomenon of consciousness. In the one case, the subject acts: in the other, he acts and knows it. But this new fact is inoperative, and leads to nothing: were it absent, he would figure away as a molecular automaton all the same, and not a scene or a word would be altered in the five-act comedy of life. Comparing in this view the reflex and the cerebral activities, we might say that the former resembles a clock with *one beat*—viz., movement only; the latter a clock with *two beats*—viz., movement *plus* consciousness.

By the extent of this increment, the second does more work than the first. What, then, becomes of the difference? Where are we to look for it at the next stage? We are expressly told it has no next stage, and things will go on exactly as if it had not been there. Then a portion of work has perished, and the Conservation of energy is contradicted.

The only escape from this conclusion would be by denying that consciousness produced is "work done." This, however, is to admit that it is not an effect of molecular forces; to exempt it altogether from the range of physical law; and to throw it into an independent world of its own, beyond the jurisdiction of the natural philosopher. Such a position would be an unconditional relapse into the two-armed embrace of Descartes, from which the whole doctrine is a struggle to escape.

It is said that if thought can move a single molecule, the law of causality is at an end. Why is it not equally at an end if, conversely, molecular movement can wake a single thought? Either way, causality alike steps out of the material series, and crosses over to the other, now last, now first. And it is only on the assumption that it cannot do this, being a monopoly of Physics, that the objection has any sense.

This doctrine, that the most important elements of life,—all that constitute experience, and embody themselves in language, art, religion,—are so much *surplusage*,—that the mental phenomena are collectively a *cul-de-sac*, leading nowhither,

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 156.

—comes with a singular irony from men who by force of intellect, knowledge, and character are in many ways changing the conceptions of their time, and whose most signal triumph it will be to convince us that, if they never felt or thought at all, or stirred emotion and idea in us, it would make no difference to our history, and the senseless pantomime of our life would fit into the same niche in the world's "formula." Such paradoxical triumphs are occasionally won by planting the old nightmare of necessity closely on our breast. But not for long: and the first of us that, feeling cold, spreads his hands before the fire, or, struck with grief, wrings them over the lifeless features of a friend, will here break the spell, and restore the faith that to be conscious, to think, to love, is to have power.

But then, it is said, this mental power, even if we concede it, is found only in connection with definite material conditions; in the absence of which, as in the structure of plants, we have no grounds for admitting any conscious life.

"What can you say then to the student of nature if, before he allows a Psychological principle to the universe, he asks to be shown, somewhere within it, embedded in neurine and fed with warm arterial blood under proper pressure, a convulsion of ganglionic globules and nerve-tubes proportioned in size to the faculties of such a Mind?"*

"What can we say?" I say, first of all, that this demand for a Divine brain and nerves and arteries comes strangely from those who reproach the Theist with "anthropomorphism." In order to believe in God, they must be assured that the plates in "Quain's Anatomy" truly represent him. If it be a disgrace to religion to take the human as measure of the Divine, what place in the scale of honor can we assign to this stipulation? Next, I ask my questioner, whether he suspends belief in his friends' mental powers till he has made sure of the contents of their crania? and whether, in the case of ages beyond reach, there are no other adequate vestiges of intellectual and moral life in which he places a ready trust? *Immediate* knowledge of mind other than his own he can never have: its existence in other cases is gathered from the signs

of its activity, whether in personal lineaments or in products stamped with thought: and to stop this process of inference with the discovery of human beings is altogether arbitrary, till it is shown that the grounds for extending it are inadequate. Further, I would submit that, in dealing with the problem of the Universal Mind, this demand for organic centralization is strangely inappropriate. It is when mental power has to be localized, bounded, lent out to individual natures and assigned to a scene of definite relations, that a focus must be found for it and a molecular structure with determinate periphery be built for its lodgment. And were Du Bois-Reymond himself ever to alight on the portentous cerebrum which he imagines, I greatly doubt whether he would fulfil his promise and turn theist at the sight: that he had found the Cause of causes would be the last inference it would occur to him to draw: rather would he look round for some monstrous *creature*, some kosmic megatherium, born to float and pasture on the fields of space. The great "energies" which we recognize as modes of the Universal Power are not central but ubiquitous: gravitation reports itself wherever there is a particle of matter; heat and light spread with the ether whose undulations they are; and electricity, at one moment gathered into poles, at another sweeps in the aurora over half the heavens. But if still my questioner cannot dispense with some visible structure as the organ of the Ever-living Mind, I will ask him, in his conception of the brain to take into account these words of Cauchy's:—

"Ampère has shown . . . that the molecules of different bodies may be regarded as composed each of several atoms, the dimensions of which are infinitely small relatively to their separating distances. If then we could see the constituent molecules of the different bodies brought under our notice, they would present to our view sorts of constellations; and in passing from the infinitely great to the infinitely small we should find, in the ultimate particles of matter, as in the immensity of the heavens, central points of action distributed in presence of each other."*

If then the invisible molecular structure and movement do but repeat in little those of the heavens, what hinders us

* Du Bois-Reymond, Ueber die Grenzen des Naturerkennens, p. 37.

* Cited from Moigno's Cosmos, tom. ii. p. 374, by Fechner: Atomlehre, xxvi. p. 232.

from inverting the analogy, and saying that the ordered heavens repeat the rhythm of the cerebral particles? You need an embodied mind? Lift up your eyes, and look upon the arch of night as the brow of the Eternal, its constellations as the molecules of the universal consciousness, its space as their possibility of change, and the ethereal waves as the afferents and efferents of Omniscient Thought. Even in the human nerves, the solid lines are but conductors, and the granules but media of movement; and science is ever on the search for some subtler essence that is thus sheathed and transmitted. In the kosmos, then, think of that essence as unsheathed and omnipresent, with light for its messenger and space for its scope of perception, and your material requisition is not wholly a dream.

Quite in the sense of Du Bois-Reymond's objection was the saying of Laplace, that in scanning the whole heaven with the telescope he found no God; which again has its parallel in Lawrence's remark that the scalpel, in opening the brain, came upon no soul.* Both are unquestionably true, and it is precisely the truth of the second which vitiates the intended inference from the first. Had the scalpel alighted on some perceptible *ψυχή*, we might have required of the telescope to do the same; and, on its bringing in a dumb report, have concluded there was only mechanism there. But, in spite of the knife's failure, we positively know that conscious thought and will were present, yet no more visible, yesterday: and so, that the telescope misses all but the bodies of the universe and their light avails nothing to prove the absence of a Living Mind through all. If you take the wrong instrument, such *quæsitæ* may well evade you. The test-tube will not detect an insincerity, or the microscope analyze a grief. The organism of nature, like that of the brain, lies open in its external features, to the scrutiny of science; but, on the inner side, the life of both is reserved for other modes of apprehen-

sion, of which the base is self-consciousness and the crown is religion.

The contempt or sorrow with which the claim of *design* is struck out from the interpretation of the world results in like manner from a false start in construing the dynamic idea. We are supposed to have made acquaintance, in the laboratory, the botanic garden, the aquarium, and among the stars, with a set of blind forces to which a happy hit and a stupid blunder are indifferent and possible, alike; and then, by way of supplement to these, to introduce into the thus prepared scene the action of intellectual purpose. The former is treated as the sphere of determinate causality; the latter of teleological government. It is plain that, under these conditions, nothing is left to the second agency except the residue unexplained by the first; nor does anything suit its character except the fitnesses which (*inter alia*) are not impossible to the other also. Unless therefore it invades and interrupts the series otherwise inevitable, it is liable to be deposed and "mediatized" by advancing knowledge; its troop of anomalies filing off by degrees into the drilled army of necessity; and the adaptations it had claimed being traced to the forces which cannot think. With these logical preconceptions, it is no wonder that the naturalist directs a professional enmity against the doctrine of design, and meets it as the opponent he is for ever beating back: and as he is certainly not only in his right, but at his duty, in pushing to the utmost his researches into the physical history of the forms and phenomena he studies, it is a venial impatience with which he resents attempts to stop him by "supernatural phantoms" across his path. If he can display the mechanism by which the heliotrope turns to the sun, or the chemistry by which in a few hours the turbot assumes the color of the ground over which it swims, or tell the whole story which, beginning with a jelly-point tingling in the sunshine, ends with the completed human eye, let his work have all sympathy and honor. But if he imagines that he is displacing Thought from nature by discovering causality, he is the subject of the very same illusion which would cry him down and arrest his course. The cases do but present the two sides of one superstition.

* Both these dicta I quote from memory, without at the moment being able to verify the citations. An equivalent passage to the latter occurs in the "Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man," p. 8, 1819.

The dispute between acting Force and intending Mind is as unmeaning as the quarrel of a man with his own image. The two are identical,—expressions, now in all dimensions, now in some, of the same nature. Causal power other than Will being an unknown quantity, nay, absolutely out of the sphere of thought, teleology and causality are incorporated in one; and mechanical necessity, instead of being the negation of purpose, is its persistence,—the declining, no doubt, of this or that possible diversion to minor ends, but in subservience to the stability of a more comprehensive order. The inexorability of nature is but the faithfulness of God, the maintenance of those unswerving habits in the universe, without which it could train no mind and school no character: and that it is hard and unbending to us does not prevent its being fluid to Him. To affirm *purpose* therefore in the adjustments of the world is not to set up a rival principle outside their producing force, but to plant, or rather to leave, an integrating thought within it. And, conversely, to trace those adjustments to their “physical causes,” is not to withdraw them from their ideal origin, but only to detect the method of carrying the inner meaning to its realization. Who will venture to say, what nevertheless is constantly imagined, that to find how a change comes about is to prove that it was never contemplated? • If it *were* contemplated it would have to be executed *somehow*; if, the moment you read the machinery provided for this purpose, the purpose itself is quenched from your view, is this the discovery or the loss of a reality?

This treatment of determinate causation as incompatible with conscious aims, is the more curious, as proceeding from a school which, as necessarian, is constantly laboring to show the co-existence of the two in human nature. If man is only a sample of the universal determinism, yet forms purposes, contrives for their accomplishment, and executes them, definite causality and prospective thought can work together, and the field which is occupied by the one is not preoccupied against the other.

The frequent plea, “See, there is no mind here, for all is necessary causation,” tacitly concedes that, in order to have mind, there must be exemption from ne-

cessity; and can be consistently urged only by one who attributes this exemption to the human will. Is the argument conclusive from his point of view? It would be so, were it possible to prove his premiss, viz., the universality in the kosmos of necessary causation. But this is plainly out of the question, because his amplest science carries the induction, such as it is, only skin-deep into the universe; because he would have to show that the present fixity was not determined by a past exercise of will; because Mind, in proportion as it is orderly and exact in its methods, may assume the semblance of necessity, and be the less suspected that its freedom works by rule. He knows how he himself, though conscious of self-disposal as well as of subjection to nature, presents to the determinist the aspect of a machine; and how can he be secure against a similar illusion in his interpretation of the world? What is to prevent the same combination of free and necessary causality, which he finds in himself from existing also beyond? Nay, if there were only mind-excluding force in nature, how could there arise a force-resisting mind in him? He could not carry in himself new causal beginnings, if in the kosmos whence he comes the lines of possibility were definitely closed.

I revert, then, after weighing these objections, to my “unwiderstehlicher Hang zur Personification,” and persist in regarding that which the natural philosopher calls *force*, and Professor Tyndall raises to an immanent *life*, as Causal Will, manifesting itself, not in interference with an established order, but in producing it. As it builds and weaves and quickens all matter, and could not otherwise work before us at all, the structures and growths of the material world are its seat, and their phenomena its witnesses: so that the very story,—of saline crystals, and ice-stars, and fern-fronds, and human birth,—which Professor Tyndall tells in order to exclude it, is to me a continuous report of its agency and laws. He asks, what else is there here than matter? I answer, the *movements* of matter, with their disposing and “formative *power*,” the attracting and repelling energies, which, *dealing with* molecules and cells, *are not* molecules and cells. “Mens agitat molem.” Whoever finds

this incredible will soon have to make friends with some abstraction which is but a ghastly mimicry of it; for *some* conception over and above that of "pure matter," is indispensable to the accurate representation of the simplest facts. If in the typical "oak-tree" the vitality suddenly ceased, the "matter" of it would at the next moment still be there, as certainly as that of a clock which had run down: it would weigh the same as before, and so stand the admitted test of the indestructibility of matter. Yet *something* is gone which was previously there, and that something has to be described otherwise than in terms of "matter." The droll "hypothesis" which my critic amuses himself with conjecturally attributing to me, "of a vegetative soul," wedded to the tree at a definite date, and quitting it when its term was up, certainly does not help us; and is set up on my behalf, I presume, simply from the facility of knocking it down. But are we any better served by the "alternative" conception of a "formative power," long latent and "potential," *i.e.* *not* forming anything, but only *going to do so*? I see that the conception contradicts Büchner's dictum, "A power not expressing itself has no existence;" yet am at a loss to know how, during its latency, its presence is ascertained, and to exercise with regard to it "that *Vorstellungs-fähigkeit* with which, in my efforts to think clearly, I can never dispense." Whilst it lies in wait behind the scenes,—before the time for the deposit of the crystal or the germination of the acorn,—*where* is it? behind what molecules does it hide? through what space is it invisibly present? What shape has it, enabling it to lay its building particles and to agglutinate cells? How does it know the right moment of temperature for stepping on to the stage, and declaring itself without further reserve? In short, all the questions addressed to me respecting the "formative soul" invented for me, I refer back to be answered on behalf of my critic's "potential power." "Potentiality" is an intelligible fact in a being consciously able to act or to refrain. But when the idea is carried into a system of necessitated phenomena, it means nothing in *them*, but something in *us*, as their observers—*viz.*, that we conditionally anticipate a future change, foreseeing a distant term

of a series which would be certain provided the nearer ones were not obscure. To plant this subjective suspense out into the field of nature to do objective work there, now alighting visibly upon the earth, and then hidden again in "an ambrosial cloud," is a sort of intellectual illusion which modern logic might have been expected to cast out.

In truth, the nearer I approach the Power which Professor Tyndall pursues through nature with so subtle and brilliant a chase, and the more I try, by combining the predicates which he gives and withholds, to think it out into the clear, the less distinct does this "ideal somewhat" become, not simply to the imagination, but to intellectual apprehension. A power which is not Mind, yet may be "potential" and exist when and where it makes no sign; which is "immanent" in matter, yet *is* matter; which "is manifested in the universe," yet is not "a Cause," therefore has no effects; presents to me, I must confess, not an overshadowing mystery, but an assemblage of contradictions. I have always supposed that "Power" was a relative word, and that the correlative was found in the "work done:" take away the latter by denying the causation, and the term drops into five letters which might as well be arranged in any other order.

Yet elsewhere this negative language is balanced by such large affirmative suggestions that I almost cease to feel the interval between my critic's thought and my own. Of the inorganic, the vegetable, and the animal realms he says—

"From this point of view all three worlds would constitute a unity, in which I picture life as immanent everywhere. Nor am I anxious to shut out the idea that the life here spoken of may be but a subordinate part and function of a higher life, as the living, moving blood is subordinate to the living man. I resist no such idea, as long as it is not dogmatically imposed. Left for the human mind freely to operate upon, the idea has ethical vitality; but stiffened into a dogma, the inner force disappears, and the outward yoke of a usurping hierarchy takes its place."⁴

Bidding God-speed to this sudden flank-attack upon usurping hierarchies and dogmas, I pursue only the main line of march in the free "idea." Whither does it lead me? It shows me the three pro-

⁴ *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p. 596.

vinces which make up our kosmos blended into one organism by an all-pervading life, which conducts all their processes, from the flow of the river to the dynamics of the human brain. This alone brings me to a pause of solemn wonder,—a single power through the whole, and that a living one! But there is more behind. This power, co-extensive though it is with nature, is not all: beyond her level we are to think of a “higher life,” to which her laws and history do but give functional expression. May we then really think out this “idea” of a life “higher” than what is supreme in the world,—higher, therefore, than the human? But scale of height above that point we do not possess, except in gradation of intellectual and moral sublimity; and either that Ideal Life must cease to live, or must come before our thought as transcendent Mind and Will, on a scale comprehending as well as permeating the universe. With any guide who brings me hither I sit down with joy and rest. It is the mountain-top, which shows all things in larger relations and through a more lustrous air; and every feature,—the great build of the world close at hand; the thinning of the everlasting snows as they stoop and melt towards human life; the opening of sweet valleys below the earlier and wilder pines; and the final plains, teeming in their silence with industry and thought,—is better understood than from level points of view, where the scope is narrowed or the calm is lost. But my guide seems less content than I to rest here, and deserts me, not, so far as I can trace him, to reach a brighter point, but rather to descend into the mists. To the “higher life,” transcending our highest, he dares not give the predicate “Mind,” or apply the pronoun of Personality.* On *what* scale, then, is it “higher”? If not on the intellectual and moral, then there is that in man which rises above it; for the power of attaining truth and goodness is ideally supreme. If Professor Tyndall can reveal to us something which is higher than Mind and Free Causality, by all means let us accept it at his hands and assign it to God. But in order to profess this, and therefore to deprecate,

as an “anthropomorphism,” the ascription of mind to Him, one would have, I think, to be one’s self something *more than man*. Only such a one could cast a look above the level of Reason, to see whether it was overtopped: and so, this fashionable reproach against religion is virtually an arrogating of a superhuman position. As we cannot overfly our own zone, no beat of our wings availing to lift us out of the atmosphere they press, surely, if that “higher life” speaks to us in idea at all, it can only be as Perfect Reason and Righteous Will. Those who find this type of conception not good enough for them,—do they succeed in struggling upwards to a better? Rather, I should fear, does a persistent gravitation gain upon them, till they droop and sink into the alternative faith of blind force which leaves their own rank supreme.

Professor Tyndall sets the belief in “unbroken causal connection” and the “theologic conception” over against each other as “rivals;” and says that an hour’s reasoning will give the first the victory.* The victory is impossible, because the rivalry is unreal. Why should not a Mind of illimitable resources,—such as “the theologic conception” enthrones in the universe,—conduct and maintain “unbroken causal connection”? Is not such connection congenial with the relations of thought and the harmony of intellectual life? Do not you, the student of nature, yourself admire it? Is it not the theme of your constant praise? Do you not speak with contemptuous aversion of alleged deviations from the steadfast tracks of order? and would you not yourself maintain those tracks, if you were at the head of things? To this attitude you are impelled by a just jealousy for the coherent beauty and worth of science as a whole. If, then, these unswerving lines so dignify the investigating intellect which regressively traces them up, how can it be out of character with the Mind of minds to think them progressively forth?

In the discussion which here reaches its close my object has been simply defensive,—to repel the pretension of speculative materialism to supersede “the

* *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p. 596.

† *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p. 596.

theological conception," by tracing that pretension to an imperfect appreciation of the ultimate logic of science. But the idea of Divine Causality which is thus saved, though an essential condition, is not the chief strength of religion; giving perhaps its measure in breadth, but not in depth. Were the physical aspects of the world alone open to us, we should doubtless gain, by reading a divineness between the lines, for beauty a new meaning, for poetry a fuller music, for art a greater elevation; but hardly a better balance of the affections or more fidelity of will. It is not till we cross the chasm which stops the scientific continuity, not till we make a new beginning on the further side, that the "idea of a higher life," emerging now in a far different field, can claim its "ethical value." The *self-conscious* hemisphere of inner experience,—which natural philosophy leaves in the dark,—*this* it is which turns to its Divine Source; and finds, not in any vacant "mystery," but in the living sympathy of a supreme Perfection, "the lifting power of an ideal element in human life." Only by converse with our own minds can we—to use the words of Smith of Cambridge—"steal from them their secrets," and "climb up to the contemplation of the Deity."* It is but too natural that this inner side of knowledge, this *melior pars nostri*, should be unheeded by those who look on it as the mere accessory fringe of an automatic life, gracefully hanging from the texture, but without a thread of connection beyond; and that with them the word "subjective" should be tantamount to "groundless." They confess the "mystery" of this interior experience only to fly from it and refuse its light. Yet here it is that at last light and vision lapse into one, and supply the *ἡλπειδέστατον τῶν ὀργάνων†* for the apprehension of the first truths of physical and the last of hyperphysical knowledge. Till we accept the "*faiths*" which our faculties postulate, we can never *know* even the sensible world; and when we accept them, we shall know much more. Short of this firm trust in the bases whereon our nature is appointed to stand,—a

trust which, if destroyed by a half-philosophy, must be restored by a whole one, the grandest "ideas" flung out to play with and turn about in the kaleidoscope of possibilities, or work up as material of poetry and rhetoric, can no more "lift" a human will than the gossamer pluck up the oak on which it swings. Unless your "ideal" reveals the real it has no power, and its "ethic value" is that of a dissolving image or a passing sigh. You must "*believe*" ere you can "remove mountains:" if you only fancy, they sit as a nightmare on your breast. And if man does nothing well till he ceases to have his vision, and his vision rather has him and wields him for action or repose; and if then he astonishes you with his triumphs over "nature" and her apparent real, is he the *only* being who thus rides out upon a thought, and makes the elements embody it? Have not these elements already learned their obedience, and grown familiar with the intellectual mandate to which they yield? A man truly possessed, ethically moulded by the pressures of reverence and love, you can never persuade that the beauty, the truth, the goodness which kindles him is but his private altar-lamp: it is an eternal, illimitable light, pervading and consecrating the universe. Unless it be so, it fires him no more; and, instead of utterly surrendering his will to it in trust and sacrifice, he begins to admire it as a little mimic star of his own,—a phosphorescence of matter set up by the chemistry of nature, not to see things by, but to glisten on the darkness of himself. It is vain to expatiate on the need of religion for our nature, and on the elevation of character which it can produce, and in the same breath bid it begone from the home of truth and seek shelter in the tent of romance. If its power is noble, its essence is true. And what that essence comprises has been worked fairly out in the long experiment of Christianity on human nature; which has shown that, in its purest and strongest phase, religion is a variety and last sublimity of *personal affection* and living communion with an Infinitely Wise and Good and Holy. The expectation that anything will remain if this be dropped, and that by flinging the same sacred vestments of speech round the form of some empty abstraction you can save the continuity

* Discourse iii., p. 66, ap. Tulloch's *Rational Theology*, vol. ii. p. 158.

† Plato de Rep. 508, A.

of piety, is an illusion which could never occur except to the outside observer. Look at the sacred poetry and recorded devotion of Christendom: how many lines of it would have any meaning left, if the conditions of conscious relationship and immediate converse between the human and the Divine Mind were withdrawn? And wherever the sense of these conditions has been enfeebled, through superficial "rationalism" or ethical self-confidence, "religious sterility"

has followed. To its inner essence, thus tested by positive and negative experience, Religion will remain constant, taking little notice of either scientific forbearance or critical management; and, though left, perhaps, by temporary desertions to nourish its life in comparative silence and retirement, certain to be heard, when it emerges, still speaking in the same simple tones, and breathing the old affections of personal love, and trust, and aspiration.—*Contemporary Review*.

ANY POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

IMMORTAL VERSE! Is mine the strain
To last and live? As ages wane
Will one be found to twine the bays,
And praise me then as now you praise?

Will there be one to praise? Ah, no!
My laurel leaf may never grow;
My bust is in the quarry yet,—
Oblivion weaves my coronet.

Immortal for a month—a week!
The garlands wither as I speak;
The song will die, the harp's unstrung,—
But, singing, have I vainly sung?

You deign'd to lend an ear the while
I trill'd my lay. I won your smile.
Now, let it die, or let it live,—
My verse was all I had to give.

The linnet flies on wistful wings,
And finds a bower, and lights and sings;
Enough if my poor verse endures
To light and live—to die in yours.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF FRANCIS DEAK. 1803-1876.

BY KARL BLIND.

In the lofty Academic Hall at Pesth, where the remains of the great Hungarian patriot lately stood amidst a nation's sympathetic sorrow, there might be seen, on the black drapery with which the marble walls were hung, the escutcheon of the Deak family; showing, in the middle, a pen and a book—a battle-axe

crowning the top. In a way, this rare coat-of-arms prefigured the late statesman's character and life.

For his country's rights he battled manfully, though his own hands never grasped the war-hatchet, which he would have readily buried for ever. The pen and the book more fitly symbolise his

doings. Public speech and public writings were his only weapons. By these he wrought an extraordinary success; entering his name, with indelible letters, in the checkered history of his fatherland. Yet the battle-axe that surmounted his armorial bearings, and the use of which he personally spurned, had a good deal to do with the triumph of his efforts; for without the repeated favor of warlike events in neighboring lands, Hungary could not have regained those constitutional rights of which he was the moderate, but steadfast, champion.

The outward career of Francis Deak can scarcely be called an eventful one. His life was one of the simplest. Averse to all show, he neither sought distinction nor power. No stars or crosses covered his breast; nor would he accept any of those titles which royalty showers upon men it wishes to fetter. The consciousness of having done right was ever enough for him, from early youth down to his dying hour.

Born on October 17, 1803, at Söjhör, in the comitat of Zala, the offspring of a family belonging to the lesser nobility, he studied law at Raab. The first training in the knowledge of State affairs he received from a brother—his senior by twenty years. At an early age, we find Francis Deak as a leader of the Liberal party in his native comitat. The county assemblies of Hungary have always served as a nursery for political talents—as a preparatory school for greater action in the Diet. When returned, in 1832, for the latter Assembly, after the withdrawal of his brother, he rose almost at once to the foremost rank as an Opposition speaker.

His bearing, at that time, is described as serious and dignified; of a gravity almost too great for so young a man. Of shortish build; with features by no means striking; the clear and quiet eyes overshadowed by bushy brows; with a good forehead; but otherwise lacking the characteristics that might have marked him as a future leader of men; so he stepped into the Parliament at Pressburg. In bodily form, as well as in temperament, he had few of the peculiarities of his race. But he soon proved himself a very Magyar of Magyars in his profound acquaintance with Parliamentary lore; in the fertility of his legal resources; in the

copiousness of his vocabulary when a point was to be gained by speaking, as it were, against Time; as well as in his wonderful tenacity, which in later years almost served the purposes of a death-defying enthusiasm.

His maiden speech, modest in tone, but showing great tact and full maturity of judgment, created a deep impression on both sides of the House. Unadorned by any rhetorical flowers; studiously free from all invective or pathetic appeals, his eloquence, entirely of a persuasive kind, mainly influenced the hearer by the logical marshalling of facts and arguments; by the strong array of weapons taken from the arsenal of Constitutional legality; by the homely illustrations and quaint anecdotic humor with which the orator relieved his otherwise plain speech. The whole was given in an easy conversational tone, but in well-rounded, sometimes even stately periods. Simple common sense marked every utterance. Deak wished to convince, not to rouse and to hurry on, those whom he addressed. Only reluctantly he grappled with an enemy in the strong polemic vein; but then he generally managed to make his foe beware of a future quarrel with him. At a glance it could be seen that, in ordinary times, this youthful, almost precociously wise statesman would exercise a leading influence. But the very strength which he displayed for such an epoch of exclusively legal contests, bore in it a germ of weakness for those mighty revolutionary struggles when an outraged people—to speak with Stauffacher, in Schiller's *Tell*—'boldly reclaims those natural rights which hang, like stars eternal, in high heaven.'

A few more speeches in the Diet brought Deak fully to the front. In the Parliament of 1839-40, he acted already as a prominent party-leader. If the effect of Eötvös' harangues was often marred by rhetorical involution; if Stephan Szechenyi—upon whose mind, in later days, dark clouds lowered—had alternate accessions of sanguine hope and deep despondency, Deak always gave his temperate counsel with clearness and unchanging force. He neither hoped beyond measure, nor ever did despair. The even strength of his nature came out when he fought, at one and the same time, the battle of his country's charter

against Habsburg encroachment, and of popular enfranchisement against the harsh feudal rule of the nobles.

Aristocratic privilege, at that time, stalked about rampant and fierce in Hungary, whilst the country was ever and anon the prey of an absolutistic Court whose rule was upheld by the sword, by the executioner's axe, by prison torture, and by an inquisitorial censorship of the press. It is difficult for the present generation to understand the character of that sad epoch, when the personal security of every prominent opponent daily trembled in the balance. Deak, from patriotic motives, as well as from noble sympathy with the sufferings of the masses, earnestly strove to bring about Home Reforms; all the while resisting Metternich's attacks upon his country's Constitution. It was a difficult task—this double struggling. The question was, how to combine the existing political forces, which dwelt in a narrow aristocratic circle, against Metternich's system, and, at the same time, so to conduct the campaign against the misgovernment of the magnates as not to weaken too much the cohesion of the Magyar ranks.

Deak's wisdom and energy were equal to both tasks. In open Parliament, and in Committee, he was an indefatigable worker. By word of mouth, and by the press, he labored for the emancipation of the peasantry; for a reform in the administration of justice; for a more equitable distribution of political rights; for the mitigation of social tyranny. Yet, while using the trowel for the building up of a better State-structure at home, he had to keep ready the weapon wherewith to hold the despotic foe at bay.

In those days, Hungarian deputies had to go by the instructions of their constituencies, similar to the *cahiers* of the pre-revolutionary era in France. When the comitat which Deak represented gave it as its instruction that he should vote for the continued exemption of the aristocracy from taxation, he threw up his mandate, and indignantly withdrew for a time from public life. A true Horatian 'just man, tenacious of his aim,' he would not buy a distinguished position at the price of his principles. But such was already then his influence that nobody dared to fill the place which

he had left; so the comitat was for a while represented by a single member. In those years of retirement he was not inactive. A well-read juriconsult, he continued working at a reformed law code, the first draft of which he had elaborated in company with Szalay, and which earned great praise from the eminent German legist, Mittermaier. Studies connected with the Parliamentary system also filled Deak's political leisure. An effort was made to bring him back to Parliament by altering the offensive portion of the instruction. He refused, because questionable means had been employed in a second electoral contest, and because blood had been spilt during the angry excitement of political passions. Above all things he abhorred any act of violence.

Only by fair and pure means would he obtain a success. His aversion to the use of force went so far as to render him, afterwards, when the revolutionary tempest came, more a victim of the foes than a help to the friends of his country's cause. He had all the law-abiding perseverance, all the unbending firmness, all the qualities of mixed modesty and courage of Hampden and Pym. No better parallel could be found for him, as regards the main substance of his character, than among the doughty men who preceded the English Commonwealth. But as soon as the ground of strict legality was left, he felt out of his place, and became practically powerless.

Towards the end of 1847, when the signs of a coming tempest broke forth on the European horizon, Deak came back to the Diet. Its leading members had often, during his non-appearance in public, sought his private counsel. Now, a powerful party again placed itself under his acknowledged leadership. Already the drift of the movement began, however, to set towards a different goal. We find him acting together with Kossuth; but even then it might have been seen that the paths of the two men would soon diverge.

After the Revolution of March 1848, when Vienna rose with the strength of a young giant, and Milan drove out the armed host of its oppressor, Deak became Minister of Justice in the Cabinet of Count Bathany. In the stormy movements which now swept over the

face of Europe, he did not appear to great advantage. The moderantism to which his whole nature inclined, unfitted him for the rough task of coping with a tyranny that had only been cowed, but not crushed. Generally a cautious but observant man, he seemed in those days to lack even the foresight which looks far ahead into an enemy's probable tactics. Reforms in the domain of justice he firmly advocated and carried out. Trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and similar questions of deep home import, had his fullest attention. But in matters affecting the political situation at large he did not come up to the height of a great historical moment.

Whilst the strongest real guarantees were required to uphold the newly-born freedom against a possible and only too probable treachery, he was content with a mere Royal rescript. At the risk of his whole popularity, he urged his own trustful view against the party which then began to gather round Kossuth. To the proposition that Prince Metternich's name should be erased from the roll of Hungarian magnates, Deak offered a strenuous opposition. This was a fault, even from the point of view of moderate constitutionalism—which at any rate had to break with the despotic past.

Very rightly he recommended that friendly relations should be entered into with the National Constituent Assembly of Germany by means of a semi-diplomatic mission to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Hungary's separate political existence was thus clearly marked off. In Italian affairs, he failed to understand the drift of the time. Going by the stipulations of the old Pragmatic Sanction, he, a Liberal, gave his support to the demand of the Court of Vienna that Hungary should furnish troops to help in the overthrow of the Italian cause. In this, it is true, he only did that which even Kossuth had temporarily sanctioned. Written law, which Deak had so often used in support of his own country's rights, was thus made to serve as a chain wherewith to bind another nation rightfully struggling for independence. Yet, could there be a doubt even for a moment that, if the House of Habsburg were victorious against the Italian 'rebels,' it would speedily lead its troops, fresh

from victory, against the Hungarian insurgents?

'I love progress, but not Revolution!' Deak was wont to say. But in the midst of a revolution, there was no choice for any one standing in the front but to be hammer or anvil. The situation was given; no individual likings were of any avail. Events had to be resolutely used for the furtherance of freedom—or else the flood-gates of absolutism would be forced open, and every liberty that had been gained be swamped by an ugly rush of reaction. For a moment, the prospects of Hungary had seemed bright in the early part of 1848. Equality of rights was decreed for its manifold races, some of which had, before that time, held the unenviable position of a mere '*misera plebs contribuens, optima flens, pessima ridens.*' Such, indeed, had once been the cruel saying which declared the wretched hind to be at his best when, bathed in tears, he paid his scot; and at his worst when he felt in a mood for laughter.

Unfortunately the fierce passions of race-hatred, kindled by dynastic guile, soon ran riot at the expense of that liberty which had been decreed for all, and which all might have equally enjoyed. A discordance of tribes marks the whole East of Europe. Not only in Turkey, but in Hungary, and even in Poland, odd fragments of races are heterogeneously huddled together, as stray remnants and sediments of the Migration drifts. In Austrian Galicia, where the Polish race, properly so called, is broken in by a Ruthenian population which holds an intermediate position between the Poles or Lechs, and the Russians, Prince Metternich, in 1846, was able to make use of this tribal antagonism, as well as of the class feuds between the peasants and the nobles, in order to quell a patriotic Polish movement by a cruel massacre.

In Hungary, after the enthusiastic rising of 1848, the smouldering embers of race-hatred were soon fanned by the Mephistophelic agency of an Imperialist camarilla. Hungary is a polyglot country. Within its precincts there are Magyars and Slaves, Germans and Roumans; nationalities differing from one another in origin and speech as much as the Turks do from the Muscovites, or the English from the Italians.

Besides these chief races, there is a medley of Arnauts, Bulgars, Armenians, Gipsy clans, and so forth, which go to eke out the many-colored State-edifice between the Carpathian range and the Danube. In this confusion of tribes and tongues, the Magyars hold the central and most compact position, geographically as well as in politics.

An Ugrian, Turanian race, tracing its descent from an Eastern nomadic tribe, that rushed into Europe like a whirlwind, the Magyars have since early ages displayed a capacity for self-government fully equal to that of nations boasting of an Anglo-Saxon descent. In the midst of apparently disheartening difficulties, they succeeded in imprinting a common political stamp upon a country made up of the most variegated elements. Strong-handed conquerors at first, they gradually, of late, set to work to change mere aristocratic privilege into an equality of civic rights. If the German element of Hungary represented general culture, the Magyars were the political mainstay of the realm. Without them, the country fell back into chaos—a ready victim of absolutistic state-craft.

All Magyars know by what dangers they are surrounded. Deak, as a Magyar, could not deceive himself on that point; and what had occurred in Galicia must have served him as a warning example. Perhaps his extreme moderation, in his dealings with the Austrian Government, arose from the consciousness of these ever-lurking dangers. The camarilla in the Hofburg did, however, take no account of such moderation. It fretted and chafed under the defeat which it had suffered at the hands of the people of Vienna, Pesth and Milan. Its whole energy was given to the thought as to how the tables could be first turned upon the Magyars by means of the Slavs. If the Magyars were once got down, then, forsooth, the turn of the German-Austrians was to come.

To effect such a reaction, a base game of treachery was enacted, almost unparalleled in history. Jellacic, the Governor of Croatia, who made the first armed attack upon the new order of things in Hungary, was in secret league with the Court of Vienna. Deposed, degraded, styled a 'rebel' by Imperial letter, he had all the while the clandestine support

of the Emperor Ferdinand, or rather of the intriguing clique which made use of that half-witted monarch as a puppet. Field-officers, artillery, ammunition were sent through Ferdinand's Minister of War, Latour, to the Banus of Croatia, whilst official decrees apparently deprived him of all his civil and military functions. Thus, an insurrection of Croats, Serbs, and Valachs was cunningly fanned against the Hungarian cause. When the day for avowing the real object came, the Emperor-King, by an order dated September 4, 1848, revoked the decree against the 'rebel'; expressed his high approval of the conduct of his 'faithful Jellacic'; suspended the Constitution; proclaimed martial law; and appointed the 'rebel' as his plenipotentiary for the kingdom of Hungary; investing him with unlimited authority to act in the name of his Majesty within the said kingdom.

'The king was a traitor.' By the more far-seeing, this had long been suspected. With good reason, Kossuth, anticipating coming events, had kept up relations with the popular leaders at Vienna. German-Austrians and Magyars had a common foe; the Slav reaction, championed by Croats, Serbs, and Czechs. Between the capitals of Hungary and Austria there was, therefore, a sympathetic chord. On the treachery of the ruling house becoming manifest, action without delay was urgently needed. Almost on the spur of the moment, higher resolutions had to be formed than suited the steady-going, but somewhat lawyer-like, character of the leader of the moderate Constitutionalists. Deak, discouraged and disconcerted, hastened to Vienna, making a last hopeless attempt. From the lips of Archduke Franz Karl he learnt that all was lost—that Hungary had only to choose between submission or revolution.

Thereupon Deak withdrew from the Ministry. Henceforth, though Bathany stood at the head of the new Cabinet, the chief part naturally fell to Lewis Kos-

* For a succinct, but telling, account of these events, see the letters, originally addressed to the *Daily News* and *Times*, by Sabbas Vucovics, late Minister of Justice, and by Bartholomew Szemere, late Minister of the Interior, in Hungary; reprinted in *Speeches of Kossuth*: edited by Francis W. Newman.

suth, the idol of the masses, the popular orator and bold writer, the gifted leader of the advanced party, who—with an almost Oriental style of eloquence, very dissimilar from that of Deak—combined an active fervor and an ambition deeply impatient of the continuance of Royal and Imperial rule. In Parliament, Deak still stayed for a short time after his resignation as a Minister. But his political occupation was gone. His last public act, during the tragic events of war which now became the order of the day, was his appearance before Prince Windischgrätz, the Imperial commander, as member of a deputation from the Hungarian Diet. Counts Anthony and George Majlath, Count Lewis Bathany, and Archbishop Lonowicz were with him—truly no Republicans of very deep dye!

'I do not treat with rebels!' was the harsh exclamation with which Prince Windischgrätz received these deputies.

Seeing all hope of a peaceful solution at an end, Deak gave up his seat in Parliament, and refused to obey the summons to Debreczyn, whither the representatives of the people had withdrawn for greater safety. Amidst the clangor of arms, the expounder of legality remained silent. Meanwhile, the Hungarian rising, so ably and heroically led, but so dangerously assailed by counter-insurrections of hostile tribes from within, fell before the twofold attack of the armies of the Kaiser and the Czar. After the terrible catastrophe of Vilagos, and the sanguinary overthrow of the nation's cause, Deak passed nearly ten years in absolute retirement; living in the small town of Kehida, near which some of his family-estates lay. For all that could humanly be foreseen he might have gone down to his grave without seeing a ray lighting up the dark night of reaction in which his country was enveloped.

II.

A deep gloom had settled over the countries under Habsburg sway. At Vienna, Robert Blum, Messenhauser, Becher, and other champions of the German popular cause were in their gory graves, riddled with court-martial bullets. In Italy, the work of re-conquest was completed by leisurely conducted fusillades. On the gallows at Arad, the

hangman of his Imperial, Royal, and—aye!—Apostolic Majesty had strung up eminent Magyar generals and statesmen by the dozen. By drumhead law, men were condemned to be hung; and Imperial 'pardon' now and then graciously allowed them to be shot. For women there was Haynau's whip.

A palace revolution in the Austrian capital, led by the Archduchess Sophia, with the aid of a High Council of Generals ('*hohe Generalität*,' as the technical term was), had dethroned the half-witted Ferdinand, who seemed to be an obstacle to the continuance of sanguinary deeds, and appointed in his stead the youthful Francis Joseph, a boy of eighteen, for whom his mother, the Archduchess, practically ruled as a Regent. The sabre and the crozier were now the symbols of government. By negotiations with the Vatican, the bases of a Concordat were laid, which placed the whole intellectual life of the people at the mercy of a hierarchical Inquisition. There was no impediment to the execution of the wildest dreams of a reaction gone mad. At least, so it appeared for a time to the politicians of the Cabinet and the Camarilla. In such a situation the very name of Francis Deak was forgotten.

For the first time there arose, then, that Imperialist doctrine which would not acknowledge any marks of distinction between the several component parts of the 'Austrian Empire.' It is true, even Lord Palmerston, in 1849, when Hungary was yet struggling for her rights, had said, in reply to those who wished for the recognition of the Magyar Commonwealth, that he 'knew of no Hungary, but only of an Austrian Empire.' That assertion of Lord Palmerston did, however not tally with public law.* Down to 1849, Hungary had been

* After the overthrow of the Hungarian rising, Lord Palmerston certainly spoke out—that is to say, in a private letter—against the atrocities of the Austrian Government, whom he styled 'the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilized men.' He wrote:—'Their late exploit of flogging forty odd people, including two women, at Milan, some of the victims being gentlemen, is really too blackguard and disgusting a proceeding. As to working upon their feelings of generosity and gentlemanlikeness, that is out of the question, because such feelings exist not in a set of officials who have been trained up in the school of Metter-

a separate kingdom, so far as its constitution and the tenure of royal power were concerned—a kingdom as clearly marked off from Austria proper as is Norway at present from Sweden, or as was Hanover from England during the time when English Kings were at the same time German Prince-Electors. Hungary had a charter of her own. Her King was only a King after he had sworn a special constitutional oath. The confines of the Hungarian realm were distinct and unmistakable. Its soil was even girded by a cordon of custom-houses, forming a commercial division in addition to the political one. A 'province' of an 'Austrian Empire' Hungary therefore was not. The very name of *Kaiser-Staat*, or Empire, only dated from the beginning of the present century, when Francis II. was compelled, through the misfortunes of war in the struggle against Napoleon, to lay down the Imperial crown of Germany, and to declare that empire, which had lasted for nearly a thousand years, to be dissolved. As a slight solace, he then assumed, under the name of Francis I., the title of 'Kaiser' for his own dominions. Constitutionally, Hungary was not affected

nich; and the men in whose minds such in-born feelings have not been crushed by Court and office power, have been studiously excluded from public affairs, and can only blush in private for the disgrace which such things throw upon their country. But I do hope that you will not fail constantly to bear in mind the country and the Government which you represent, and that you will maintain the dignity and the honor of England by expressing openly and decidedly the disgust which such proceedings excite in the public mind in this country. . . . You might surely find an opportunity of drawing Schwarzenberg's attention to these matters, which may be made intelligible to him, and which a British ambassador has a right to submit to his consideration.' (See Letter to Lord Ponsonby, of September 9, 1849, in *The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston*, 1846-1865, by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.) Very brave words these were of Lord Palmerston—after he had taken sides against Hungary. What he said of the atrocities committed by the generals and officials of the Austrian Kaiser, might, no doubt, have been said also of the deeds of the victorious Reaction all through Europe—including that new night of St. Bartholomew of December 2d, 1851, whose perpetrator Lord Palmerston, only consulting himself, hastened to acknowledge as a lawful ruler, whilst the streets still ran with the blood of the defenders of the Constitution.

thereby. For her the Austrian Emperor remained simply a King. All this had ever been regarded as self-understood by men like Deak, and by all the living political forces in Hungary.

But now, in return for the declaration resolved upon at Debreczyn, which had pronounced the forfeiture of the 'Crown of St. Stephen' by the House of Habsburg-Lorraine, the Kaiser declared, on his part, the Hungarians to have lost their national existence and their charter through the fact of rebellion. It was done on the *Verwirkungs-Theorie*, the theory of forfeiture, to use the special phrase of the time. Henceforth, Hungary was to be ruled according to the mere pleasure of the monarch; all representative institutions, both in State affairs and in local matters, being set aside by a stroke of the pen, or rather of the sword. There was to be a 'centralised Austria,' under the black-yellow flag, held together by iron bands; the whole overshadowed by the cowl.

Yet the scheme of triumphant tyranny would not work; neither on this, nor on the other side of the Leitha. In the face of their haughty oppressor—who, the better to mark the relation in which he stood to the people of his capital, would never (from 1848 down to 1860) show himself in public in any other than a soldier's garb—the Viennese maintained an attitude of sullenness all the more galling to the Court, because it formed so strong a contrast to the good-natured and forgiving temper of that pleasure-loving, but withal free-minded, population. Even so would the Lombards and Venetians not be weaned from their eager wish for a union with their Italian brethren. In Galicia, the idea of Polish nationality was kept alive with a view to future possibilities. In Hungary, the attempt of Prince Schwarzenberg to make the Magyars yield ready obedience to the rule of the sword failed miserably. So did the more Liberal, but still anti-Hungarian, policy of Herr von Schmerling, who sought to found a centralized Austria on the constitutional principle.

After various kaleidoscopic changes in Habsburg politics, which all came to nothing, Deak was at last sounded as to whether he would help Government in mending things. He firmly declined.

Several times approached in the same way, he always gave the same reply. 'There is no Hungarian Constitution in force,' he answered; 'and without that Constitution, I am simply Deak, and can do nothing.' During the Bach Ministry he once remarked in regard to a new constitutional experiment, that the Austrian Minister had 'wrongly buttoned his political coat, and that there was nothing left for him but to unbutton it, and to begin afresh.' On hearing this expression of Deak, Bach said:—'Perhaps we had better cut off the buttons!' Deak replied: 'But then the coat could not be buttoned at all!'

In times of great oppression, a few winged words go far as an embodiment of public opinion. Quips from the retired Hungarian statesman soon became a staple stock in political talk. When a second recruitment for the army was intended, in one and the same year, Deak said in answer to a question put to him:—'That will not do for Hungary! Women here are wont to bear children only once a year!'

The rough barrack rule of Schwarzenberg; the bigoted Jesuitical sway of Bach; the Federalist mediævalism of Goluchowski; the emasculated parliamentary system of Schmerling—all failed in turn. Schmerling's notion of a Constitution was that of a convenient machinery for raising money and passing enactments, with no 'right of resistance' against lawless Royal and Imperial decrees attached to it. The Hungarian idea of a Constitution, as upheld once more towards 1859 by Deak, was that of a historical covenant, somewhat like the old Arragonese charter; the king being only a lawful king after having sworn to observe the ground-law of the nation, and only remaining a sovereign so long as he fulfilled his part of the compact—not longer. In this sense, the trusty leader of the moderate Constitutionalists came now again to the front. Though he had been inactive for so many years, he at once attracted a large following. He was called the 'Conscience of the Nation.' People looked upon him as a kind of 'Aristides.' The 'Sage,' the 'Just'—such were the titles of honor plentifully bestowed upon him during this second epoch of his public career.

It was after the deep humiliation of

the Kaiser on the Lombard plain in 1859, that Hungary won her first triumph. Without that military event, all the exertions of Deak would have been of little avail. The defender of Constitutional legality, who personally discountenanced the use of force, could never have made his voice in the Hofburg so impressive as the roar of guns. Yet, years afterwards, he who in the Hungarian Diet had once manifested his sympathy with the Polish cause, set his face, after Cavour's death, against any solemn celebration in honor to the Italian statesman. Italian Democrats—Garibaldi before all—may have cause to hold Cavour in a different estimate from what the world at large does, which only looks to outward success. Deak's opposition came from narrower views. If he, even after the striking changes that had taken place in Europe, still bore a grudge to Cavour, it was because his own Constitutionalism was of a somewhat cramped cast, formed in the mould of the Pragmatic Sanction. But these blemishes, though slightly marring, leave unimpaired his great merits.

For seven years after the loss of Lombardy by Austria, Deak carried on the legal battle for the fuller recognition of Hungarian claims. 'A country's rights,' he used to say, 'are not private property that can be freely disposed of.' The more advanced elements, at that time, began to gather round Teleki, in whom the principles of 1849 were still vivid. After the mysterious death of Count Teleki—who, in the last interview I had with him, seemed to hope for a rapid development of public spirit in Hungary, in the sense of the previous revolutionary epoch—Francis Deak became the undisputed leader of the Liberal party.

In vain did Kossuth endeavor to cross Deak's path. Whilst the latter strove to regain for Hungary the time-honored rights of self-government in an amended Constitutional form, the exiled leader came out with a programme which would have overthrown the historical basis of the country, and opened the flood-gates of Pan Slavism upon the Magyar race. Down to the Crimean war, Kossuth had been the steadfast champion of the Magyar nationality. Before 1848, he had even, now and then, overstepped the boundary which the strangely mixed condition of Hungary naturally indicates

to a statesman when the conflicting claims of race and speech are to be settled. Towards Croats and Serbs, Kossuth had almost been an ultra-Magyar. At all events, he had his eyes wide open to the dangers of Panslavism. This line of thought strongly marks still his powerful speeches in England and in the United States between 1851 and 1852, when he styled Panslavism 'a Russian plot—a dark design to make, out of national feelings, a tool for Russian preponderance over the world.*'

In his harangues during the Crimean war, which were apparently calculated to urge a more efficient strategy, some expressions occurred, however, which showed that he was entering on a new line. Shortly before Louis Napoleon attacked Austria in Italy, Kossuth declared that he would ally himself even to the Devil, in order to overthrow the House of Habsburg; that he would accept aid from anywhere—never mind whether Louis Napoleon or the Czar were held to represent the Devil. Kossuth's former principles were thus thrown overboard. His connection with the Court of the Tuileries soon afterwards became a public fact. His connection with Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin ceased.

These circumstances must be taken into account when judging of the nature of his proposal for the establishment of a Danubian Confederacy, by which he sought to traverse the policy of Deak. The aims of Deak may have been modest enough. His ideas of Parliamentary autonomy under the old ruling house may not have exercised much charm upon the mind of men that remembered the heroic deeds of the Revolution. But at any rate, Deak's procedure preserved the existence of the Hungarian nation; whereas Kossuth's scheme actually threatened to swamp it.

'I cannot sign Kossuth's programme, even though I might personally have no objection to the idea of a Danubian Confederacy,' said to me, at the time, one of the foremost army leaders of the Hungarian Revolution; 'I cannot sign it, because at home I should be looked upon as a traitor!'

Kossuth's plan, in fact, was this. Hun-

gary, with her annexes—comprising, as she does even now, so many discordant tribes that the Magyar nationality is much hemmed in by them—was to be enlarged into a 'Danubian Confederacy' by the addition of Roumania, Servia, and—a vague indication!—'the countries allied to it.' Whole Turkey north of the Balkan was thus to be joined to the Hungarian realm. Bosniaks, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Bulgars—tribes either Slavonian or half-slavonised—were to be thrown into this enlarged State. Hungary, as it is, forms already, in nationalities and tongues, a Babylonian structure. Yet Kossuth proposed to render that confusion even worse confounded; or, more strictly speaking, he wished to call in new national elements which would have entirely overwhelmed the Magyar race!

According to his scheme, the seat of the Executive of the new State was to be, in turns, at Pesth, Bukarest, Belgrad, and Agram. That is to say, in one case, in a semi-Magyar town; in the other three cases, in non-Magyar cities, two of which are hotbeds of Panslavist agitation. A constituent Assembly was to fix the official language of the Confederacy. At a first glance, everybody could see that the result of such a choice would be in favor of some Slav tongue and against the Magyar language. This scheme was rightly spurned by the Magyar leaders. Passion ran high; and some of Kossuth's adversaries brought to mind that, at the close of the Revolution of 1849, he had proposed to offer the crown of Hungary to a prince of the imperial family of Russia.

A second great defeat of the Austrian Kaiser on the field of battle in 1866, enabled Deak to wring from the Government at Vienna a fuller legislative autonomy than it had been ready before to grant. Deak, on that occasion, did not raise his Constitutional terms. He simply repeated them. He might, after Sadowa, have gone much further in his demands, with reasonable hope of success. But, partly from his training as a strict parliamentary legislator, partly because he would not strain things so far as to cut off the Magyars wholly from the German connection, and thus isolate them amidst jealous or hostile races, Deak remained content with a lesser concession.

* See his *Speeches*; edited by F. W. Newman.

After new laborious negotiations, the present state of things was established, which on most essential points renders the Magyar realm independent from Cis-Leithan Austria. To-day Hungary has once more her old land-marks, and her time-honored ground-law, modified by the reforms of 1848. Her ruler, placed under a special coronation oath, is recognised only as king. The name of Hungary figures, in all State documents, on equal terms with that of Austria. The Honveds who had fought against the Kaiser are acknowledged as having merited well of the fatherland. The rank of General has been given back to Klapka, Perczel, Vetter, once foremost among the military chiefs of the Revolution. Men who once narrowly escaped the gallows have been placed in the highest positions. Count Andrássy himself belongs to that class. In short, the restoration of self-government is well-nigh as complete as it could possibly be under Royal rule.

This was Deak's crowning achievement. As the 'Father of the Restored Constitution of Hungary,' he henceforth had marks of esteem and respect showered upon him from all sides. The people, when speaking of him, used quaint names of endearment; and all kinds of tales about his daily doings cropped up. To the Queen-Empress Elizabeth, whose favorite sojourn has of late years been the castle of Dödöllő, near Pesth, he became 'Cousin Deak,' or 'Uncle Deak'; so, at least, the popular myth would have it. Meanwhile the great Hungarian patriot never gave up his wonted simplicity of life; a hater, as he was, of all pride and pomp. His bachelor abode at Pesth consisted of two rooms, at an ordinary hotel—the 'Queen of England.' His landed property he had transferred to other hands for a small annuity. He lived in the most frugal style; was a total abstainer (a rare thing, indeed, in a country famous for good wine!); but, on the other hand, an inveterate smoker. He aged rather soon, and was styled '*alter Herr*' and 'Patriarch' at a time when other statesmen still prided themselves on their vigor. His modesty, his retiring disposition, never forsook him. Having nothing about his personality that could be called impressive, he might, in his *sombrero* hat and his Neapolitan

mantle, have passed unobserved in a crowd; but a nation's admiring looks followed his steps, in spite of his occasional strong protests against every ovation.

An unselfish man; not a Republican by conviction, yet distinguished by an incorruptibility reminding us of the noblest models of Republican virtue, Deak declined all favors from the Court. To the question, more than once addressed to him confidentially by the Court, as to what he wished, he uniformly replied:—'I am not in want of anything.' At last, on the advice of one of his Ministers, Francis Joseph sent him a Royal family portrait, in a frame of pure gold, set with costly gems. 'It would look like a present of money,' Deak said; 'I cannot accept that!' Taking the picture from the rich frame, he sent back the latter with his thanks and compliments. All decorations he also refused to accept—much to the annoyance of the King-Emperor, who, in the *alter Herr's* off-hand manner, seemed to detect a slight upon the Crown. Deak's constant resolve was to remain independent. No calumny could touch so disinterested a character.

Of late years, Deak's influence, though still an extensive one, gradually waned. A more advanced party came up, which, under Koloman Tisza, is now in power, and some of whose members aim at the establishment of a strict 'Personal Union' that would entail the separation of the military forces of Hungary from those of Austria proper. It has been much remarked that Mr. Ghyczy, the President of the House of Commons at Pesth, in his speech on the life and career of Francis Deak, said:—'He did not give us complete autonomy and independence, such as a nation may have under the rule of a prince; but he has given us that which could be attained within the existing political framework.' From these words it may be inferred that a more thorough separation from Cis-Leithan Austria is the aim of an influential party in Hungary.

The death of the great patriot (January 29th) has occurred at a moment when new storm-clouds are drifting over the Austro-Hungarian horizon. The opening up of the Eastern Question has emboldened once more the so-called Scla-



Engraved for the Eclectic by Geo E Perine New York.

PRESIDENT WHITE.

(CORNELL UNIVERSITY)

vonian Court Party at Vienna. Reactionary Federalists and Centralists are already in eager expectancy. The political danger is enhanced by the contest between the upholders of the Free-trade system in Hungary, and the Protectionists in the western part of the Habsburg dominions. At present, the outlook is dark indeed. Francis Deak had seen the triumph of his country's cause; but, before closing his eyes, he also saw

fresh perils gathering round it. He had fought his battles well for his nation's rights and for the extension of popular freedom; and though new struggles may soon have to be gone through by Hungary, no fitter words could be applied in his honor than those written on a garland laid on his bier:—
'Fading flowers for never-fading merit.'
 —*Fraser's Magazine.*

PRESIDENT WHITE, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

As an embellishment to the present number we add to our series of leading American educators a portrait of President White, of Cornell University. The materials for the following sketch of his life were drawn partly from Hart's "Manual of American Literature" and partly from original sources.

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE was born in Cortland County, New-York, in 1832. He studied one year at Hobart College, Geneva, and passed the remainder of his collegiate course at Yale, graduating in 1853. After graduating he went to Europe for the purpose of prosecuting his historical studies, and spent upwards of two years, chiefly at Berlin and Paris. He was also attaché to the American legation at St. Petersburg for six months, and travelled on foot over many of the historical fields of the Continent, principally in northern and western France. In 1856 he returned to America and spent another year at Yale, as special student of history, at the end of which time he was elected to the chair of History and English Literature in Michigan University. It was largely due to Mr. White's labors that that noble institution of learning was placed in its present path of prosperity and usefulness; and so strenuous were his exertions at this period that his health became impaired, and he was obliged to resign his professorship and travel in Europe for six months.

Returning to Syracuse, New-York, in 1862, he was elected to the State Senate, and re-elected in 1864. During his two terms in the Senate Mr. White devoted his attention to the relations between the State and the Federal Government, then

extremely complicated by reason of the war, and to the State educational system. He was Chairman of the Committee on Education, and introduced several important bills, among them those for making the common schools entirely free, for establishing Normal schools, and for codifying the laws relating to public instruction. During his term of office the question arose as to the acceptance by the State of the Congressional land-endowment for colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts. The share allotted to New-York amounted to nearly a million acres, and there was much difference of opinion as to the proper disposition of this immense gift. The friends of the already existing colleges wished to have it parcelled among them; but Mr. White opposed this scheme of division, and advocated the policy of keeping the endowment as an entirety for founding a new institution which should be worthy of the country and the State. Mr. Cornell, himself a senator at the time, then came forward and offered an additional donation of \$500,000, provided the Congressional endowment should be preserved intact and the institution located at Ithaca, Mr. Cornell's native town. This offer was finally accepted, largely through the exertions and influence of Mr. White, and in 1865 the bill incorporating Cornell University was passed. This may be regarded as the turning-point in Mr. White's career. He was appointed a trustee of the newly-incorporated university, and in 1866 was elected President. Since then his time and attention have been devoted to the University. He visited Europe for the third time in

1867-8, for the purpose of examining into the organization of the leading schools of agriculture and technology, and of purchasing books and apparatus for the University. In 1870 he was one of the United States Commissioners to San Domingo, and took a leading share in the preparation of the official report of the Commission; but with that exception his attention during the past eight years has been devoted exclusively to the higher education, and Cornell University is a perpetual witness to his zeal and executive skill.

As might be expected from his active and laborious life, Mr. White has had but little leisure for authorship. He has contributed extensively to periodical literature, and has delivered numerous political and educational addresses; but there is no single work which can be pointed to as an adequate illustration of his powers. As early as 1856 he contributed to the *New-Englander* an article "On the Study of History," and to the *Atlantic Monthly* one on "Jefferson and Slavery." While professor in Michigan University he published a "Syllabus of Lectures on Modern History," and contributed to the *Atlantic* articles on "The Administration of Richelieu" and "The Growth and Decline of the Serf System in Russia."

While in London, in 1862, he published "A Word from the North-west," in reply to certain strictures in Dr. Russell's diary. During his term as senator he delivered several important addresses, including one at the services in commemoration of the death of President Lincoln. In 1866 he published the Report of the Trustees on the Organization of Cornell University; in 1867 he delivered the P. B. K. oration at Yale, on "The Greatest Foe of Democracy;" in 1868, the Inaugural Address at the opening of the University; and in 1869, an address before the State Agricultural Society on "Scientific Education," and before the Cooper Institute on "The Battle-fields of Science." Of his more recent works the most important are an address "On the Relation of National and State Governments to Advanced Education," delivered before the National Educational Association at Detroit, in 1874; an address in 1873 before the Sanitary Association at New-York on "Hygienic Instruction in Colleges and Universities;" an address "On Scientific and Industrial Education in the United States," delivered before the New-York Legislature in 1874; and a bibliographical and critical appendix to the American reprint of Morris's "History of the French Revolution."

LITERARY NOTICES.

A SHORT HISTORY OF NATURAL SCIENCE, AND OF THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY FROM THE TIME OF THE GREEKS TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Arabella B. Buckley. With Illustrations. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

During many years Miss Buckley acted as secretary to the late Sir Charles Lyell, and was thus brought in contact with the leading scientific men of the time, and rendered familiar with the general progress of investigation and discovery. At the time and afterward, in her intercourse with society, she "felt very forcibly how many important facts and generalizations of science, which are of great value both in the formation of character and in giving a true estimate of life and its conditions, are totally unknown to the majority of otherwise well-educated persons." Considerable effort is now being made to meet this difficulty by teaching children a few elementary facts of the various branches of science; but, though such instruction is valuable and neces-

sary, something more is required in order that the mind may be prepared to follow intelligently the great movement of modern thought. The leading principles of science must in some measure be understood; and it was in the belief that these would be most easily and effectually taught by showing the successive steps by which each science has attained its present importance, that Miss Buckley undertook the present work.

The object of the book, as explained by herself, is "to place before young and unscientific people those main discoveries of science which ought to be known by every educated person, and at the same time to impart a living interest to the whole, by associating with each step in advance some history of the men who made it." Commencing therefore with Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived about the year 700 B.C., she gives a chronological narrative of the progress of discovery down to and including those of Darwin in biology, which have made the present

time an epoch in the march of the human mind. Brief biographical sketches are given of the most noteworthy men whose names are found in the long roll of science; the circumstances and processes of each great discovery are clearly and suggestively described; and the discoveries themselves, together with the principles involved, are explained with a lucidity which is truly astonishing when we consider the great difficulty of the task. Not only can her book be "understood by persons of ordinary intelligence," as she hopes to make it, but any healthy-minded youth will find it incomparably more fascinating than his favorite novel.

And in the hands of such a youth—in any hands, in fact, that will use it—it will prove a moral influence as well as an intellectual stimulus. A noble ardor for knowledge and a reverent homage for truth pervade the book from beginning to end; and Miss Buckley proves in her own person that the study of science in the right spirit can only elevate the mind and refine the emotions.

We commend the book heartily to all classes of readers whom the *ECLECTIC* may reach; and as it is adapted for a text-book as well as for general reading, we trust that teachers in particular will give it their attention.

THE TRUE ORDER OF STUDIES. By Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Both the science and the art of education are treated of in this book, which is the outcome of an experience extending over many years and comprehending the entire range of teaching from the primary schools to Harvard University, of which Dr. Hill was formerly President. On its theoretical side the object of the author is to find "whether there is any comprehensive order, embracing all the objects of human knowledge, which can serve as a guide in the selection and sequence of studies; that is, which will help us in deciding what are the proper preliminary studies requisite for the pursuit of any branch, or in deciding which of two given studies ought to be placed first in the curriculum of a school." He believes himself to have discovered this order, which is represented by a "hierarchy of the sciences," which hierarchy, as he says in his Preface, was first perceived by him one night about the 1st of February, 1843, while attempting to answer a chance question. "The mode in which it first presented itself to me was this: God is the uncreated Creator; he has made us in his own image as inferior, created creators; we have made many uses of this world, and enacted quite a

history upon it; the world itself is deserving of our study, independent of its uses to us; and we find it can exist, and manifest itself to us, only as it floats in space and endures in time. This gives the hierarchy in its descending order; but in education we need its guidance in the ascending order. In that order it agrees with the expanding powers of the child's mind, and with the logical sequence and dependence of thoughts." Translating the hierarchy into a curriculum of studies, it follows that Geometry, Arithmetic, and Algebra should come first, as dealing with space and time, which are "the earliest objects of distinct intellectual action;" next in order should come Physics, embracing the three sciences of Mechanics, Chemistry, and Physiology; these in turn should be followed by History, including Political Economy and Social Statics and Dynamics, as well as history in its ordinary sense; and the work should be crowned by the study of Theology, or the relation of the universe to its Creator.

The practical application of this system to education is very fully and thoroughly illustrated by Dr. Hill, who is quite aware that the true test of a theory lies in practice. He not only shows the successive steps by which a child's mind should be trained, but points out the most effective methods of securing that training, and the instruments and aids which will be found most available. The greater portion of the book, indeed, is a manual of the art of instruction, and as such will be found of the utmost value even to those teachers and parents who care little for the theory and reasoning on which it is based.

THE HABITATIONS OF MAN IN ALL AGES. By Eugène Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The origin, development, and characteristics of Domestic Architecture among the several races of mankind from prehistoric times down to our own are very happily and very entertainingly set forth in this volume, in the guise of a record of the observations and adventures of two mythical personages, "Epergos" and "Doxius." Epergos and Doxius, personifying respectively the spirit of Progress and that of obstinate adherence to traditional forms and habits, make a long pilgrimage among the various peoples of the earth, and portray to us, by means of pictures as well as description, the first rude shelter of primitive man, the shifting habitations of nomadic hordes, the quaint peculiarities of those of China, the massive grandeur of Egyptian and Assyrian dwellings, the elegant abodes of the cultivated Greek and wealthy

Roman, the vast and astonishing structures of the Nahuas and Toltecs, the airily graceful palaces of the Moors, the lordly castles of feudal times, and the sumptuous mansions of the Renaissance. The appearance, customs, and manners of the inhabitants of the various countries are delineated as well as their houses; and the book is scarcely less valuable from an ethnological and historical than from an artistic point of view. Discussions between Epergos and Doxius enliven the narrative and bring out the various principles involved; and at the close of the book the author gives a sort of summary of the conclusions to which the foregoing observations lead up. This final chapter contains the best and most satisfactory exposition that we have ever seen of the elementary principles of architectural art; and the influence of the entire work will tend to refine and elevate the public taste, and at the same time to give it practical guidance.

Mr. Bucknall's translation is excellent; the illustrations are numerous, apt, and finely engraved; and the book is issued in very chaste and handsome style.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT: Its Source and Aim. A Contribution to the Science and Philosophy of Religion. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Dr. Brinton is a rationalist, in the scientific though not in the popular sense of that term. He believes that the reason is at once the origin of the religious sentiment and the judge of religious systems and forms, and that the attempt to relegate religion to the "sphere of the emotions" would, if successful, cut it off from the primary source of its inspiration and strength. His object in the present work is to establish religion on a rational basis by ascertaining "what in the mind of man gave birth to religion in any of its forms, what spirit breathed and is ever breathing life into these dry bones." He pursues the investigation inductively, surveying the historic religions of mankind, and submitting the results for solution to "the Laws of Mind, regarded as physiological elements of growth, and to the Laws of Thought, these, as formal only, being held as nowise a development of those." This latter position brings the author into collision with the reigning experiential school of psychology, and as it is the essential premise of his argument, he devotes a good deal of space to an explanation and defence of it. Using it as a standpoint, he then proceeds to discuss the questions: Is prayer of any avail or of none? Is faith the last ground of adoration, or is reason? Is religion a transient

phase of development, or is it the chief end of man? What is its warrant of continuance? If it overlive this day of crumbling theologies, whence will come its reprieve?

The discussion is abstract, and is conducted throughout in the terms of metaphysical dialectics; and the book as a whole is certainly not "milk for babes." It is worthy of attention, however, as the most important contribution that America has lately made to a discussion which, though interesting at all times, has received an especial impetus from the controversy over Professor Tyndall's Belfast address.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS. By J. Willis Westlake, A.M. Philadelphia: *Sower, Potts & Co.*

In this dainty and serviceable little book Professor Westlake has shown what a modicum of common-sense and literary skill can make out of an idea which the "ready letter-writers" have all but hopelessly vulgarized. Being designed for use as a text-book in schools, its directions are extremely minute and elementary, and it contains a good deal of comparatively superfluous matter; but the directions are practical and the observations judicious, and there is at least none of the silly and offensive stuff of which such books are generally composed. The volume contains forms of cards, invitations, acceptances, and regrets, styles of address, etc., concerning which the author appears to have taken pains to ascertain the best usage; practical lessons on orthography, punctuation, and the like; illustrative extracts from the published correspondence of men of letters and others; and, together with much other useful information, a classified list of abbreviations, a vocabulary (with translations) of foreign words and phrases, postal information, and business forms. The contents are systematically arranged and classified, and the book is very neatly printed and bound.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CAROLINE HERSCHEL. By Mrs. John Herschel. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This is a republication of the book on which the interesting biographical sketch of Caroline Herschel in the April number of the *ELECTIC* was based. It contains the "Recollections" which she wrote at the age of eighty-two, extracts from her "Day Book," and many of her own letters together with letters, hitherto unpublished, by Sir William Herschel, Sir John Herschel, Dr. Maskelyne, and other eminent scientific men. A slender thread of narrative binds the different parts together, and gives coherence to memoirs

which, as a whole, are not less valuable and scarcely less interesting than Mrs. Somerville's "Recollections." Besides the letter-press, the volume contains portraits of Caroline Herschel and Sir William Herschel, and a picture of the great forty-foot telescope at Slough.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE King of Italy, on the proposition of Signor Bonghi, Minister of Public Instruction, has appointed Professor Max Müller a Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy.

It is said there is a probability of Sir Archibald Alison's autobiography seeing the light shortly. It contains keen and discriminating criticisms on many of the historian's literary and political contemporaries.

LORD LYTTON, it is said, has taken so seriously to politics and the Indian Viceroyalty, that he has withdrawn "King Poppy," his new poem, which was on the eve of publication.

M. NAVILLE, of Geneva, has been commissioned by the Prussian Government to prepare an eclectic text of the Egyptian "Ritual of the Dead," and is at present engaged in an examination of the principal papyri in England.

A RUSSIAN paper announces that a successful speculator in Ural gold, Cybulski by name, has presented the sum of 100,000 roubles to the town of Tomsk, in Asiatic Russia, to be used in founding a Siberian University.

A MS. of the Epistles (I. and II.) of Clement of Rome has been discovered in the library of the Patriarch of Constantinople, containing missing portions of both Epistles. It has been edited with elaborate notes and prolegomena (in Greek) by the Metropolitan of Serrhae.

AN important work on the decipherment of the Hieratic writing of Central America, by M. Léon de Rosny, is on the eve of appearing; it is accompanied by a large number of plates in folio. The French American Society has had a fount of characters specially cast for this work, so that every facility may be given to scholars of studying these curious writings.

A RECENT decree of the Mikado gives complete freedom of postage to journalists, each of whom is now allowed to send whatever communication he may think fit from one part of the empire to the other, free of expense. Japanese journalists must be a favored race.

M. PATIN, the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, has died in his eighty-third

year, after a long illness. He was chiefly known by his translation of the Greek tragedies and his learned commentaries thereon. "He had only one failing," says the *Liberté*, "and that was, that although a member of the French Academy, he did not know French."

STUDENTS of Buddhism will be pleased to hear that Burnouf's "Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien," a work which has long been extremely rare, has just been reprinted at Paris. It is prefaced by a life of the author, from the pen of M. Barthélemy de St.-Hilaire.

A WONDERFUL curiosity has just been issued by the Oxford University Press, in the form of the smallest prayer-book ever printed. It is bound in leather, weighs just under an ounce, is three and a half inches in length, two and an eighth in breadth, and a quarter of an inch in thickness. It is intended as a companion volume to the "smallest Bible in the world," lately issued from the same establishment.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that Mr. Forster was possessed of the MSS. of all of Dickens's novels, with the exception of "Our Mutual Friend." That MS. was presented by Mr. Dickens to Mr. Dallas, the critic, and author of "The Gay Science," but it is now in the possession of Mr. George Childs, of Philadelphia. Mr. Harvey, of St. James street, possesses the MS. of "A Christmas Carol," and Mr. Bentley possesses the MSS. of the early stories written for *Bentley's Miscellany*.

A PRIVATE letter from India informs the *Athenæum* that, contrary to expectation, the books presented by the Prince of Wales have excited the greatest interest, and particularly Colonel Yule's edition of "Marco Polo's Travels." This is a remarkable fact and very suggestive. It has been before observed that, when the natives of India reprint English books for themselves, they always select the works of our older historians, travellers, and moralists. Their commonest reprints are of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Imitation of Christ."

THE valuable collection of prints and MSS. of the late M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot, the Paris publisher, will be sold shortly. Among the MSS. of particular interest for English students may be mentioned several MSS. of romances of the Round Table cycle, and a Book of Hours which belonged to Catherine of France, daughter of Charles VI., and wife of Henry V., of England, bearing the princess's signature, and ornamented with marvellous miniatures. It is especially noticeable that

the text is in French and not in Latin. M. Didot bought it in Belgium for 40,000 francs. The whole collection is estimated on good authority to be worth 2,000,000 francs.

THE whole series of translations from the sacred books of the world, to be edited by Professor Max Müller, will be divided into six sections: Books illustrative of the religion of the Brahmins (Sanskrit), of the religion of the Buddhists (Pali, Sanskrit), of the religion of the followers of Zoroaster (Zend), of the religion of the followers of Confucius (Chinese), of the religion of the followers of Lao-tse (Chinese), and of the religion of the followers of Mahomed (Arabic). The *Academy* hears that the co-operation of some of the most distinguished Oriental scholars in England, Dr. Legge for Chinese, Prof. Cowell for Sanskrit, Prof. Childers for Pali, has been secured.

AN interesting question of copyright has just been decided by the Italian Court of Appeal. Padre Pasquale de Francisca has, as students of recent ecclesiastical controversies are aware, published a collection of the Pope's recent speeches, and some time since he commenced proceedings for breach of copyright against the Abate D. Girolamo Milone, who has followed suit with a similar collection. The Court adopted the views of the defendant's counsel on all points, and decided that "the speeches of the Supreme Governor of the Universal Church can be subject to no rights of private ownership, either by their substance and their own nature, or by the conception of him who delivered them."

SCIENCE AND ART.

SOLAR ISOTHERMAL LINES.—In a recent number of the *American Journal of Science*, Professor Mayer publishes a new method of tracing isothermal lines upon the disk of the sun by throwing the sun's image, formed by the object-glass of a telescope, upon a sheet of paper, smoked on one side and coated on the other side with a solution of the double iodide of copper and mercury. This salt, which is red at low temperatures, has the property of turning black whenever its temperature reaches about 158° F. If, then, the image of the sun be formed upon such a sheet by an object-glass of considerable size—so capped, however, as to expose but a small portion of its surface—the heat will not be sufficient to discolor the paper at all. On increasing the size of the opening in the cap, more heat will be transmitted, and when the aperture is of just the right size a black spot will make its appearance at or near the centre of the sun's image. With a slightly larger aper-

ture the spot will cover a larger portion of the sun's image, and the outline of the spot will be a true isothermal line on the sun. Trying the experiment with a series of apertures regularly graded in diameter, we should thus obtain a series of isothermals which give us important information as to the distribution of heat on the sun and the absorbing action of the solar atmosphere. Unfortunately, the method is beset with many practical difficulties growing out of the currents of air produced at the heated surface of the paper, and other circumstances not easy to take account of by calculation, so that it is not likely to prove very accurate.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR.—One of most difficult problems in all matters relating to the atmosphere consists in the determination of the true temperature of the air; and the errors in these determinations affect very sensibly both astronomical and meteorological hypsometric labors. Professor Plantamour was among the first to show that observations of the barometer taken simultaneously at two distinct stations ought to enable us by calculation to arrive at the average temperature of the intervening atmosphere. Among those who have lately applied this method is Mr. Schott of the Coast Survey, who has, from observations made about 50 miles north-west of San Francisco, calculated the temperature of the air between two stations occupied by Mr. Davidson. As the results of these studies, it appears that the average temperature of the air between two stations differing 2000 feet in altitude remained sensibly constant throughout the entire day, as though the sun's rays passed through it without appreciably heating it, while, on the other hand, the thermometer at the two stations respectively rose to a maximum at 1 p.m., and fell to a minimum in the morning and evening. The daily variations of temperature seem, therefore, to be confined mainly to the layer of air in close proximity to the earth's surface. The corrections to be applied to the observed thermometers, in order to obtain the true temperature of the air, varied regularly throughout the day, and are decidedly larger than those obtained by Professor Plantamour at Geneva. Mr. Schott, in explanation of this phenomenon, suggests that probably the 20 or 30 per cent of total solar radiation which is absorbed by the atmosphere is consumed in the processes of expansion and evaporation; and this gives no sensible heat.

PATENT SAFETY INDICATOR.—Mr. Bagot, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has invented what he calls a "patent safety indicator." It might with equal truth have been called a danger indicator, for, placed in a mine, a ship,

a warehouse, hotel, or private dwelling, it makes known to any required distance any extraordinary pressure of the atmosphere from the presence of noxious gas or any unusual increase of temperature. For example, if an indicator were placed at the bottom of a mine, it would, when a rush of fire-damp took place, ring a bell in the office above ground; and in like manner, if buried amid the cargo of a ship, it would, if the cargo grew too hot, ring a bell in the captain's cabin. These two cases may suffice to suggest a great variety of applications of this useful invention. It resembles the aneroid barometer, and is made in pairs—the one to indicate pressure, the other temperature—and when in use, is connected by wires, which may be of any length, with an electrical battery. Thus, by ingenious contrivance, warning is given of every increase of pressure or of heat; and simultaneously with the ringing of the bell an indicator falls, and tells the exact place of danger.

LIGHT AND LIFE.—The effect of light, regarded as the revival of life in the vegetable world, has just been illustrated by the observations near Athens of Professor Hendreich, under very curious circumstances. The mines at Laurium, concerning which of late years there have been such active diplomatic procedures, consist for the most part of the scoræ produced by the workings of the ancient Greeks. These still contain a great deal of silver, which can be extracted by the superior appliances of modern times. Beneath these scoræ have lain in a dormant state for at least one thousand five hundred years the seeds of a kind of poppy of the genus *Glaucium*. But since the scoræ have been removed to the furnaces, this plant has sprung up with its pretty yellow petals over the whole space which they covered. Unknown in modern times, it was described by Pliny and Dioscorides, and had disappeared from the face of the globe for fifteen or twenty centuries.

THE USE OF SOUND FOR TELEGRAPHIC PURPOSES.—Manchester has a Scientific and Mechanical Society, at which descriptions are given of new inventions. A recent one is the use of sound for telegraphic purposes. In this case a steam-whistle is made to deliver long or short sounds at pleasure (as the Morse telegraph makes dots and dashes), and these being combined according to a prearranged code, it follows that messages may be sent from ship to ship at sea, or from a ship to the shore. In a fog, every ship would be able to make known her position to the others, and what she was doing, which would be a safeguard against collision. And it is obvious that, even in clear weather, much time would

be saved by whistling a message instead of sending it by a boat, considering that the whistle can be heard at a distance of three miles. Apart from ships, it is easy to imagine many cases in which a talking telegraph would be useful; and we are told that the practicability of the invention was demonstrated by sending "several verses of poetry" into a lecture-room from a whistle at a distance.

ADMINISTRATION OF QUININE.—Certain solutions, as is well known, when submitted to experiment, rotate polarised light. Quinine is one of them, and from its peculiar properties has often been put to the test in the chemical laboratory. In the course of a recent investigation, Professor Draper found that by adding a small quantity of sulphuric acid to the solution, the rotating power was increased from one hundred and fifty-four to two hundred and fifty-five. Thinking over this augmentation of power, he was led to ask the question: "Is it not possible, nay, even probable, that the physiological action of quinine may undergo a similar or perhaps greater increase? In past times, it was the custom to administer the drug in the form of a sulphuric acid solution, and the results were certain and prompt even with minute doses. In recent times, on the contrary, the fancy of patients demands that quinine should be given in pill or some allied form; and though greatly increased doses are used, the practitioner finds it less certain in its effect. The cause of the difference is doubtless the change in molecular arrangement that produces the marked difference in the action of the alkaloid and sulphate solutions on polarised light; and since the action of the sulphate solution is so much greater than that of the alkaloid solution, it is evidently the proper form for the administration of quinine as a medicine."

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN FORSTER.—Forster succeeded Dickens in the editorship of the *Daily News*, and many were the stories of the new editor's grandeur of address and autocratic bearing towards subordinates which speedily circulated through Whitefriars. The printers' boys trembled as they approached him; the sub-editors were under the spell of his majesty. Poor Knight Hunt, who afterwards became editor of the paper and died in the harness, had scores of stories of the high and mighty chief to tell. But the story that held its ground in every part of the establishment was that of the cabman who called for the editor at two in the morning to convey him home to

Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cabman found it difficult to make the office porter understand whom he wanted. When described as the stout gentleman, the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the editorial department. Was he tall or short? "Neither one thing nor t'other," the cabman answered impatiently. "You know who I mean—I mean that there harbitrary cove." The porter went direct to Mr. Forster's room, and told him his cab was waiting. . . . At Dickens's table, one day, when somebody asked the host how many children he had, "Four," said Dickens. Whereupon Forster interrupted, with an air of great authority, "Dickens, you have five children." "Upon my word, Forster," Dickens expostulated, "allow me to know the number of my own family." "Five, my dear Dickens," was the firm rejoinder. When it was proved that four was the correct number, Forster gave in with a laugh. These touches of eccentric authority were a source of infinite amusement to all Forster's friends, but especially to Dickens, whose sense of humor was always alive. He used to describe an inspection he had made of some improvements Forster had effected in his chambers, in his happiest manner. Between his bedroom and his sitting-room Forster had contrived a dark, narrow space, to which he directed his friend's attention. "What is that?" Dickens asked. "That, my dear Dickens," Forster answered, with all his grand manner—"that is my plunge-bath!"—*Blanchard Jerrold in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

THACKERAY AT OXFORD.—As set-offs to his own exalted view of his profession, Thackeray used to tell some good stories of the frequent absence of its proper recognition both in and out of society. "Who is that lively fellow?" asked a gentleman of his neighbor, at a public dinner in the North, when Thackeray left the room. "Oh! that is Thackeray, the author." "Indeed!" responded the other; "I thought he was a gentleman." Thackeray's first introduction to scholastic Oxford is a better story and better known. It will bear repetition. Before he could deliver his lecture on "The Georges" at Oxford, it was necessary to obtain the license of the collegiate authorities. The Duke of Wellington was Chancellor, and knew the author of "Vanity Fair," but he had a learned deputy whose knowledge of Greek was possibly profound, but whose acquaintance with English classics was only limited. "Pray, what can I do to serve you?" asked the bland scholar. "My name is Thackeray." "So I see by this card." "I seek permission to lecture within the precincts." "Ah! you are a lecturer? What subjects do you undertake—religious or political?" "Neither; I am a literary man." "Have you written any-

thing?" "Yes, I am the author of 'Vanity Fair,'" said Thackeray, conscious, no doubt, of having done something worthy of remembrance. "I presume a dissenter," said the Oxford man, quite unsubdued. "Has 'Vanity Fair' anything to do with John Bunyan's work?" "Not exactly," said Thackeray. "I have also written 'Pendennis.'" "Never heard of these books," said the learned man; "but no doubt they are proper works." "I have also contributed to 'Punch,'" continued the lecturer. "'Punch!' I have heard of 'Punch,'" said the scholar; "it is, I fear, a ribald publication of some kind."—*London Society.*

THACKERAY'S SKETCHES.—One of the most amusing of the sketches is that which represents the interior of a railway carriage, in which an old clergyman is lecturing a poor lady convicted of having the objectionable publication in her hand, on the enormity of reading *Punch* (in its early days), while Thackeray himself and Douglas Jerrold look on and listen on the adjoining bench. "Are you aware who are the conductors of that paper? That they are Chartists, deists, atheists, anarchists, and socialists to a man? I have it on the best authority that they meet together once-a-week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous print. The chief part of their income is derived from threatening letters, which they send to the nobility and gentry. Their principal writer is a returned convict." To this conversation Jerrold is listening in the corner, with eyes looking back, and a comic solemnity, while Thackeray himself grins genial with benign countenance. The incident is said to have really occurred, and it is easy to understand the amusement which the two must have got out of it. We think we know the benevolent clerical critic who gives so fair and friendly an account of the "infamous print."—*Blackwood.*

RONDEL.

"Carpe diem."

TO-DAY what is there in the air
That makes December seem sweet May?
There are no swallows anywhere,
Nor crocuses to crown your hair
And hail you down my garden way.

Last night the full moon's frozen stare
Struck me, perhaps; or did you say
Really, you'd come, sweet friend and fair,
To-day?

To-day is here,—come, crown to-day
With Spring's delight or Spring's despair!
Love cannot bide old Time's delay:—
Down my glad gardens light winds play,
And my whole soul shall bloom and bear
To-day.

THEO. MARZIALS.